Nov. 17, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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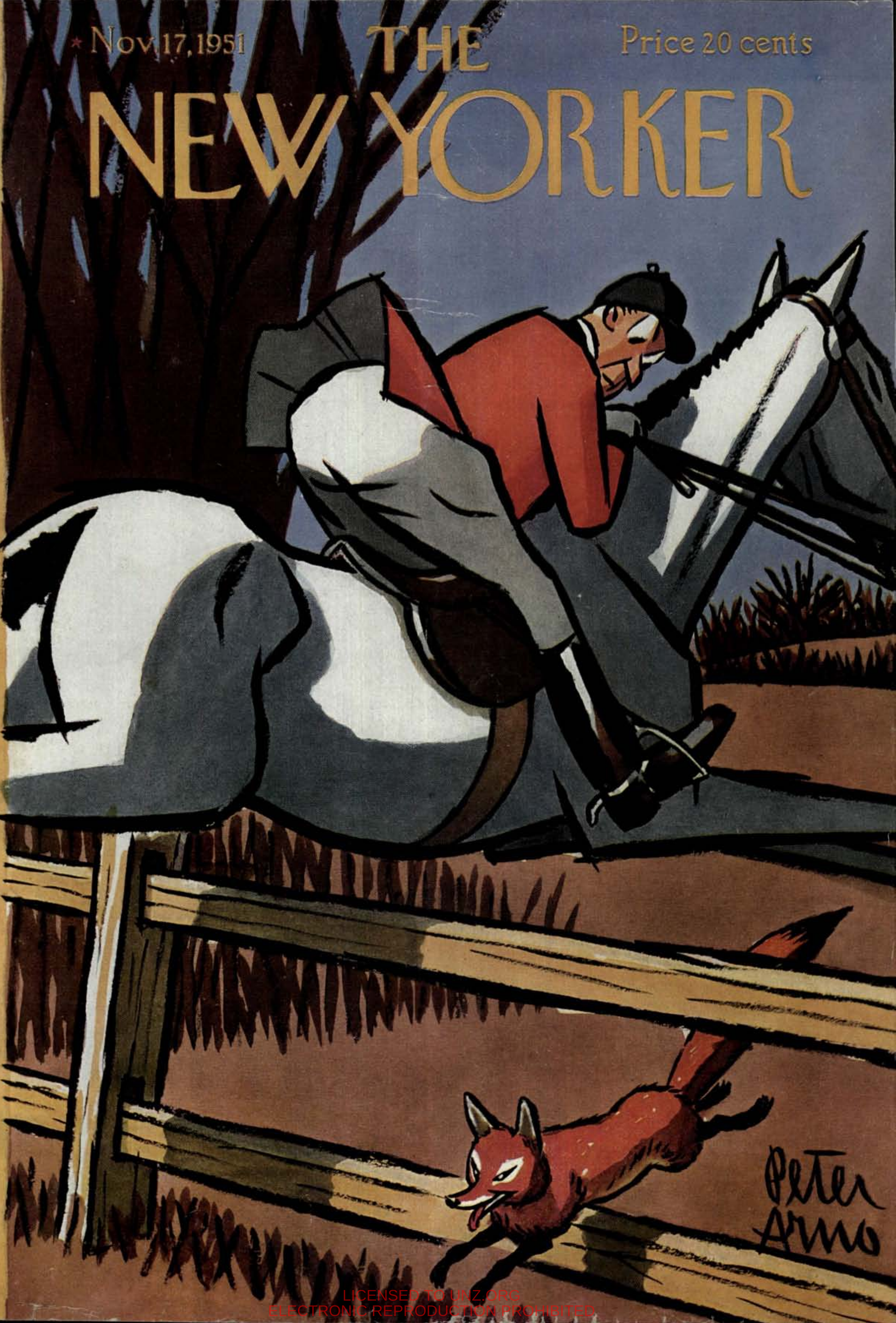

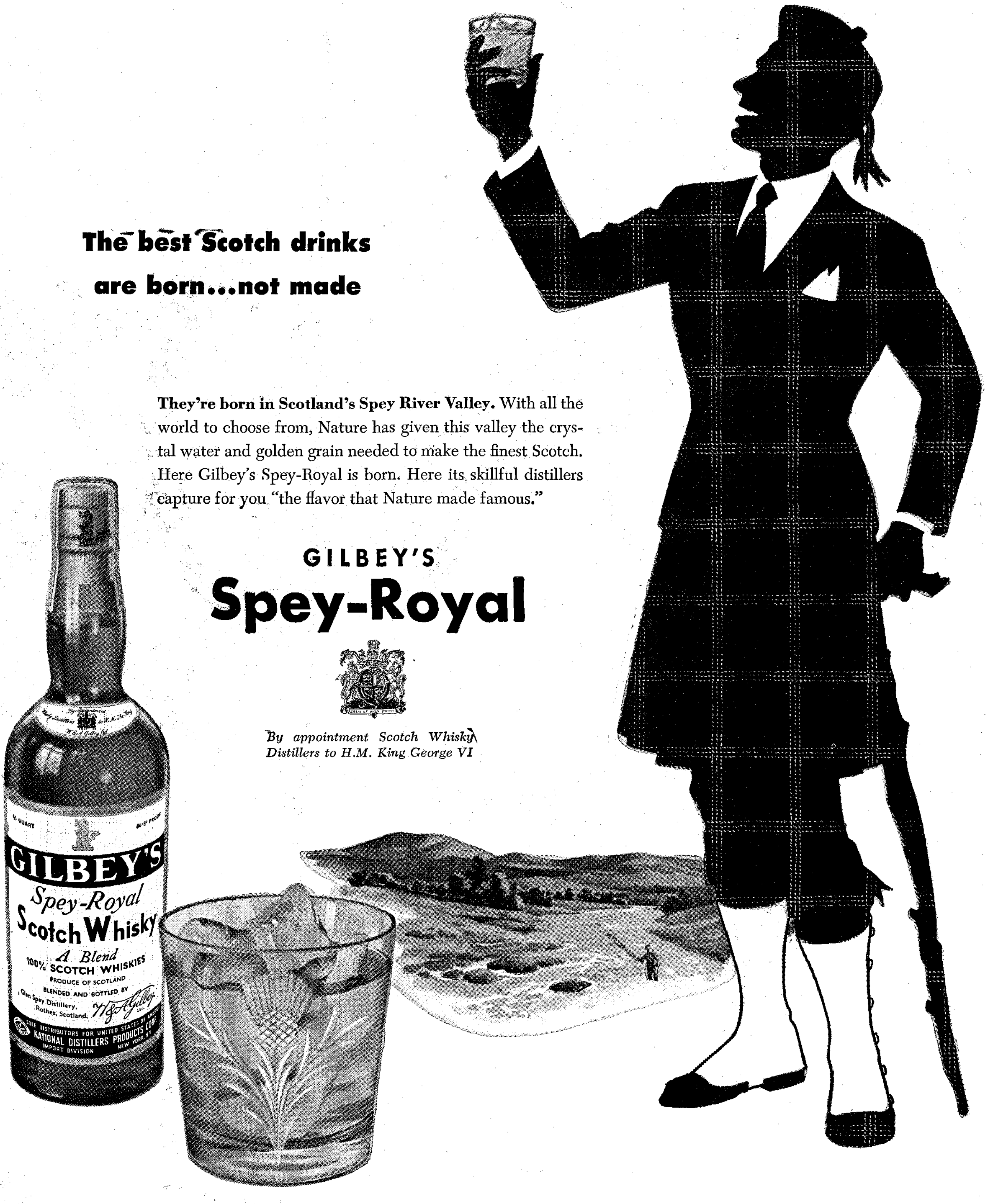
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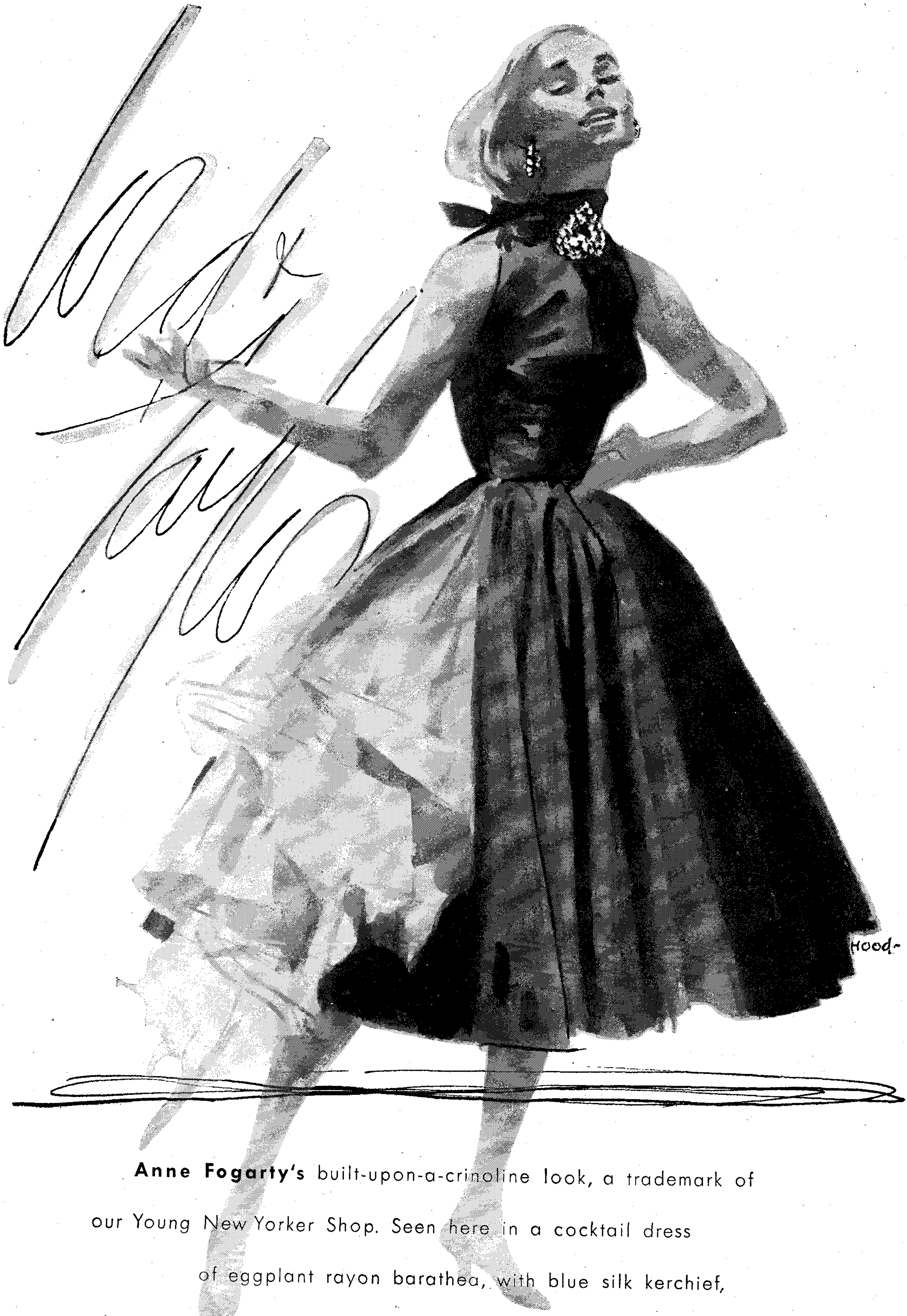

Anne Fogarty's built-upon-a-crinoline look, a trademark of our Young New Yorker Shop. Seen here in a cocktail dress of eggplant rayon barathea, with blue silk kerchief, olive green with yellow. Sizes 5 to 15, 39.95 on the Sixth Floor, Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules, because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Barefoot in Athens—Maxwell Anderson's treatise on Socrates, who was, of course, one of the most celebrated rebels against established society, is dignified and sometimes eloquent, but it is almost fatally lacking in dramatic excitement. Barry Jones, Lotte Lenya, George Mathews, and Philip Coolidge are among the prominent Greeks assembled by the Playwrights' Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Faithfully Yours—Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern have been imported from Hollywood to wrestle with this comedy about psychoanalysis. They are both decorative and lively, but their material might easily floor the Lunts. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn acting out, with a great deal of skill, the high spots of a fairly placid marriage. The play, which involves only two characters, was directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Glad Tidings—Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard in an interminable joke, which, unfortunately, doesn't turn out to be very funny, about a man who discovers that he is the father of a nineteen-year-old girl. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love and Let Love—Ginger Rogers plays two roles in this Louis Verneuil comedy having to do with an actress and her two chief admirers, but she is probably wasting her time. She is principally supported by Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore, who have even more difficult assignments. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A smooth and surefire comedy, by F. Hugh Herbert, about a boy who gets a girl in three acts. With Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Number—This shapeless and rather incoherent little melodrama about gamblers and their molls was directed by George Abbott, who has been more or less defeated by the faulty script. Murvyn Vye is excellent as a leader in the racket but otherwise there is almost nothing to be said for the play. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—A mixture of love, gore, and comedy concocted by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. Not up to the usual standards of the team. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—An estimable revival of Shaw's wise and witty study of the Maid of Orleans. Directed by Margaret Webster and produced by the Theatre Guild, the play is fortunate in its cast, which includes Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and Alexander Scourby. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stalag 17—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. Directed by José Ferrer, and with John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Long Run—**affairs of state:** Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—A bright and handsome view of Siam, in the best recent Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast, and gets notable support from Yul Brynner and others. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Music in the Air—First produced in 1932, this piece might now easily drive you out of your mind if it weren't for Jerome Kern's charming score, which Dennis King, Jane Pickens, and Charles Winninger do rather better with than you might expect. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seventeen—A musical version of the Booth Tarkington novel that is not without its moments. Sally Benson is responsible for the book, and Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton are some of the Hoosiers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 18; and special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Top Banana—Hy Kraft's book and Johnny Mercer's music and lyrics belong to a different and far more primitive school than those in such stylish works as "The King and I" and "South Pacific," but this piece about an ex-burlesque star now mixed up in television is still wonderfully funny. Phil Silvers is superb as a man who might conceivably be Milton Berle, and he gets fine assistance from Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, and Walter Dare Wahl. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—From the novel of the same title, Betty Smith, the original author, and George Abbott have fashioned a stage adaptation that has both humor and pathos. It also has nice songs by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields and a magnificent comic performance by Shirley Booth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Two on the Aisle—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—**call me madam:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Paint Your Wagon—A musical with James Barton and Olga San Juan. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics and Frederick Loewe the score, and Agnes de Mille did the dances. Presented by Cheryl Crawford and directed by Daniel Mann. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Never Say Never—A play by Carl Leo, with Anne Jackson, Hugh Reilly, and Don Briggs. Directed by Robert Sinclair and produced

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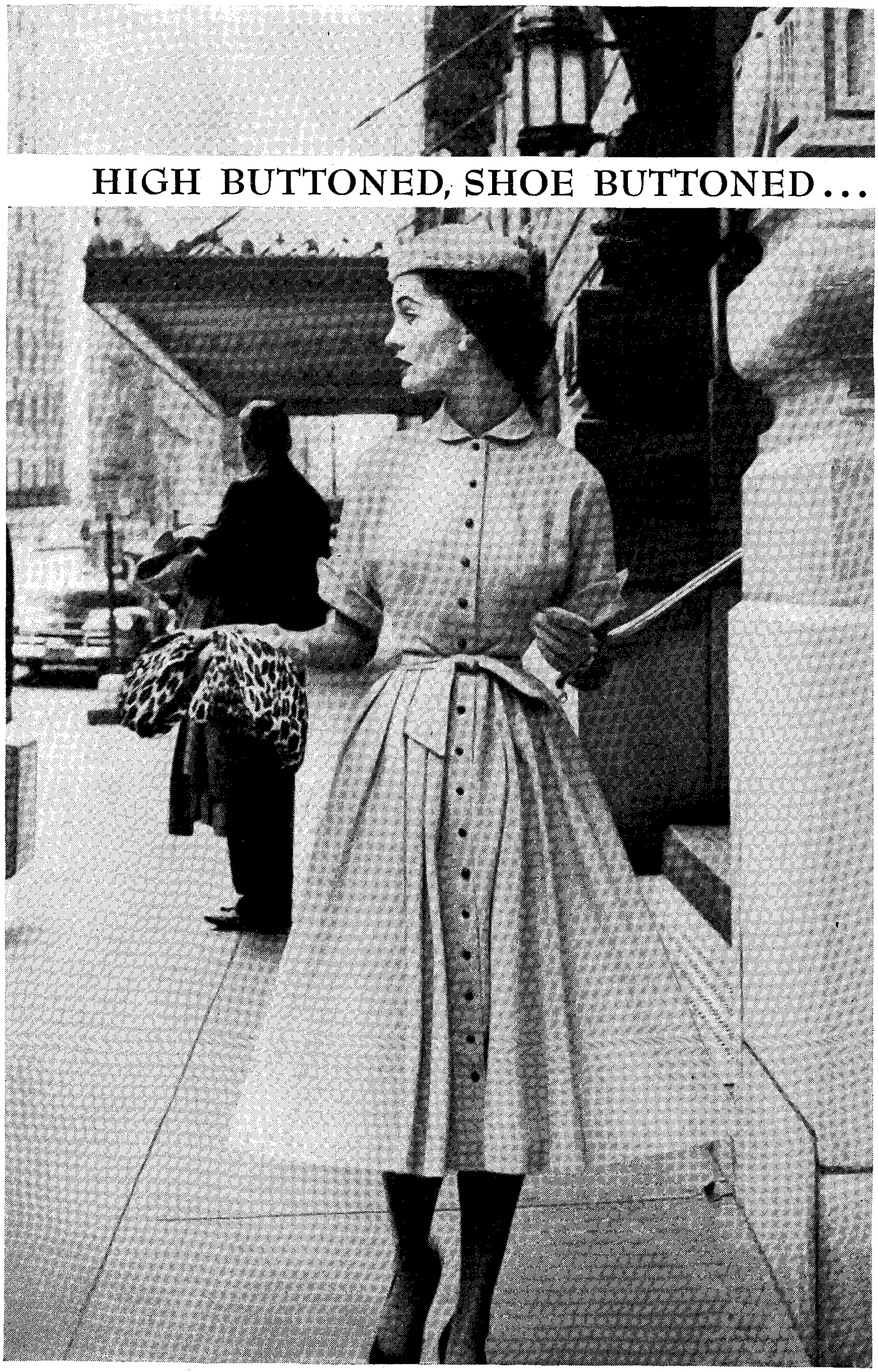
HIGH BUTTONED, SHOE BUTTONED...

BONWIT TELLER



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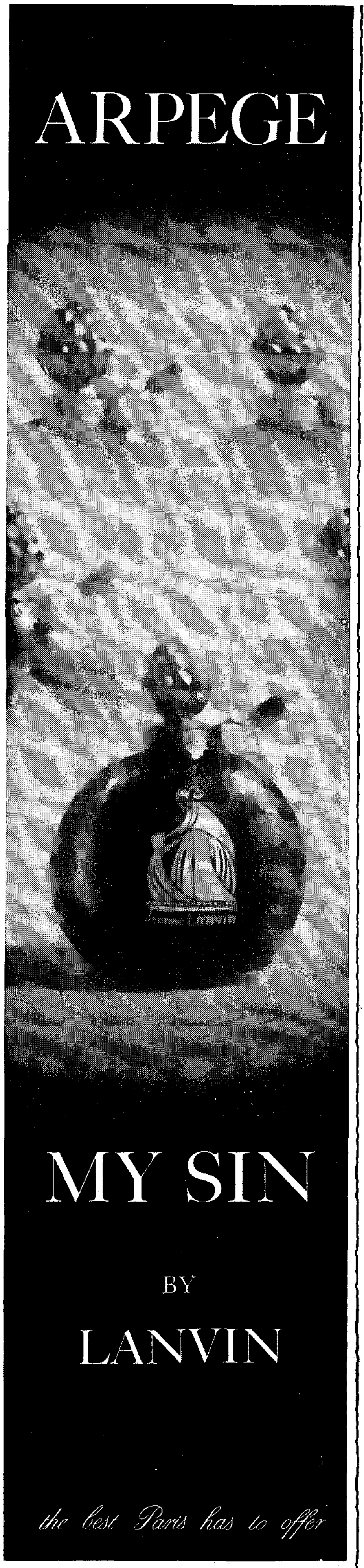


BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Albert H. Rosen and Lester Meyer. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 20. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

To Dorothy, a Son—The cast of this comedy, by Roger Macdougall, includes Ronald Howard, Hildy Parks, Stella Andrew, and Martin Rudy. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Gigi—A dramatization by Anita Loos of Colette's novel. The cast, under the direction of Raymond Rouleau, is headed by Audrey Hepburn and Cathleen Nesbitt. Produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Saturday, Nov. 24. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 15: "The Duel," "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," "The Cage," and "La Valse."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 16: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "A la Françaix," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 17: "Serenade," "Mother Goose Suite," "A la Françaix," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 17: "The Duel," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 18: "The Duel," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 20: "Mother Goose Suite," "Swan Lake," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 21: "Concerto Barocco," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Illuminations," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 22: "Symphonie Concertante," "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 23: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "A la Françaix," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 24: "Jinx," "Pas de Trois," "The Duel," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 24: "Concerto Barocco," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

José Greco and His Spanish Ballet—Ballet, along with flamenco and other Spanish dances, by a company that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, Teresa Maya, and La Quica. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 24.)

MISCELLANY

Vaudeville—Judy Garland, Smith and Dale, Giselle and François Szony, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées daily, except Mondays, at 2:40.)

Borscht Capades—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Cocktails, except Sundays, in the Romanesque rotunda of the Trianon Room, to the tune of William Adler's violin and quartet. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands play placidly at dinner and supper in the arena just beyond it.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time and at dinnertime in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The main trace of the late lamented Ritz's Oval Room is Emery Deutsch's band, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Any number of epicurean delights, not the least of which is Ted Straeter's irresistible invitation to the dance. His men and Pancho's rumba band open fire at nine-thirty. In the handsome new Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings for this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, the ice show, which goes on twice an evening, has puppets, just like your TV set. There are live people, too, mostly skating like mad. Dance music by Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Tony De Marco, the Pinza of ballet, and the delectable Sally De Marco, both making all of us wish we'd paid more attention when we were at dancing school. Robert Maxwell puts in some hot licks on his harp. The scene is the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do the dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Cora Reyes sings to her own guitar.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Carl Brisson and his gentlemanly portfolio of ballads, plus polite adagio acrobatics by the dance team of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez. The bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte are also in attendance. On Thanksgiving Day, Celeste Holm, a good, reliable soubrette, will take over. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more Old Worldly, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty.... ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To the amazement of absolutely no one, Guy Lombardo and a few other Lombardos are in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the sumptuous Maisonette, there's Margaret Phelan, one of those parlor performers who'd like people to think their songs are terribly daring. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away betweentimes. Closed Sundays.

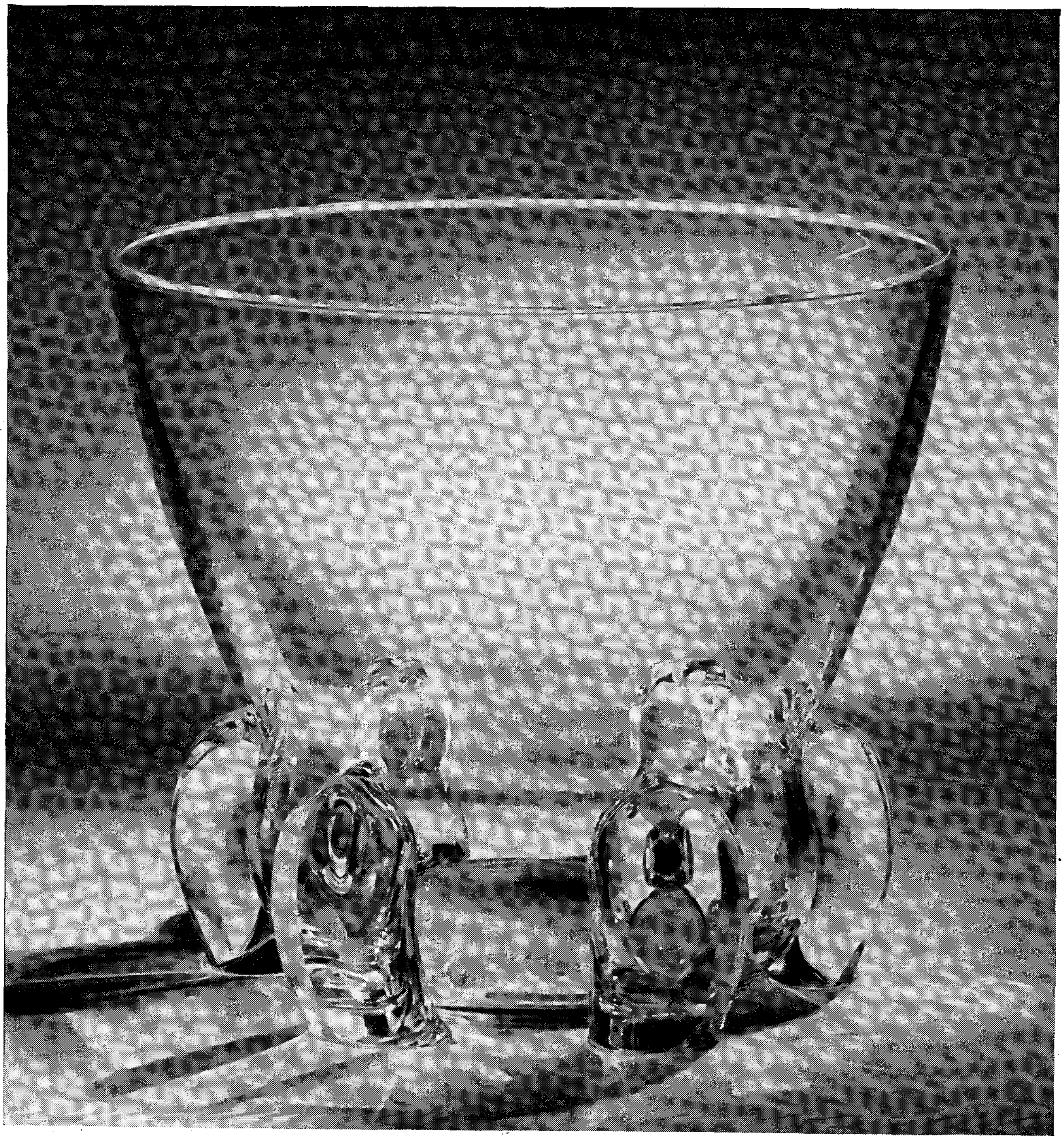
Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture, offers the orchestras of Hugo Pedell, music-maker to the Syosset set, and Jan Brunesco, as well as the chansons of Hélène François, a more sedate but still handsomely bound edition of her sister, Denise Darcel. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing in the Café Rouge, during dinner and supper, to Jimmy Dorsey's band, which belongs with the very best of the big ones. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing in one of the alcoves, though the customers would rather just talk to and about each other.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A



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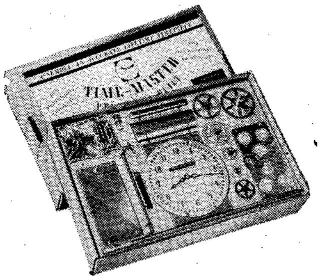

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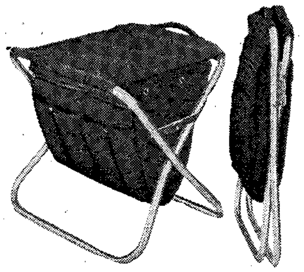

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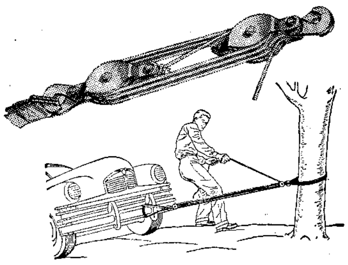

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twice-a-night musical comedy that is simply an excuse (but a pretty good one) to get Carmen Torres and her dramatic Andalusian soprano aboard ship. The thing is carried off with great enthusiasm and several dashes of charm by a happy little family of youngsters, among them Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, and two pleasing ballet dancers named Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the new Empire Room, at dinner and supper, there are songs by Marcel Lebon, who is clearly right off the boat train from Paris. Mary Raye, Naldi, and Vanya dance, mostly with one another. Emil Coleman's orchestra, and Mischa Borr's band are in attendance all evening. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's orchestra for dancing after seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, an outsize polo field with tables, is open for cocktails and drinking music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Pearl Bailey explaining in succinct detail the workings of the Bailey laissez-faire policy. Harry Rosenthal's and Ernie Warren's trios for dancing. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): An establishment dedicated principally to the inner man but also affording (at the baby grand) Louis Hawkins, a host in the best Southern tradition, and Hugh Shannon, whose love songs are imbued with a good deal of mockery, from eleven o'clock on. Mr. Hawkins is also in full cry from six to nine. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain's pensive but modern piano decorates this hall of mirrors from ten to one every night but Monday. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, the Sonny Kendis Trio gallops for dear life through its feverish repertoire. . . . **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): Cy Walter, dean of the Cy Walter school of offbeat piano, is back on the job, after ten, every evening but Monday, surrounded by some rather odd décor. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Those who love old familiar faces find these premises a well-stocked preserve. Piano and violin after nine-thirty, and conversation at all hours. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar has Harry Meyerowitz providing cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield providing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney gets off a fine collection of listening music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a conversational as well as an adept guitarist, is back in action here again. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan is at the piano during dinner and supper, except on Sunday, when Harold Cook sits in.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A convenient address for anyone afflicted with peace and quiet. Carmen Miranda, that incurable Latin American, sings, and Larry Storch cracks the jokes. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): This emporium

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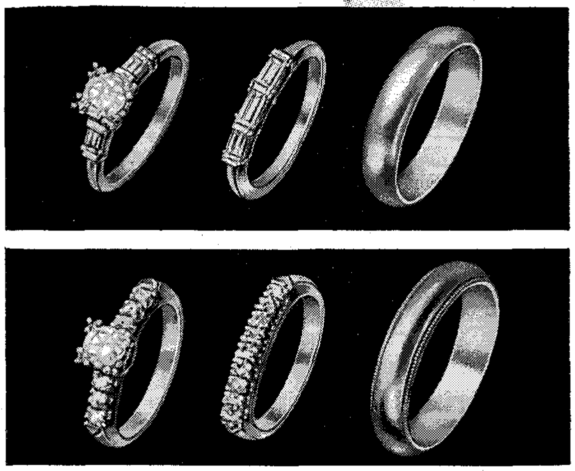

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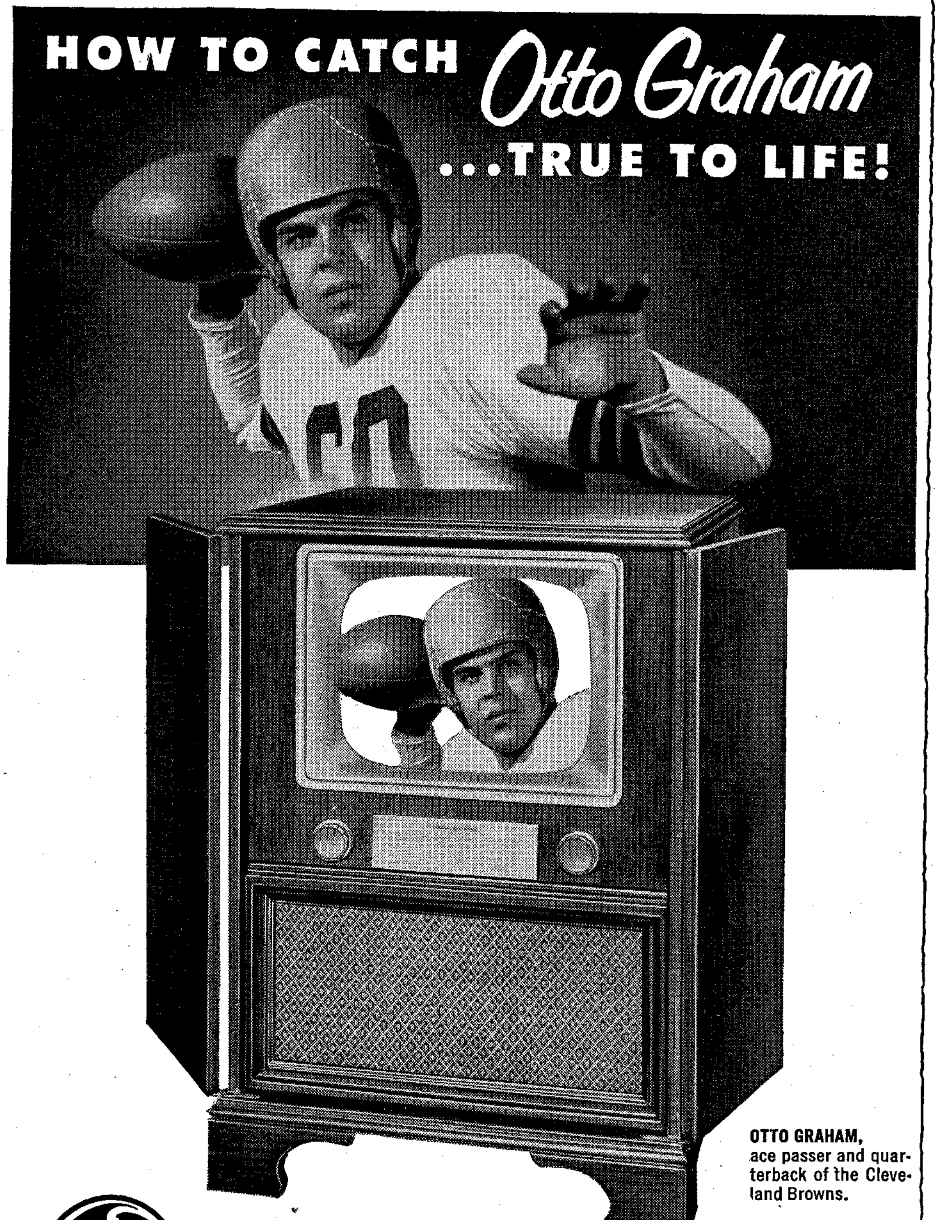
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

has at last reverted to type, offering Art Tatum's trio (which includes Slam Stewart and Everett Barksdale) and Claude Hopkins' quartet, neither of which will sooth savage breasts. There's also humor by Sylvia Miles, an amusing moppet. . . . **GILDED CAGE**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): Burlesque, deftly masked by some resplendent Gay Nineties costumes, is back on Broadway again, in the persons of Ben Blue and Sid Slate. The gags are the same old naughty ones; the girls are freshly minted. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Beer-garden and basket-party atmosphere, coupled with mock melodramas, real sawdust, real singing waiters, real old movies, and Paul Killiam's breezy master-of-ceremonies whimsey. Visiting firemen Mondays at midnight, amateur guests Tuesdays at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL**, 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): Never mind the mothball flavor of the words and music, just watch the Harlem guys flinging their dancing dolls to the four winds.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Kaye Ballard uses velvet boxing gloves on the ladies of Hollywood, and Stan Freeman, a fast man with a Steinway, has fun with the idiosyncrasies of modern composers. Betty Harris is one of our sweetest singers of sad songs. Also the music of Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's trio. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, a new show, headed by Charles Trenet, a Paris-style *gamin*, and Kirkwood and Goodman, who are East Fifties-style *gamins*. . . . ¶ Except Saturdays, after the theatre, Eadie and Rack preside at their twin pianos in the lounge, where Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. Sundays, Eadie and Rack do a cocktail stint, five-thirty to seven. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A jolly soirée at the hands of Ronny Graham, as affable and homey an analyst as you could find anywhere; the Three Riffs, whose songs bound from wisecrack to wisecrack with the greatest of ease; Pat Carroll, a shiny new penny with a catch in her voice but humor in her ballads; and Ellen Hanley, a willowy child with some out-of-the-ordinary love songs and the ability to do them justice. There's also pretty music by the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonté has turned folk singer, a very good idea indeed. Phil Leeds, a restfully mild-mannered humorist, and Royce Wallace, who does some fetching songs, help out. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays cool, cool dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Adnia Rice, a great big cheerful girl, has some entertaining things to say, and Jeff Warren has some tenor ballads to sing. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The vociferous Mae Barnes makes hot mince pie out of the average torch song, with the aid of double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. Jimmie Daniels' ballads are more sentimental. The Three Flames, paced by the daffy Tiger Haines, play and sing real hotcha jive, and Tony and Eddie, no respecters of grandeur, spoof some unaccountably famous recording artists. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An unrestrained riot staged by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-

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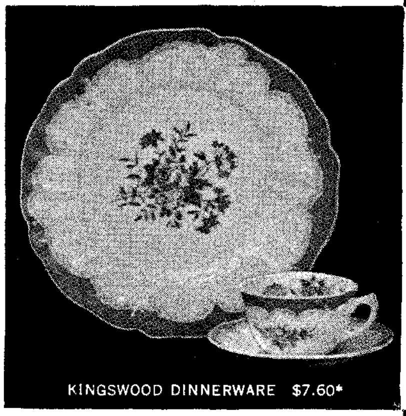

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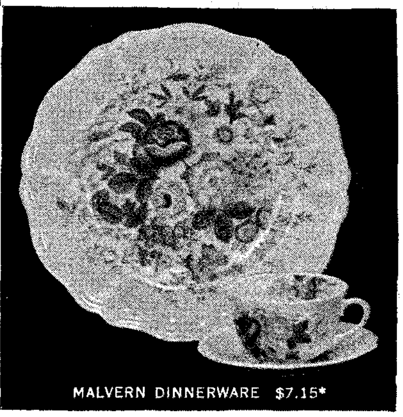

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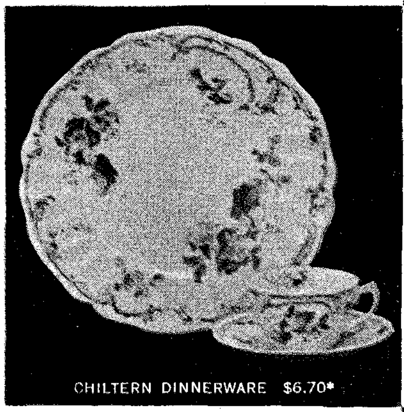

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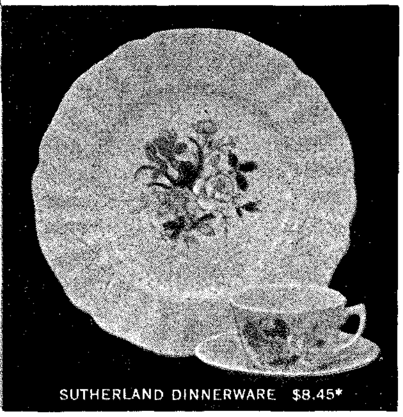

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

finger exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sundays, some very clever music is being turned loose, after nine, by the Red Norvo Trio, which has Tal Farlow on guitar. Teddy Wilson's newly arrived quartet offers the old master at the piano and Don Elliot, a triple-threat man (vibraphone, French horn, trumpet) all over the place. Starting Monday, Nov. 19, Irving Fields' trio will also be performing, from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Sundays, there are jam sessions in charge of Bobby Hackett. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier's playing of "Tin Roof Blues" does away with the need for central heating here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a firm believer in a return to first principles, even has a banjo (Danny Barker) in his fine new band, which also includes Sidney de Paris, Freddy Moore, and Omer Simeon. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): At the moment, Stuff Smith, whose quintet is the big noise here, is playing jazz fiddle. On Saturday, Nov. 17, Dizzy Gillespie's band of devoted followers will move in. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night beer-garden sessions are still on. Friday, Nov. 16, the tumult will be provided by Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Sonny Greer, Peanuts Hucko, Ray McKinley, and Omer Simeon. And who could ask for anything more? . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Nov. 16) offering such sturdy fare as Billy Butterfield, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis's band, Sol Yaged, and Red Allen. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6 and will be closed Thanksgiving Day. Most of the museums will be open Thanksgiving Day, usually at special hours, as indicated.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Nov. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA—About two hundred and fifty-five works (among them oils, water colors, and sculptures), by nearly as many artists; through Nov. 25. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

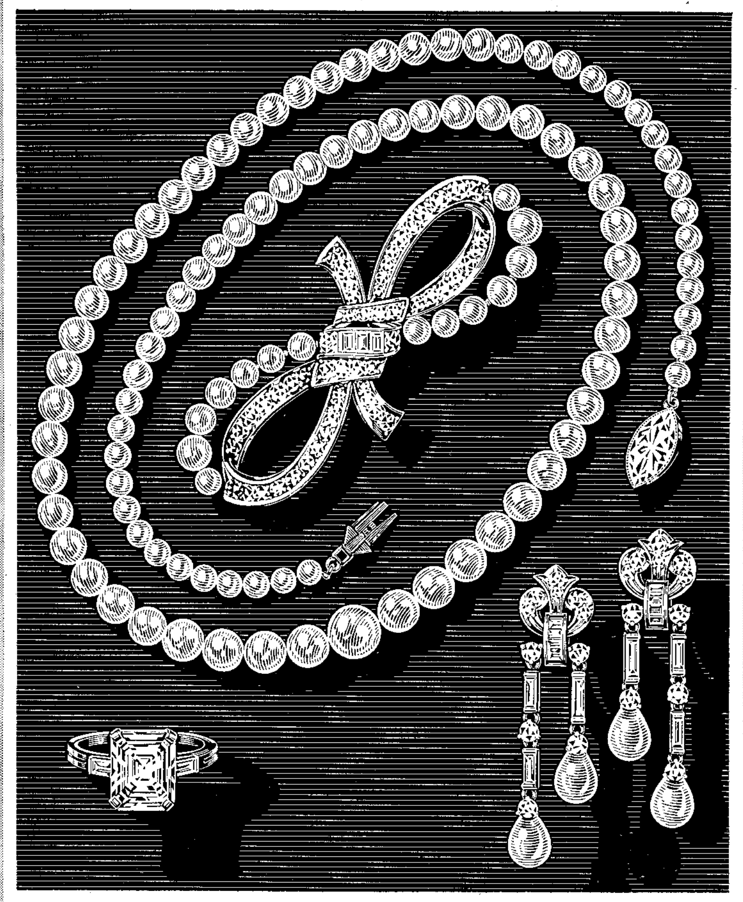
WILL BARNET—Color lithographs, gently exploring such delicate, tentative ideas as dawn, spring, and memories of childhood; through Nov. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

JON CORBINO—New paintings, in a looser, freer style than his previous ones; through Nov. 24. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

GORDON GRANT—A set of new water colors by one of the contemporary experts in the medium; through Nov. 24. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROWN,** 2 W. 46th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Amy Gans Small, Minna Blau, and others, in a series sponsored by Artists Equity; through Nov. 20. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 6, and Thursday evening until 9. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Oils and other works by Carroll Cloar, Herbert Katzman, and other young Americans; through Nov. 24. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and Picasso, as well as numerous others, are represented in this group of modern French artists; through Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings by such men as Picasso, Braque, and Utrillo, shown here for the first time; through Dec. 1. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Contrastingly

Distinguished gifts of jewelry for a very special Christmas . . . precious gems of traditional Tiffany quality.



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styled paintings by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, and Joseph Glasco; through Dec. 1.

Karl Knaths—Abstract paintings, done with all this artist's technical command and assurance of style; through Nov. 24. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.)

John Koch—New paintings, possibly a bit static in atmosphere but executed with crystalline clarity and skill; through Nov. 24. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Koerner—Crisp, sometimes slightly enigmatic, drawings; through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz—Eight sculptures and about forty drawings, in a loan exhibition; through Nov. 24. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—Sculptures, drawings, and other works, 1935 to the present, by one of the contemporary German masters; through Nov. 17. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Masterpieces from Museums and Private Collections—A loan exhibition, and a superb one, of paintings of the fourteenth century through the nineteenth, for the benefit of St. Faith's House; through Dec. 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Old Master Drawings—The gallery's fifteenth annual exhibition, comprising works by fifty artists from various countries, and covering the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries; through Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract paintings, in which finespun, weblike patterns alternate engagingly with bolder, broader ones; through Nov. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Henri Rousseau—A loan show, including a number of little-known pictures from abroad, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society; through Dec. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Paul Signac—Oils and water colors, mostly landscapes, painted in France by this post-Impressionist, who died in 1935; through Nov. 24. (Fine Arts Associates, 51 E. 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Sixteenth Century Portrait Drawings—A loan exhibition, mainly featuring some unfamiliar but extremely handsome Cranachs, for the benefit of the museums of Reims; through Nov. 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—A specialist at painting in encaustic tries polymer tempera, a new medium for him. The results are sometimes unsure and sometimes excellent; through Nov. 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **art students league**, 215 W. 57th St.: William C. McNulty; through Dec. 8. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30. . . . **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Adolf Dehn; through Dec. 1. . . . **babcock**, 38 E. 57th St.: Samuel Brecher; through Dec. 1. . . . **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Roger de la Fresnaye; through Dec. 1. . . . **kootz**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Hans Hofmann; through Dec. 1.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show called "Revolution and Tradition," taking in the major movements in American painting from 1900 to the present; through Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and other works from the Lewisohn collection, which comprises Impressionists, post-Impressionists, and contemporary European and American artists; through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints, illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Vence, France; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-seventh annual showing by the New York Society of Women Artists; through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a lively and well-balanced show; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Jean Madeira, Leonard Warren, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 19, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Alois Pernerstorfer. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8:15: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Alois Pernerstorfer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Patrice Munsel, Jussi Bjoerling, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Paula Lenchner, Giacinto Prandelli, and Renato Capecchi.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 17: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." Starting Thursday, Nov. 22: "The Sorcerer." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 16, at 2:30; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:30 (all with Dorothy Dow, soprano); Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:45 (with Jean Casadesus, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting, with Lukas Foss, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Earl Wild—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Suzanne der Derian—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5:30.)

Todd Duncan—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

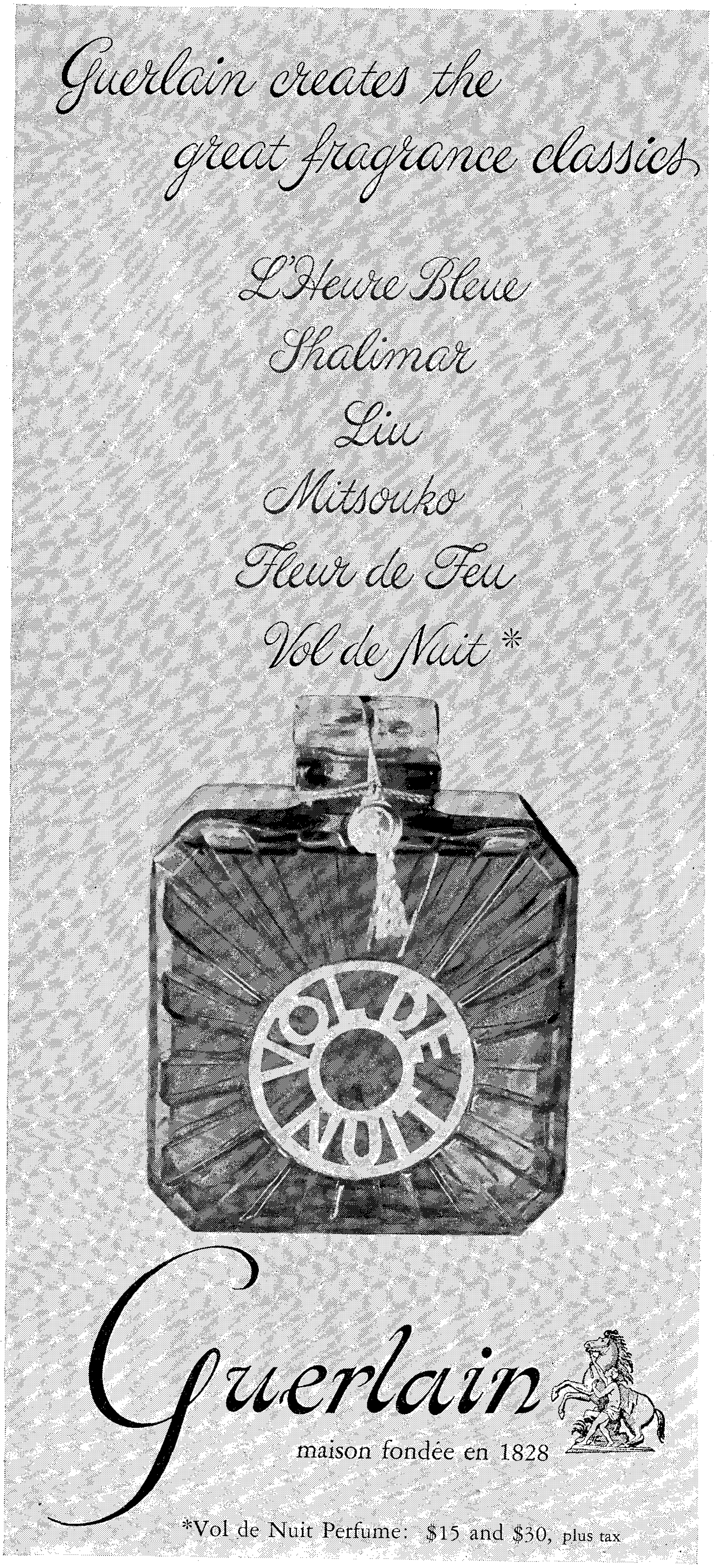
Richmond Gale—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

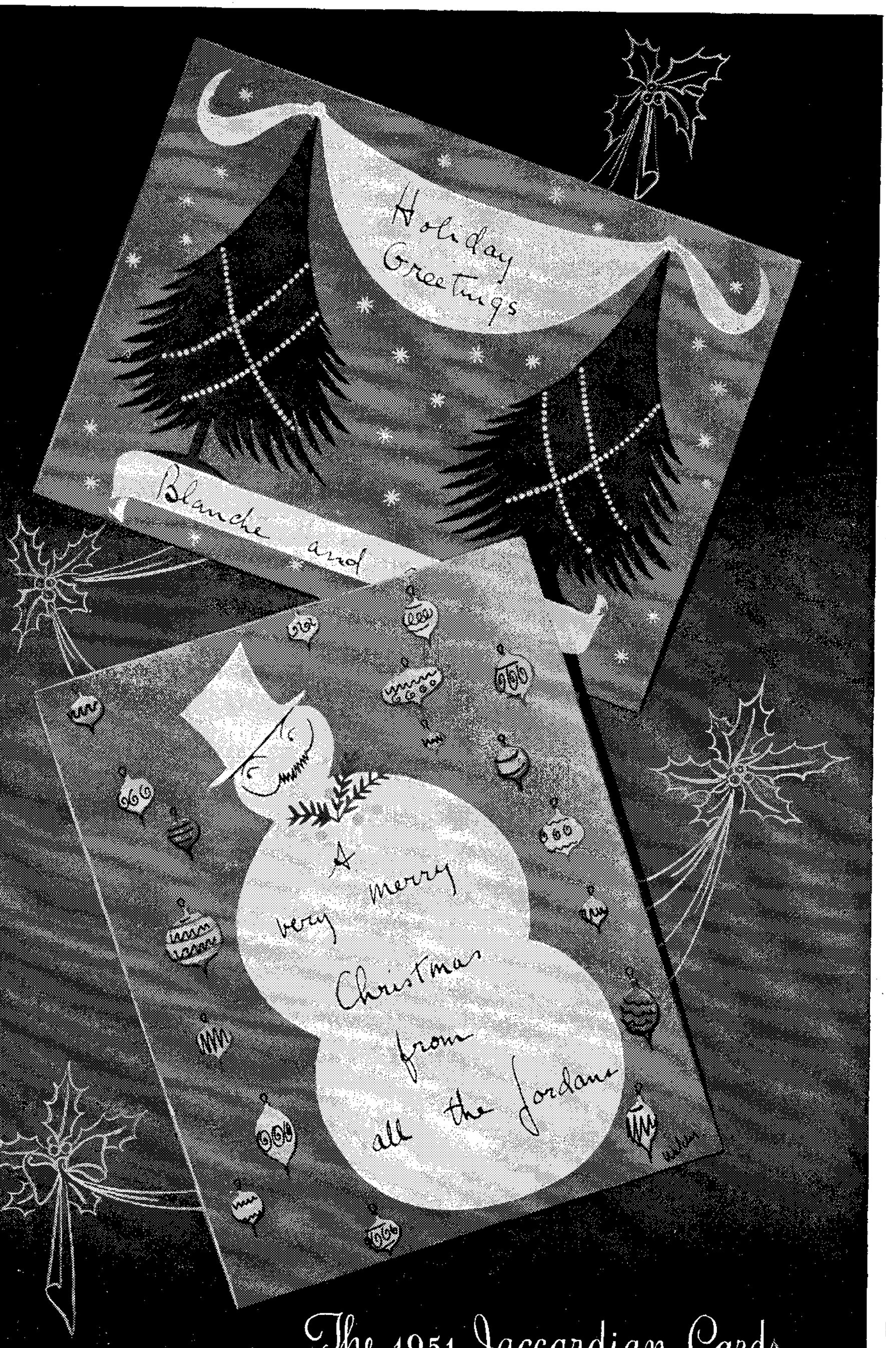
Schneider Quartet—The fourth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8:40.)

Jeanette La Bianca—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Jan Smeterlin—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Walter Hautzig—Piano. (Kaufmann Audito-

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rium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:40.)

Jascha Heifetz—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:45.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Note—The New York Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 20, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Gladys Swarthout, soprano; Beveridge Webster, piano; Burl Ives, folk singer; and the Hufstader Singers. A benefit for the Manhattanville Neighborhood Center. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 16: Paddy DeMarco vs. Eddie Chavez, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23: Bob Baker vs. Clarence Henry, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 17: Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Penn State, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 24 (all at 1:30): Boston University vs. Syracuse, at Boston. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 18: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 17.)

Racing—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Through Thursday, Nov. 15; post time at 1. The Daingerfield Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track between 10:45 and 1.) . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: Daily at 1:15; through Friday, Nov. 16. The Pimlico Special, Friday, Nov. 16.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Through Thursday, Nov. 15; post time at 8:40. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Igor Buketoff conducting, with William Bell, tuba. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Danny Daniels, tap dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the PLAYMART: "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE: "The Hiccupping Princess." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 11 and 3.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 23-25, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL—"The Eskimo Pie," a playlet, with clowns, dancers, and singers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2. For tickets, call OR 5-9437.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around Feb. 1. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here a day later over the Columbia Broadcasting System's television network, Mondays through Fridays at 6. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

SALE OF F. D. ROOSEVELT MEMORABILIA—Nearly fifteen hundred items, ranging from china and glass knickknacks to the President's collection of six hundred miniature books, are on sale at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. An admission fee of one dollar is charged, for the benefit of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30; through Dec. 3.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—Eight hundred plants in a Japanese setting, complete with a bridge, a teahouse, a waterfall, and a rocky pool. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 5; through Nov. 18.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP SHOW—A good many foreign entries and nearly every American stamp ever issued will be on exhibit, along with a display of the first United Nations stamps, some of the artists' sketches for them, and progressive proofs. The new two-penny postal card is there, too. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 18, from noon to 8.)

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—The annual lordosis event for fathers with thirty-pound children who insist on seeing every last one of the eleven bands, twenty-five comedy acts, and battalions of clowns and acrobats from an unobstructed, shoulder-high vantage point. The passage of the big balloons ought to provide some respite, but probably won't. Starts at 10, at Central Park West and 77th St., moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11:15.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Space," and deals with an imaginary trip by space ship to some of our neighboring planets. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Through Nov. 30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)—Friday, Nov. 16, at 1:45: Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other French furniture, as well as porcelains and objects of art, collected by Comte d'Arbot, Château de Villennes, near Tours, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 10:15 and 1:45: Eighteenth-century English furniture, early English and Continental silver, Venetian and other glass, and bibelots, the property of Marion Davies. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 19, at 1:45 and 8: Books, illustrated by Dali and other modern French artists, including Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, Modigliani, and Picasso, from the collection of Harriman Douglas. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: Modern French color prints and posters, among them examples of the work of Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Braque, owned by Harriman Douglas.

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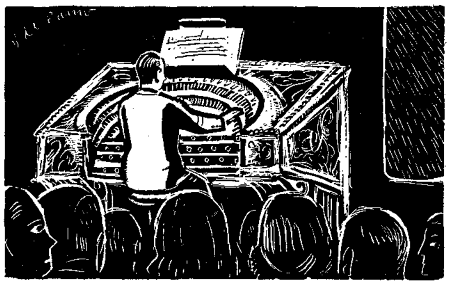
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



An American in Paris—Gershwin tunes and a jaunty book by Alan J. Lerner make this a highly entertaining musical. Gene Kelly is a most diverting American artist on the loose along the Seine. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

The Browning Version—An excellent portrayal of a pedagogue who finds both his scholastic world and his domestic world coming down around his ears. An English film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Detective Story—A galvanic adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's play about the doings in a precinct stationhouse. Heading the enthusiastic cast are Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A comical British film about a clerk who, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle crook, and Stanley Holloway is fine as his collaborator in the deal. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Marie du Port—The effect a village barmaid exercises on a middle-aged and bored big-city fellow. Jean Gabin is very good as the urban gentleman in this appealing French film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 18-20.)

Odette—The British Military Intelligence at work during the war. An English picture, based on actual events, that moves right along after a hesitant start. With Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 19.)

A Place in the Sun—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that is probably as apt a translation of a novel to the screen as anyone is likely to see in our time. The direction by George Stevens is altogether admirable, and the acting is equally so. With Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 20.)

Quo Vadis—Seven million dollars worth of first-century guff. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others participate. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. Showings are at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Continuous showings.)

The Red Badge of Courage—John Huston's screen adaptation of the Stephen Crane story of the Civil War. A trifle on the simple-minded side, but equipped with enough large battle scenes to make it occasionally interesting. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Nov. 17, tentative.)

The River—Jean Renoir's masterly interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Show Boat—The old stern-wheeler, still doing all right on the river. Among those on board: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Nov. 20.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams in celluloid. Not as enthralling, perhaps, as the Pulitzer Prize play from which it derives, but a fine movie nevertheless. With Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; through Nov. 20, tentative.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Well—Race difficulties preceding and attendant upon an accident in which a small colored girl disappears into an abandoned oil shaft. Not without its moments. The participants include Henry Morgan, Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, and Maidie Norman. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 17.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 17.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian film, with Silvana Mangano. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 16-19, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 20, tentative.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 21.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 18-20.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in another French interpretation of a Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 21.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 20, tentative.)

Madeleine (1950)—Love and arsenic mingled in a British mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. With Ann Todd. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 18-20.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 16-17.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor. With Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 18-20.)

Trio (1950)—Somerset Maugham stories. An English picture with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Nov. 21.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 16-17.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 18: Four silent films of great actresses of the past, including "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt, and "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 19: "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
QUO VADIS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Desert Fox," James Mason, Jessica Tandy.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 20: "Behave Yourself!," Farley Granger, Shelley Winters.
From Nov. 21: "Two Tickets to Broadway," Tony Martin, Janet Leigh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 19: "David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From Nov. 20 at 8:30: "Fixed Bayonets," Richard Basehart, Gene Evans. Opening night is a benefit for the *Journal-American* War Wounded Christmas Fund. Tickets may be obtained at the box office.

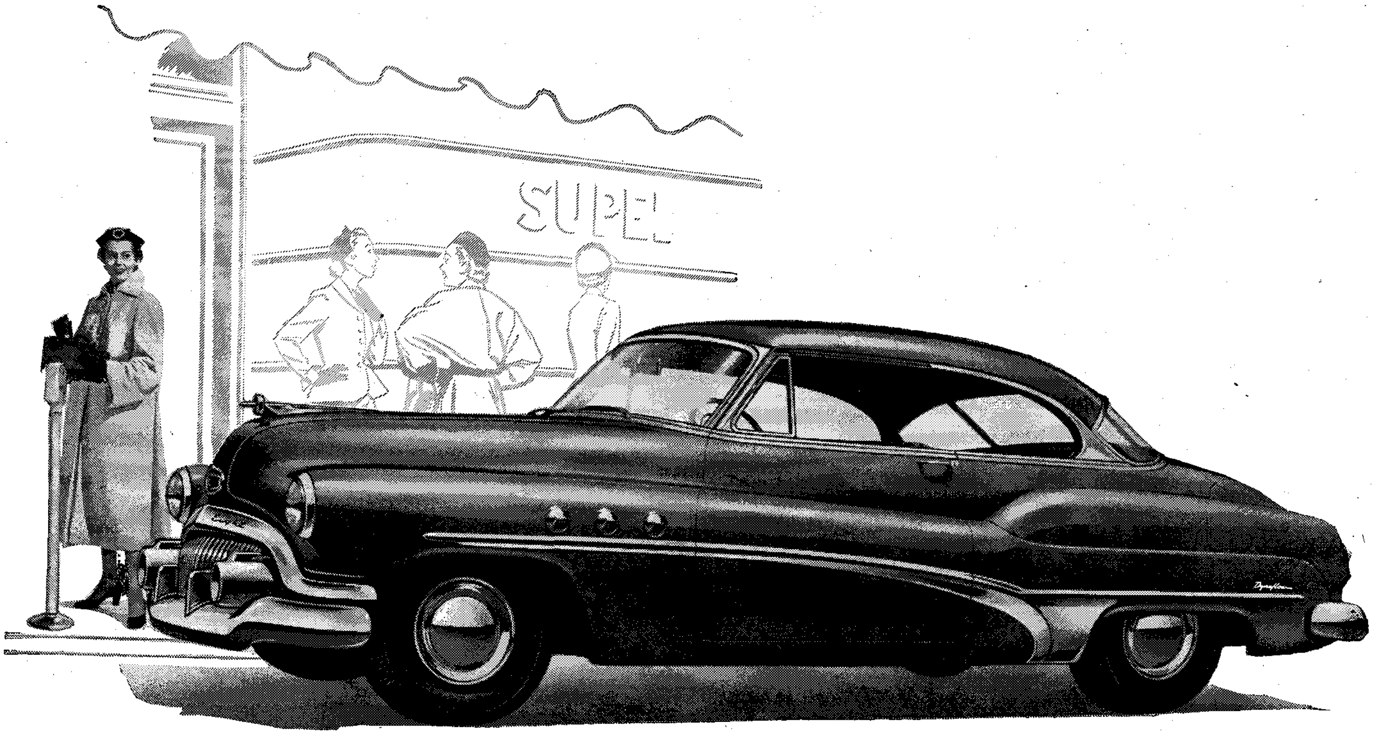
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Nov. 20: "Let's Make It Legal," Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey.
From Nov. 21: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 21 (tentative): "Across the Wide Missouri," Clark Gable, Ricardo Montalban.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Nov. 20 (tentative): **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.**
From Nov. 21 (tentative): "Come Fill the Cup," James Cagney, Phyllis Thaxter.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
To be announced.



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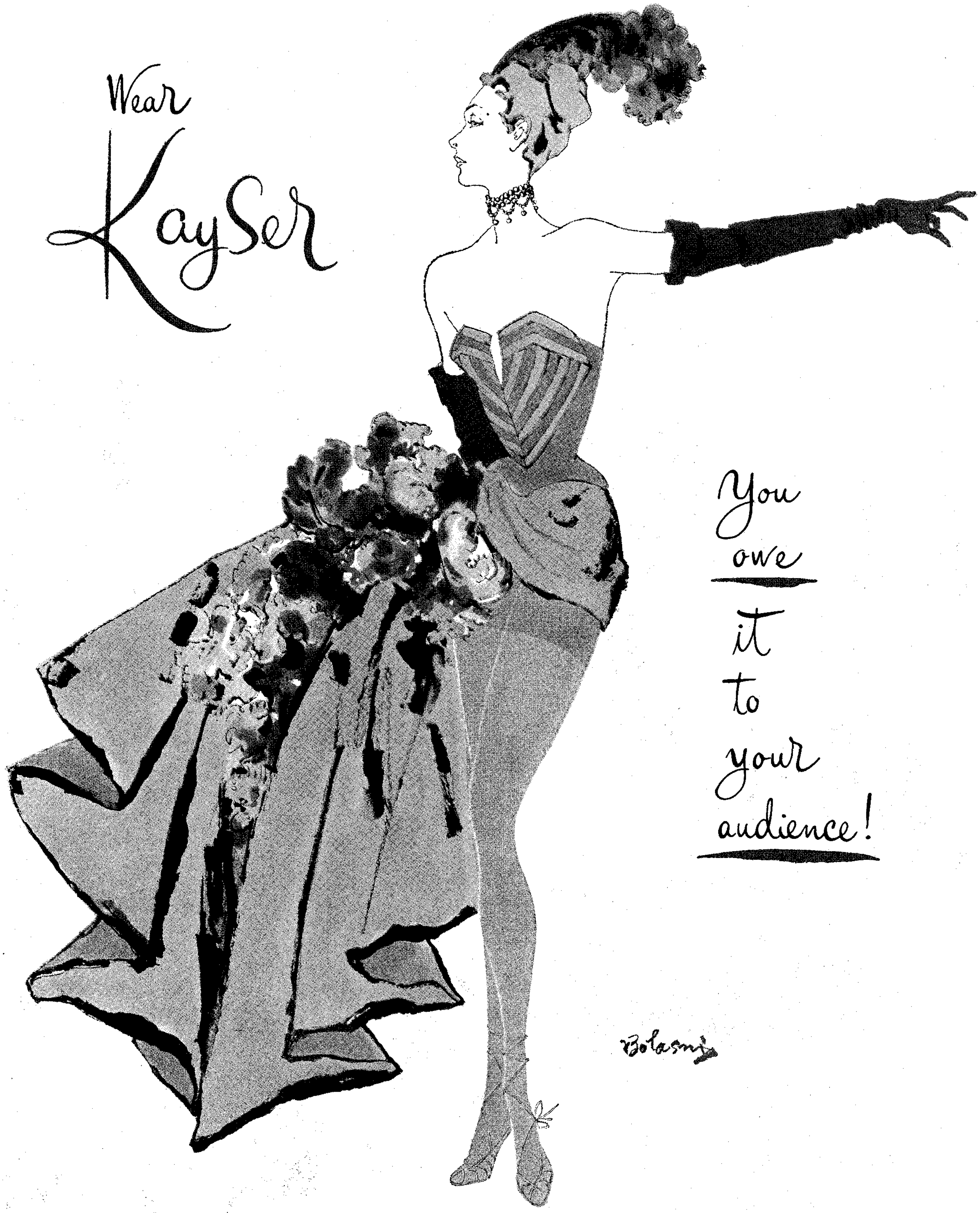
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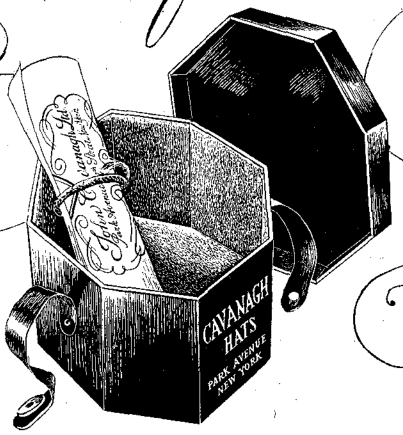

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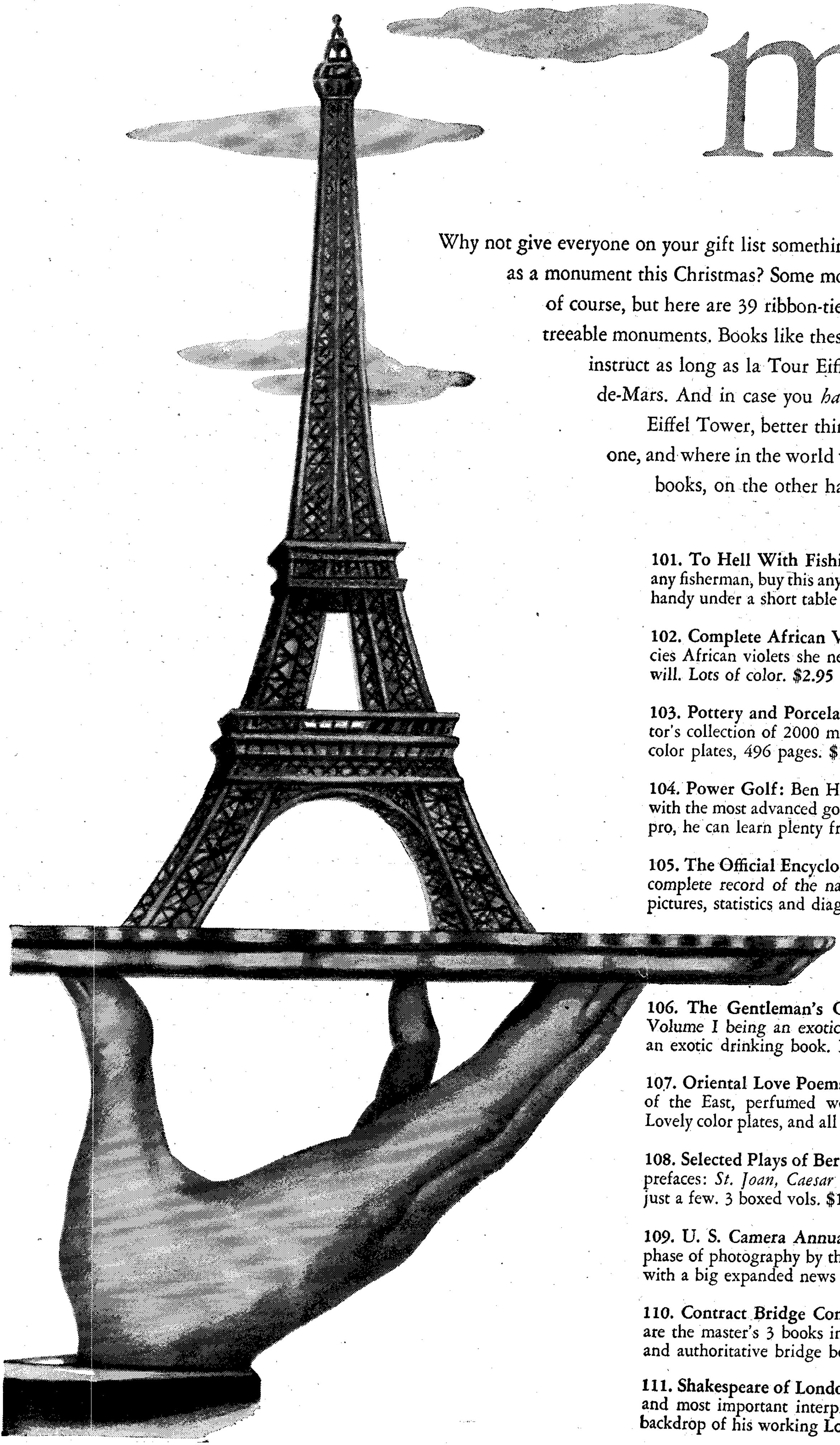

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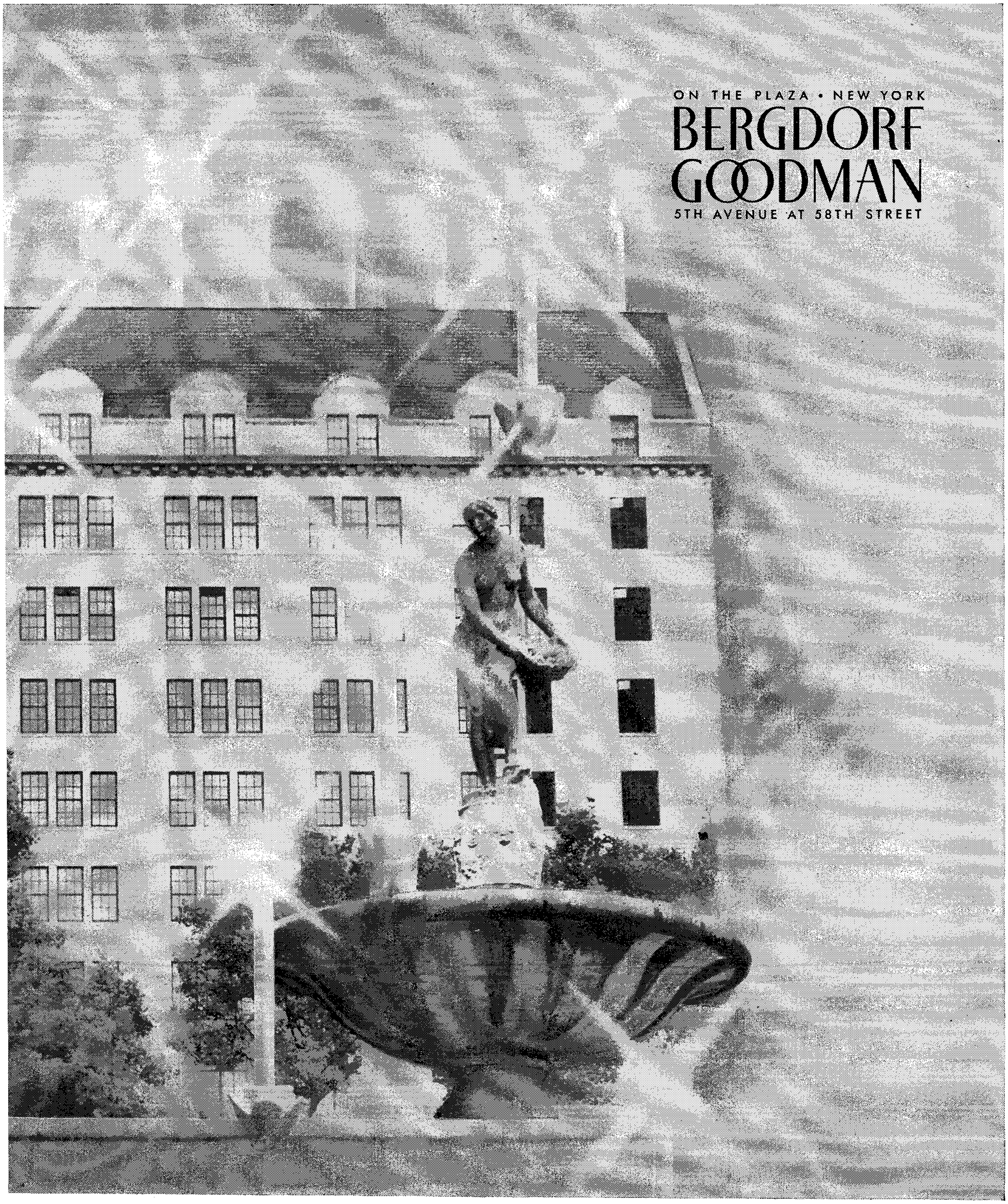

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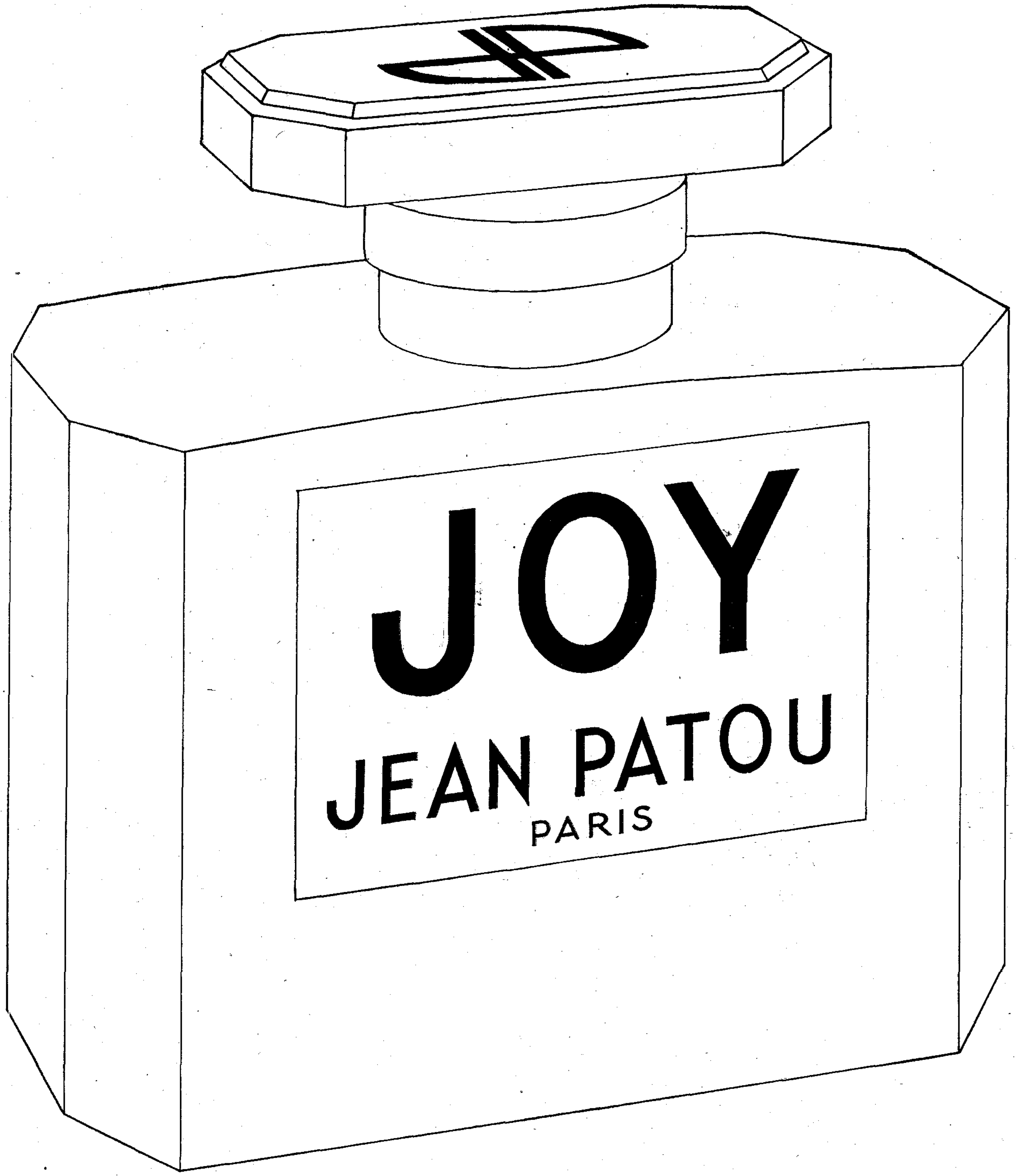

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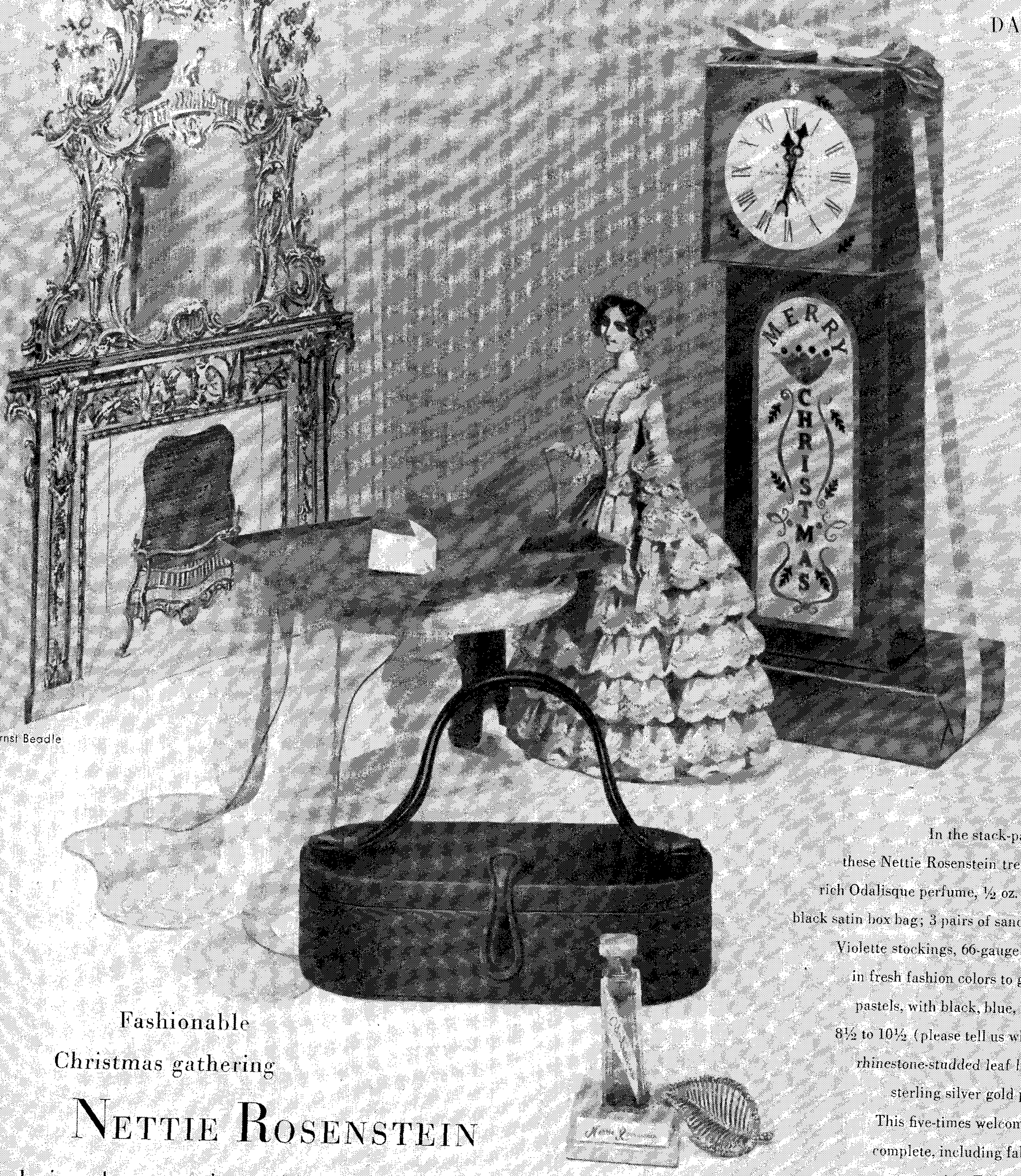

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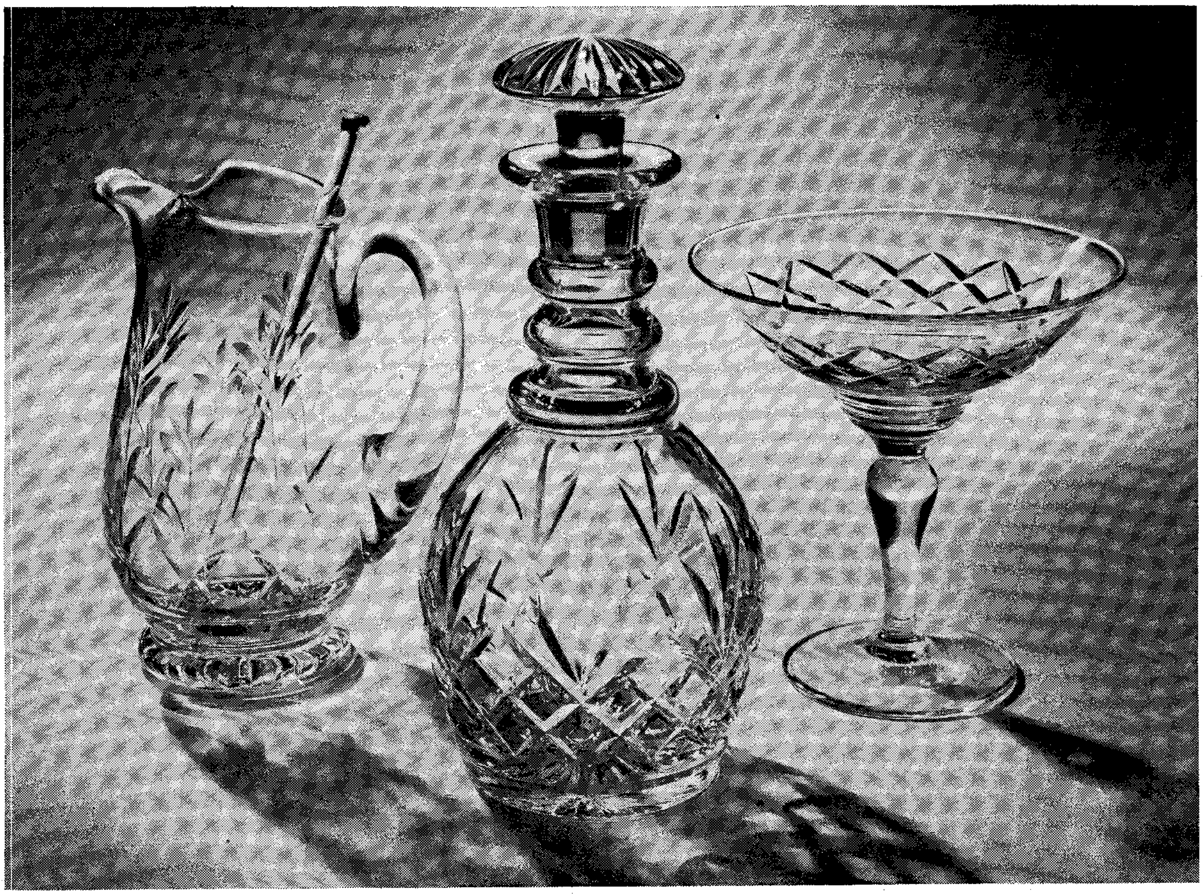

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

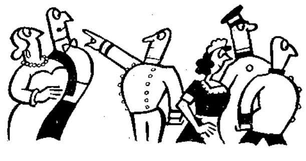
Notes and Comment

WE commend to the attention of Grover Whalen and other local masters of protocol, some of whose shindigs have allegedly been plagued by speeches suffering from excessive length, the program that marked the recent opening of the Toronto building of the Bank of Nova Scotia, a printed schedule of which has come into our possession. To wit:

11:55	Guests arrive at platform. (Pipe band plays.)
12:00–12:01	Mr. C. Sydney Frost, Vice-President and General Manager of the Bank, welcomes the guests and introduces Mr. H. L. Enman, President of the Bank.
12:01–12:04	Mr. Enman introduces Hon. D. C. Abbott, Minister of Finance.
12:04–12:09	Mr. Abbott speaks.
12:09–12:11	Mr. Enman thanks Mr. Abbott and introduces Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia.
12:11–12:16	Premier Macdonald speaks.
12:16–12:18	Mr. Enman thanks Mr. Macdonald and introduces Premiers of other 9 provinces.
12:18–12:35	Provincial Premiers speak.
12:35–12:37	Mr. Enman introduces Mr. Donald Gordon.
12:37–12:42	Mr. Gordon speaks.
12:42–12:43	Mr. Enman acknowledges Mr. Gordon's address.
12:43–12:44	Mr. A. S. Mathers, Architect, hands key to Mr. Enman, who presents it to Mr. H. D. Burns, Chairman of the Board of the Bank.
12:44–12:47	Mr. Burns speaks.
12:47–12:50	Party moves off platform to the Bank door. Mr. Burns turns the lock and declares the Bank open.
12:50–1:00	Band plays. Platform Party enters the Bank.
1:00	Luncheon.

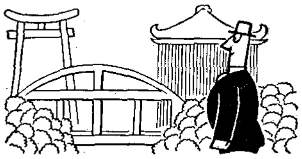
Any institution that can whittle down a speaker—or, rather, nine speakers—to something under two minutes (those nine premiers had only seventeen minutes among them) has our wholehearted admiration. We wish we lived in Toronto and could favor the Bank of Nova Scotia with our checking account.

THE hotel for us these days is the Sherry-Netherland. We have reached this conclusion after reading a document that describes the duties of the Sherry-Netherland Civilian Defense Organization, which has been formed by Colonel Serge Obolensky, president and chief warden of the hotel, "for the protection of the lives and property of our guests and employees." We found the preoccupation with property in the face of atomic attack reassuring, and were pleased to note, under "Removal of Guests to Places of Safety," that the Carnaval Room has been reserved for them, while housemen, maids, and bellboys, after checking all rooms on their assigned floors and leaving the floors only after all guests have left, are to "then proceed to the sub-basement." Moreover, we learned that "musicians may provide music in the Carnaval Room." All this, we reflected, is just as it should be, at least in circles where noblesse oblige still prevails—the upper classes only one story underground, in a post of relative danger, with the band playing a rumba, the proletariat in safer quarters (provided they get there in time) but engaging in no undue merriment. Furthermore, we approved the chief warden's admonition that room clerks and cashiers are to remain at their stations in the lobby. To take care of customers moving over from less thoughtful hotels, no doubt, and cash checks for guests who want to buy Band-Aids.



Mums

WE paid a visit to Greenhouse No. 4 of the Botanical Garden the other morning to inspect the current chrysanthemum show there, entitled "By a Japanese Waterfall," and found ourself in a sea of yellow, white, orange, purple, russet, and reddish chrysanthemums, which, according to labels posted in their vicinity, included Lorraines, Elizabeth Petersons, Balcombe Perfections, Yellow Turners, Chopsticks, Ohkwans, Jean Harts, Bessie La Roches, Ida Skiffs, Mary Gardens, and Thomas W. Pocketts. A double waterfall descended from a rock-covered hill in the center of the conservatory, and elsewhere in the exhibit we admired a Japanese bridge, gate, and teahouse of bamboo, the teahouse containing a pair of slippers, a kimono, a fan, a parasol, and a lantern, all Japanese. A few North American bees were buzzing energetically about, taking advantage of the big pollen windfall. As we were wondering who Thomas W. Pockett was, and whether he had had as eventful a life as Mary Garden, we were providentially joined by Mr. T. H. Everett, the Garden's horticulturist, who informed us that Mr. Pockett was a leading chrysanthemum breeder of Australia. "Amazing how chrysanthemums have developed in America!" Mr. Everett said. "When I came to this country from England in 1927, you could have named the hardy varieties here on the fingers of one hand—well, on two hands, anyway—and today there are over fifteen hundred hardy varieties here." He pointed out several clumps of a purplish, daisy-shaped flower cascading like ivy from some window boxes, and said that he had introduced this species, as well as this method of growing chrysanthemums, to America in 1930, when he was superintendent of the H. E. Manville estate in Pleasantville. "I was trained at Kew Gardens," he said, "and, while there,



met a Japanese nurseryman, Kan Yashiroda, who told me that in Japan they grew a chrysanthemum that hung down. I wrote him for some seeds when I joined Mr. Manville, and they did all right. Mr. Manville was a respectable uncle of Tommy's."

Mr. E. credited the mum boom here in part to the late Alex Cumming, a Bristol, Connecticut, breeder who crossed *Chrysanthemum coreanum*, a hardy variety that looks like a daisy and grows wild in Korea, with various non-hardy English and American varieties, producing a hardy progeny. We besought him for further mum lore, and he told us that the flower was taken from China to Japan, via Korea, in the eighth century; that it was soon adopted as the crest of the Mikado; that it arouses love and enthusiasm among high and low in Japan, and is proudly and carefully cultivated in every Japanese garden; that the first examples of it in the Western world were grown in Holland in 1688, but quickly perished; that by 1789 it was firmly established in France and England; and that while no record exists of the date of its importation to America, several varieties were known here in 1829. "Following the Encyclopædia Britannica, I've stated that it's the national flower of Japan," said Mr. E., indicating a large sign that stated precisely that, "but I'm not altogether sure it is. Some books say the cherry blossom is. In any event, it's the royal flower there, or was; the cherry is more the flower of the people."

We asked Mr. Everett how the Japanese theme came about, and he said, "I'm a bird who's full of ideas. Last year, we had a Chinese show, and this year I thought, Well, we've made peace with Japan, and it seems proper and decent to have a Japanese show. We had our choice of ten different kinds of waterfalls—I always like to have water with our shows—for, as I learned from a book in our library, Japanese landscape gardeners have designed at least that many kinds of falls." Mr. E. led us to his office and handed us a volume called "Gardens of Japan," by one Jiro Harada, in which the following types of falls are listed: the *tsutai-ochi*, or glide-falling, in which water glides down the surface of inclined rocks; the *nuno-ochi*, or linen-falling, in which it falls in a thin sheet; the *ito-ochi*, or thread-falling, in which it falls in threadlike streams; the *kata-ochi*, or uneven-falling, in which it falls more on one side than on the other; the *sayu-ochi*, or left-and-right-falling, in which it gushes from two sides of a rock that splits the waterfall; the *choku-ochi*, or straight-falling; the *yoko-ochi*, or side-falling, in which it leaps from one side; the *mukai-ochi*, or vis-à-vis-falling, in which it gushes from two sides; the *hanare-ochi*, or detached-falling, in which it shoots out a considerable distance; and the *kasane-ochi*, or repeated-falling, in which it falls in stages. Mr. E. waited until we'd scanned the list, and said, "I picked the *sayu-ochi*, or left-and-right-falling—I don't know just why."

We complimented Mr. Everett on his choice, and he told us that the chrysanthemum, traditionally a fall flower, has in late years been made to blossom the year round at Cornell. "It blooms naturally when the days are short," he said. "By putting black cloth over it early in the afternoon, fall days can be simulated in the spring or summer. Florists now have it a few weeks earlier in the fall than they used to. They *could* have it any time, but their customers haven't come around to accepting it in June. They will in time—it's just a matter of education."

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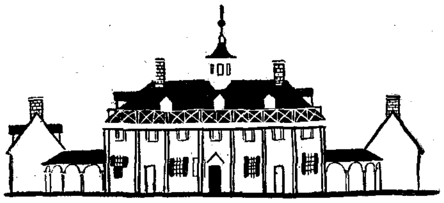
SIGN on a restaurant near St. Raphaël, on the French Riviera: "*Restaurant Communiste. Cuisine Bourgeoise.*"

Chief Engineer

OUR interest in lively old-timers recently took us to the Municipal Building office of a man who had been in the city's employ for fifty years as of last January—Mr. John C. Riedel, chief engineer of the Board of Estimate and thus, virtually, of the municipality of New York. We discovered him to be a tall, solid, erect man, courtly and vigorous of manner, with bushy white hair, an alpaca coat, and a heavy-linked gold watch chain from which dangled a key of Tau Beta Pi, an engineering honor society. "The Board of Estimate," he said, in response to a query of ours, "may not act on any matter affecting the authorization of assessable improvements—sewers, approaches to arterial highways, pavements, and so forth—without receiving an analysis, report, and recommendation from the chief engineer. The Board may upset such recommendations, but it doesn't." The construction and design of sewers and the abatement of harbor pollution have been particular municipal babies of Mr. Riedel's since the beginning of his association with the city, in 1901, when he took a job with the Brooklyn Bureau of Sewers. As early as 1907, he had completed studies of the waters around the five boroughs. He was with the Bureau until 1934, when he became deputy chief engineer of the Board of Estimate; he was made chief in 1939. "I found water pollution was a city-wide problem," he said. "We began to tackle it through the Sanitation Department, and now we deal with it through the Department of Public Works, and today we've got sixty per cent of the city's sewage purified by treatment plants—seven of them—operating with chlorine or activated sludge. It has taken forty-five years to get where we are, but progress is faster these days, and in another five or six years we'll have at least twelve such plants, treating a billion gallons of sewage a day, which is what flows out of the five boroughs. We'll have the water back to a condition it hasn't been in for a hundred years. There'll be swimming in the East River, and fish will again be found in the harbor. *Some* fish have come back already." He shot us an indignant glance. "Unfortunately, I have to retire next year," he said. We asked cagily about his retirement age and he told us, to our astonishment, that he is seventy-nine, going on eighty.



Mr. Riedel was born in New York, the son of a shipping man who came to this country from Germany in 1848. He was brought up in Yorkville, went to the College of the City of New York, and some time afterward, while working in a sponge-and-chamois factory on Pearl Street, attended engineering night school at Cooper Union. He then worked for the Manhattan Electric Light Company, which was later absorbed by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, and during that period passed a municipal civil-service examination for rodman. This led to his job with the Brooklyn Bureau of Sewers, which paid twelve thousand dollars a year. "I was in the field for five years," he said, "helping survey practically all of Brooklyn. We constructed some of the largest sewers ever built, including the Ralph Avenue system, which drains more than three thousand acres in Flatbush. Some of my contemporaries who stayed with Edison went to high places—I guess a private-industry job comparable to mine would pay three or four times the fifteen thousand I get—but I don't think I could have had a happier life. Fifteen thousand is enough to

get by on, though you can't cut capers on it."

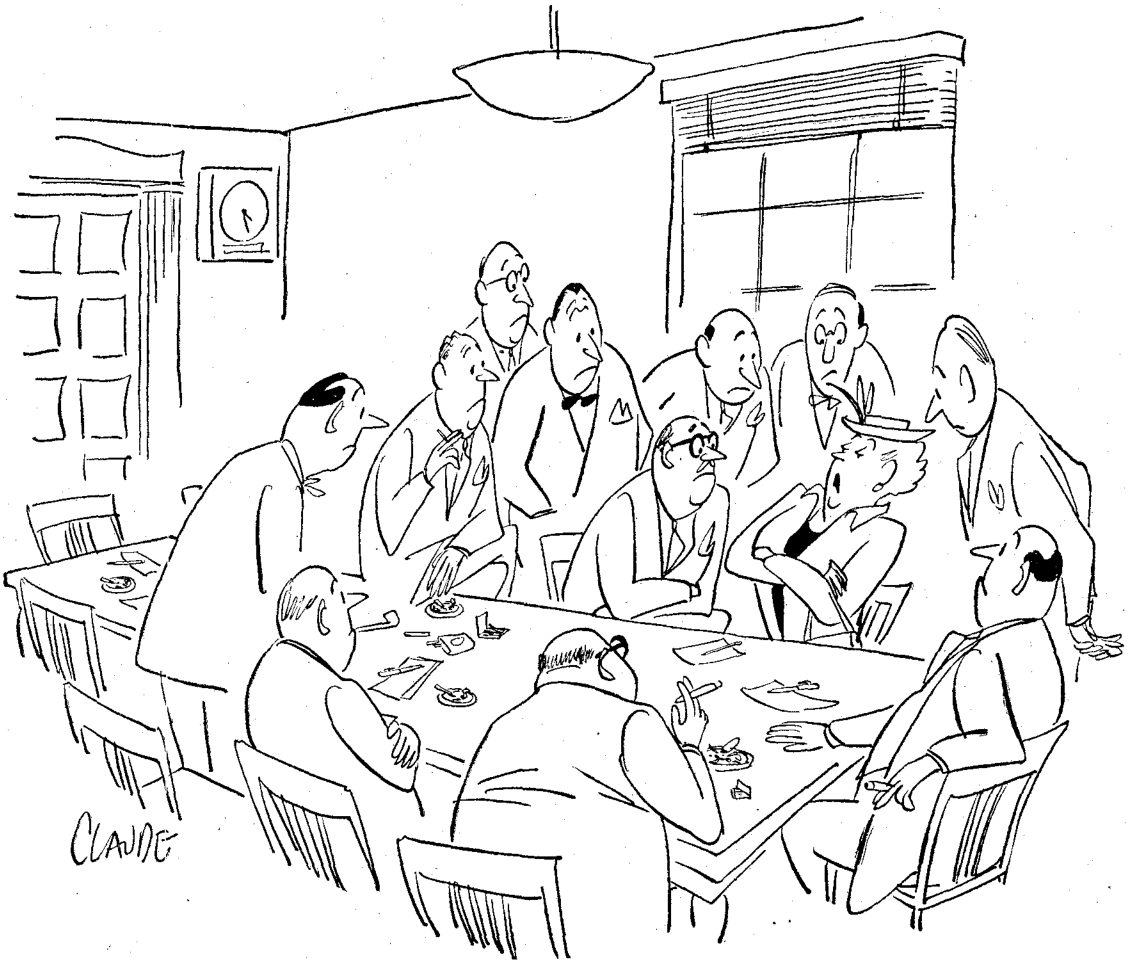
Mr. Riedel, who has been awarded medals by both his alma maters, lives in Brooklyn with his wife. Their three sons are, severally, chief engineer in the office of the borough president of Brooklyn, attorney for the Third Avenue Transit Corporation, and assistant vice-president and auditor of the Marine Midland Trust Company of New York. Mr. Riedel took us on a tour of his office, pointing out files that contained some fifty thousand maps showing all changes in city streets approved by the Board of Estimate since 1902, when the office of chief engineer was established by Mayor Seth Low. (Mr. Riedel is its fifth incumbent.) He informed us that right now he and his staff of forty engineers are busy reviewing the plans for the Brooklyn-Queens and cross-Bronx express highways and the plans for installing bridges and a clover leaf at the upper end of Bruckner Boulevard. "It's been just one big thing after another," he said. "Many of the complicated engineering problems in New York arise from the instability of the soil and the magnitude of the projects." We asked where he stood on the current controversy between Robert Moses and Howard Cullman regarding approaches to the Lincoln Tunnel, and he said, "It's not in our province, but Mr. Moses happens to be right. One of the chief joys I've had in this job has been my association with people like Robert Moses."

Day of Silence

A MAN called up the Metropolitan Museum the other Monday to ask about a rare art book he knew it had, and was connected with a lady who cut him short with "We don't answer questions on Monday. We *do* answer questions on Tuesday, and if you'll call then, we'll be glad to try and help you."

Forty-three Naughts

MR. ROLLO GILLESPIE WILLIAMS, a blue-eyed, gray-haired, debonair Englishman now resident in this country, is probably the world's foremost authority on "mobile color lighting," and his masterpiece was unveiled early this week at 383-85 Madison Avenue, the building that fills the block bounded by Madison, Vanderbilt, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh. This large structure is one of the favorite developments of the realty firm of Webb & Knapp, which in the past few years has spent several million dollars remodelling it and now holds it to be about the finest office building in town. Webb & Knapp seemed to feel that the building, put up by them in 1922-23, was woozy with age and should be saved from obsolescence by air-conditioning, massive doses of aluminum panelling, and electronics. The most conspicuous part of the conversion job is the lobby, which has three-story windows set at such a rakish angle that from Madison Avenue they resemble the prow of a great glass ship that has unaccountably beached itself in midtown. The walls of the lobby are covered with immense slabs of striated limestone, and the ceiling— Well, the ceiling is the aforesaid masterpiece, and is so much more than just a ceiling that no one involved in the renovation has yet been



"*Call it intuition if you like.*"

able to bring himself to call it just that. We have been to look at it and have seen a demonstration of how it works, and beg our readers to try to imagine a curving honeycomb covering twelve hundred and fifty square feet and composed of innumerable silvery hexagonal cells capped with Plexiglas, the whole amazing thing shedding the sort of soft, many-colored light that might conceivably be shed by an incandescent Oriental rug. If this comparison sounds rum, what of the fact that the light is imperceptibly increased or diminished according to the intensity of daylight outside the lobby, while its colors are regulated according to season and temperature—cool-colored patterns for sticky summer weather, warm-colored patterns for dark December days? And not only *that:* The number of combinations and permutations of color that can be produced in the honeycomb are represented by a figure consisting of the digit "7" followed by forty-three naughts.

This dazzling array of information was furnished us by Williams himself, who bade us watch as, by shouting instructions to an assistant in a control room above the lobby, he caused the shimmering honeycomb to run through every color of the rainbow and dozens of colors not in any rainbow. "We've worked out a usable range of five hundred different shades," Williams said. "We get them by varying the wattage of our bulbs, which are arranged in clusters of green, red, blue, and white. Actually, it's pretty hard for the eye to distinguish anything like five hundred shades. Most of the colors the eye thinks it sees aren't there at all."

Williams led us up to the control room, which was as packed with equipment as a submarine, all of it bristling with lights, knobs, and dials and collectively emitting a steady, convincing whir. He made an attempt to explain how his system works, but we took in only that he had invented it bit by bit over a period of years, that it is patented under the name Rollocolor, that its primary purposes are to light shop windows and to create stage effects, and that its great advantage lies in its being almost entirely automatic. When the —ah—ceiling is in operation, an attendant will merely spend a few minutes a day setting the controls for whatever pattern, or patterns, of color he thinks appropriate to the meteorological situation. The intensity of the light is controlled by an electric eye in one of the lobby windows. Williams estimates that the lighting system will cost between five and ten thousand dollars a year in electric current and bulb replacement. "I'm sure it will be worth every penny," he said, "not only as a novelty but because of the psychological effect of proper lighting on the tenants of the building. We'll give them a big lift every morning as they come in."

Williams was born in London, of Welsh parents. He went to work for the famous English illuminating-engineering firm of Holophane a few years after the First World War and quickly became its chief color engineer. He has designed the lighting of more than six hundred movie-theatre auditoriums in many countries and of eleven hundred stages, and has taken out over fifty patents. He came to this country five years ago, because it seemed to offer the greatest future for Rollocolor. "My first job was to light a single window in a department store in Hartford," he told us. "That was a pretty small beginning. Then Bill Zeckendorf, head of Webb & Knapp, took me under his wing and things started happening. At the moment, I've got my Rollocolor in windows at Stern's and the Tailored Woman, and I've just finished doing Steuben Glass." We asked Williams if he could give us a few examples of what he had found to be the effect of colors on the emotions, and he said he'd be glad to. "Red stimulates a sense of danger," he said. "Orange stimulates warmth and excitement. Green is macabre. Pale green—that's kindness. Blue is quiet depths of feeling. Peacock blue is sinister. Cerise prompts feelings of deep affection. Lavender makes people wistful. That's how it works out with lights, anyhow."

Westward Ho

A FOURTH-GRADE young lady at the Little Red School House was quick with her answer the other day when she was asked to name the ships of Columbus's fleet, we are advised. "Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe," she said confidently.

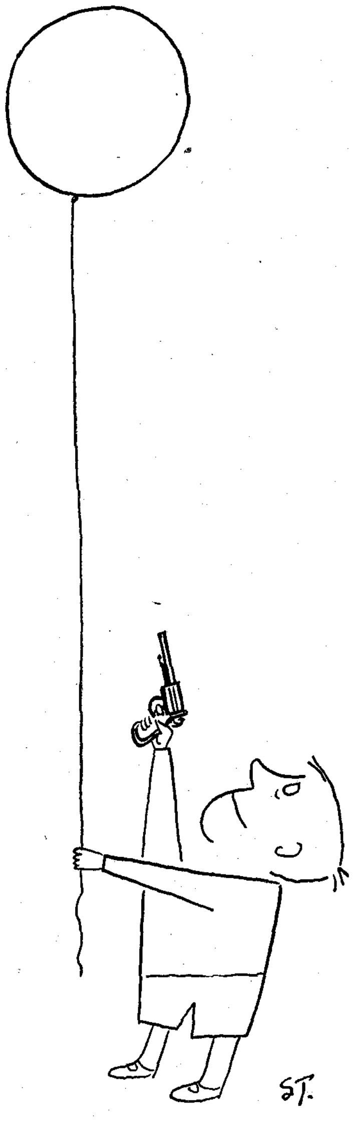
Metteur en Scène

WHEN we heard, through a press agent, that M. Raymond Rouleau, a French *metteur en scène* who doesn't speak English, was directing rehearsals of "Gigi," a play scheduled to open here this month, we agreed that it might be a good idea to report on how he did it. The press agent further informed us that M. Rouleau used no interpreter. M. Rouleau, who is a big *huile* in the French theatre, did his best to knock down the story as soon as we met him for lunch at that notably Gallic restaurant Dinty Moore's. He is a director, an actor (stage and film), and the manager of a theatre, but he's certainly no press agent. "The reason I can direct rehearsals in French," M. Rouleau said, in French, "is that the members of the cast, although not French, speak admirably French. There is your mystery!" "Gigi" has a cast of seven, of whom five are English and two are American, none chosen because they could speak French but all able to. Gilbert Miller, the producer of the play, speaks admirably French, M. Rouleau told us, and so does Tahloose, who wrote the play, a dramatization of a French novel by Colette. Upon being engaged by M. Miller last summer to direct the play, M. Rouleau had boned up on English in all swiftness, but it had proved superfluous.

M. Rouleau is a handsome man of perhaps fifty, with a pink complexion, prematurely white hair, and long lashes over light-blue eyes. Last season, which he said was about average for him, he directed a touring company playing the French translation of an American play named "Straight Car," by Ten S. E. Williams, which had run for two hundred and fifty performances in Paris the season before (where he also directed it), and a musical comedy called "La P'tite Lili," starring Edith Piaf, which has just completed a successful Paris run at the Théâtre de l'ABC. At the same time, he was acting the leading part in a play by Georges Simenon and Frédéric Dard at the house he manages, the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. When he gets back to Paris on November 27th, three days after "Gigi" opens here, he will go to work on the direction of a play called "La Mort d'un Commis Voyageur," by Arthur Miller, which is about the death of a salesman.

The apparition of Gilbert Miller in his life was a bit of cinema, he said—"the American who falls from the sky with a fantastic proposition and insists on a decision right away." Miller had planned to use another director, but the fellow had gone to Hollywood. Miller, who was in Paris when this happened, then determined to get Rouleau. "I was in Venice, turning a film," M. Rouleau said. "It was a whodunit, one of a series in which the principal character is always the same, a journalist and amateur detective called Masse. I play him. Masse is a typical journalist. He drinks, he runs after women, but he invariably makes a fool of the police. I do one Masse film a year, in some place like Morocco or Italy. That gives me a change. I came up from Venice and Miller from Paris, and we met at Lake Como, like Foreign Ministers. When he learned I spoke no English, he said, 'It's a bit annoying, but don't let it annoy you. It will make the production all the more authentic.' " M. Rouleau looked at Dinty Moore's clock, which registered two-forty, and said, in English, "Let's go."

At the theatre, the stage doorman reached for M. Rouleau's overcoat, saying, "*Votre pardessus, Monsieur.*" He was the regular doorman, we discovered, and he hadn't learned the line for this engagement; he just happens to speak French. M. Rouleau seated us beside him in the darkened orchestra and introduced us to Tahloose, whom we recognized as Anita Loos. "He's the greatest director I've seen since D. W. Griffith," Miss Loos told us, in English. She said he has done wonders with Audrey Hepburn, the very beautiful young woman who plays the name role. Miss Hepburn has never before had an important stage part. She was playing in English films when Miller engaged her, and, of course, speaks French, although she's English; that is, she's a British subject, born in Brussels, with an Irish father and a Dutch mother. M. Rouleau sat quiet while the cast ran through a couple of acts. The show seemed pretty well set to us, and we knew it was about to depart for Philadelphia on a shakedown cruise.



At first, M. Rouleau made only occasional suggestions, like "*Dites-le* wiss love, *avant le* leetle noise, Doreese," or "*N'y touchez pas,* Josephine, *ma* bluebird, *c'est* zhust right." When Michael Evans, the male lead, announced the defection of his mistress, M. Rouleau found him a shade too down in the mouth. "*Vous n'êtes pas prêt à vous suicider,*" he explained. "Zhust *accablé de* gloominess." Then he began working bits over in detail. "It is like a painting," he told us. "One draws first with wide, free lines, and then retouches, retouches, retouches." Josephine Brown, who plays Miss Hepburn's grandmother, eased Miss Hepburn onto a bench and began curling her hair; Miss Hepburn, twenty-two, is supposed to be sixteen in the play, and was wearing a suitable costume. "Miss Hepburn here shows a certain expanse of underdrawer, *très gamine,*" M. Rouleau said to us. "The period is 1900. There must be just sufficient to indicate the innocence in which she has been reared but not enough to distract attention completely from the dialogue. *Pas tant que ça, ma fille!*" he exclaimed. "*En tout cas, pas pour Philadelphie. On a l'air de faire une* French comedy!"

"I wonder who told him about Philadelphia," Miss Loos said.

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OVERHEARD at Schrafft's: "It's very confidential, so if you ask her, she'll think you're being unethical. The thing to do is just mention it, then she'll tell you all about it."

A MARITIME PEOPLE

THE brilliant sunlight not only intensified the blue of the bay but dramatically heightened the autumn coloring of the scrub growth on the many small islands we see from the southeast windows of our house on the New England coast. Never before had the foliage of the low-bush blueberries seemed such a flamboyant red. For nearly a week, the days had been wonderfully warm, although the nights had been more than crisp enough to remind us that fall was nearly at an end. I asked my wife and our two English house guests, the Kynastons, to excuse me, and got up from the breakfast table and went outdoors to make sure of the wind direction and to do some amateur forecasting.

"It's almost certain to stay sunny throughout the day, and probably tomorrow, too," I said when I returned. "There's a moderate westerly breeze. It may freshen a bit later on, but the barometer is still at 'Fair.'"

"Very gratifying," Professor Kynaston said, in his thin mandarin voice.

"What would you like to see today?" I asked him.

He considered the matter at some length, and with his customary gravity, before replying. "I believe we exhausted the conifers yesterday, and most of the other acid-loving trees," he said. "However, I'm not entirely sure that my notes on the hollies are complete. Did I understand you to say at dinner last night that we had seen *all* your indigenous hollies?"

I should explain that Professor Kynaston had been making a comparative study of our trees and those that grow along the coastal areas of western Scotland, prior to making a report to some sort of royal commission for the improvement of barren land over there. As for me, I am a local tree warden, and my wife and I were entertaining the Kynastons because a higher authority had asked us to. Our guests were in their middle fifties or thereabouts, and exceedingly sedate. This was the third day of their stay with us, and they were to depart the next morning. No real intimacy had developed between us, inasmuch as my wife and I respected the fact that the Kynastons simply weren't the kind of people who could thaw, or even make a pretense of thawing, on short acquaintance.

"Yes," I said. "At least, we've seen all the hollies that can be described as being useful for any practical purpose. As I said yesterday, most New England tree wardens and foresters consider hollies quite hopeless for windbreaks and that kind of thing, except perhaps for the *Ilex glabra*."

"Oh, I agree," he broke in quickly. "And as far as *Ilex glabra* is concerned, I must say I'm fascinated to see how well it does for you. When you say that we have seen all the 'useful' hollies, I assume you mean there is one, or perhaps more, that we have *not* seen."

I admitted that this was the case. The previous summer, I said, I had found seven specimens of a dwarf variety on one of the more remote islands in the bay.

"A true dwarf?" Professor Kynaston asked. "Are you sure they weren't merely examples of an ordinary variety that had been wind-pruned?"

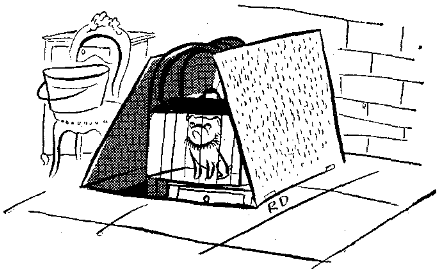
"Oh, no," I said. "They're true dwarfs, all right. They're not exactly common in this part of the country, but you do run across them sometimes."

"I should like very much to see dwarf hollies growing in such an exposed location. Couldn't we secure a boat of some sort and treat ourselves to a pleasant outing? I need hardly say that I'd be glad to pay all the necessary expenses. After all, I *am* permitted to make field trips, and, for that matter, we might turn it into a combined field trip and picnic for the four of us. You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you, Sybella?"

Mrs. Kynaston assented with a stately nod. A day on the water, she said, would be extremely pleasant. "Are you fond of punting?" she asked me, and I had to explain that in New England we have very few streams with the requisite shallow bottom and slow current.

"Salt-water sailing is what we go in for mostly in these parts," I told her. "In fact, I was about to say that it wouldn't be any problem at all for us to get hold of a boat to take us out to Tern Island, where I found the dwarf hollies. I have an eighteen-foot sloop. The Nonpareil was built for racing, so she isn't the last word in comfort, but I think I can promise you she'd run us out to Tern and back without any trouble."

"Splendid!" the Professor said. "And I assure you we shan't complain if your cushions and back rests aren't precisely designed for sybarites. A day on the water will be a treat in itself."



There are no back rests on the Nonpareil, and while I suppose the hard, canvas-covered mats on the locker seats are technically "cushions," I myself never ventured to apply so voluptuous a term to them.

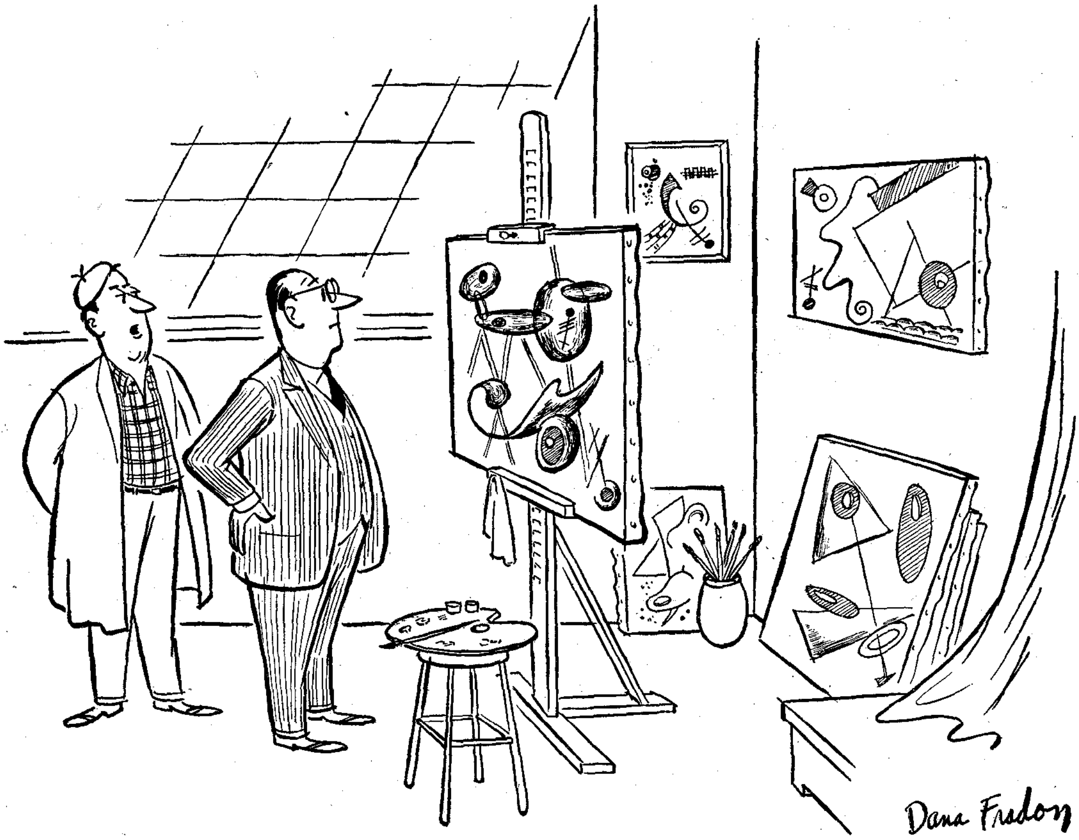
"We have friends who live near Henley," Mrs. Kynaston remarked. "When we go to them for Whitsun, as we always do, we so enjoy watching the holiday pleasure craft on the Thames. Literally a *multitude* of boats going up and down the river!"

I couldn't quite see the connection. With a certain nervousness, I began to wonder whether the Kynastons really understood what sort of day they were in for. Already several small incidents had suggested to me that Professor Kynaston, although wonderfully informed about trees, was perhaps a trifle vague about matters *not* pertaining to trees. As for Mrs. Kynaston, I still hadn't been able to form a clear idea of what she was really like.

My wife, who loves to sail, said with regret that she wouldn't be able to go with us, because she had a one-thirty appointment at her hairdresser's. "Which is just as well, for your sake," she remarked to Mrs. Kynaston. "Four's a crowd on the Nonpareil. I'd better hurry out to the kitchen and start fixing you a picnic lunch. My husband will probably want to make an early start if he's taking you as far as Tern."

Professor and Mrs. Kynaston begged her not to supply them with anything more elaborate than a single sandwich apiece and perhaps a piece of fruit. After English austerity, they said, they simply couldn't seem to accustom themselves to our "largish American luncheons."

Apologetically, I told my wife that she had better put in at least two sandwiches for me and a thermos of hot soup. "I'll go down to the wharf and start bailing out," I told her. "Will you dig up some sweaters and denims for the Kynastons? And see if you can fit them out with old sneakers from that pile in the cupboard under the front stairs." Turning to Professor Kynaston, I explained that shoes with leather soles are more of a drawback than an asset on board a sloop. "If we sail in about half an hour, we can make Tern Island by eleven-thirty or twelve, see the hollies and have our lunch, and be home by four-thirty or five or thereabouts," I said. "Tern is the southernmost island of a group that's strung out like a necklace. Getting there takes time and involves a good deal of tacking, as a rule."



"*To tell the truth, I don't know what I'm driving at myself.*"

THE Kynastons turned up at the wharf while I was still bailing, and to my amazement I saw that they were dressed as if for a garden party. The Professor was wearing white flannels, and Mrs. Kynaston had changed into a somewhat fluttery blue silk crêpe, quite stylish shoes, and a fussily elaborate hat. Each of them had a rolled waterproof tucked under an arm, and the Professor was carrying a picnic basket. Mrs. Kynaston was also equipped with a furled umbrella, which I somehow couldn't quite visualize her putting to any really practical use on board the Nonpareil.

"Didn't my wife say *anything* to you about clothes?" I asked, aghast at beholding their attire.

"Oh, yes!" they assured me, and the Professor said amiably, "She was solicitude itself, but we rather thought we'd be a bit more comfortable in some of our own things. We knew you wouldn't mind."

"I'm afraid I didn't do too good a job of explaining what our day would probably be like," I said, aware that I had failed to dispel their Henley-inspired notions about boating. "If the wind freshens, as it's almost certain to do, the return trip will be downright rough!"

Seemingly undismayed, the Professor remarked to his wife, "Apparently our outing will be more in the nature of a day at Cowes."

The prospect clearly gratified Mrs. Kynaston, who said, "*We* shan't mind if it's a bit chippy-choppy. In fact, I rather hope it *will* be."

"It may be considerably more than that," I said.

"Neither William nor I will be seasick," Mrs. Kynaston said with dignity as her husband and I helped her step down into the Nonpareil. "We enjoyed the Queen Elizabeth immensely, coming over."

"You must remember that we are a maritime people," Professor Kynaston reminded me, not altogether jocosely.

I said I hadn't been thinking so much of seasickness as of their getting drenched. "The only extra clothes I've got stowed away here are a couple of old sweatshirts, and at best they'll be dampish, I'm afraid," I said.

"You must stop worrying about us," Professor Kynaston said evenly as he and his wife established themselves on a narrow locker seat. "After all, we have our macks." They were sitting bolt upright and studying the rigging with interest.

Surrendering to the British, as so many others before me have done, I went to work raising the mainsail. Then I cast off, and presently raised the foresail. One of the things that had brought about the present complication, I decided, was the phenomenally warm Indian-summer weather we were having. Like a good English June, it had, as a matter of routine, connoted white flannels and garden-party hats to the Kynastons, in connection with genteel outdoor pleasures. As I steered the sloop out into the gently ruffled bay, I made a point of chatting informatively about Indian summer. Also, I explained about jibing, the theory of the centerboard, and the functions of the various sheets.

"Boating seems to be rather more work than I had supposed," Mrs. Kynaston said, raising her eyebrows. "I must adjust some of my preconceptions."

"I confess I had no idea the pastime was so complicated," the Professor agreed.

We were sailing through a channel, a sort of marine avenue defined by red buoys and black "nuns," and we were gaining speed.

"But delightful," Mrs. Kynaston added. She took a deep breath of the delicious air, and exhaled it with an expression not unlike that worn by the men in cigar ads. "It really is, you know, William."

"As soon as we pass the last nun, I'm going to jibe," I said. We sailed on for a bit, and then I called out, "Ready? Ready to jibe?"

"Oh, quite," Professor Kynaston said.

"Such amusing words," Mrs. Kynaston remarked to her husband. "The 'nuns' are the floating black canisters, I believe Mr. Parker said, but I forget his exact definition of 'jibe.' "

"*Duck!*" I shouted.

The boom swung around, and by a miracle Mrs. Kynaston escaped a concussion. Missing her scalp by perhaps an inch, the boom swept her hat off her head with the precision of a football player executing a neat kickoff.

"Oh, God!" I groaned. "Are you hurt?"

"Not at all," she said with great calm. "Merely dishevelled, I should imagine."

"I'm terribly sorry. And your hat is gone forever, I'm afraid."

"It never was a great success at the University, actually," she said. "And my husband always felt there were rather too many grapes around the brim."

IN open water, the Nonpareil suddenly began to demonstrate her special talent for skimming the surface like an uninhibited gull.

"I say, Sybella!" the Professor exclaimed, suddenly lapsing into the phraseology of an excited schoolboy. "Isn't this ripping!"

Unexpectedly, we cut through a medium-large wave instead of winging our way over it. All of us received a thorough drenching, and Mrs. Kynaston in her once-fluttery blue crêpe looked much the most waterlogged.

I said wretchedly that this was what I had been expecting. To my astonishment, Mrs. Kynaston abandoned all her reserve and cried, "Glorious! Oh, William, isn't this superb?" The Professor agreed with her fervently. "And now that we're wet all over, there won't be any point in our putting on our macks," she added, as if she had a real hatred of mackintoshes.

"You'd better let me dig out those old sweatshirts," I said, but the Kynastons scorned the suggestion. The Professor said, "Your—er—Indian sun will soon dry us nicely," and it did, but only briefly. We had many more deluges of spray before the day was over.

As we skirted Mackerel Island, at about eleven o'clock, and as the low nubbin of land known as Tern Island became visible, Mrs. Kynaston announced that she was ravenous. She had crawled onto the gunwales about an hour before, and was lying sprawled on her stomach, with one arm prudently hugging the mast in case of a sudden lurch. Her iron-gray hair had come loose and was flying, pennant-fashion, in the wind. Clearly, she was taking a sensuous delight in the warm sunlight, as I was doing myself. I could hardly believe that we were within a day or so of November, so delectable was this bonus weather we were having.

"Why not go ahead and have your lunch?" I said. "You needn't wait until we reach Tern. I'm sorry you asked my wife to make only one sandwich apiece for you." I fished out the lunch basket and inspected its contents. "She took you at your word, I'm afraid, but she put in two for me and some hot soup."

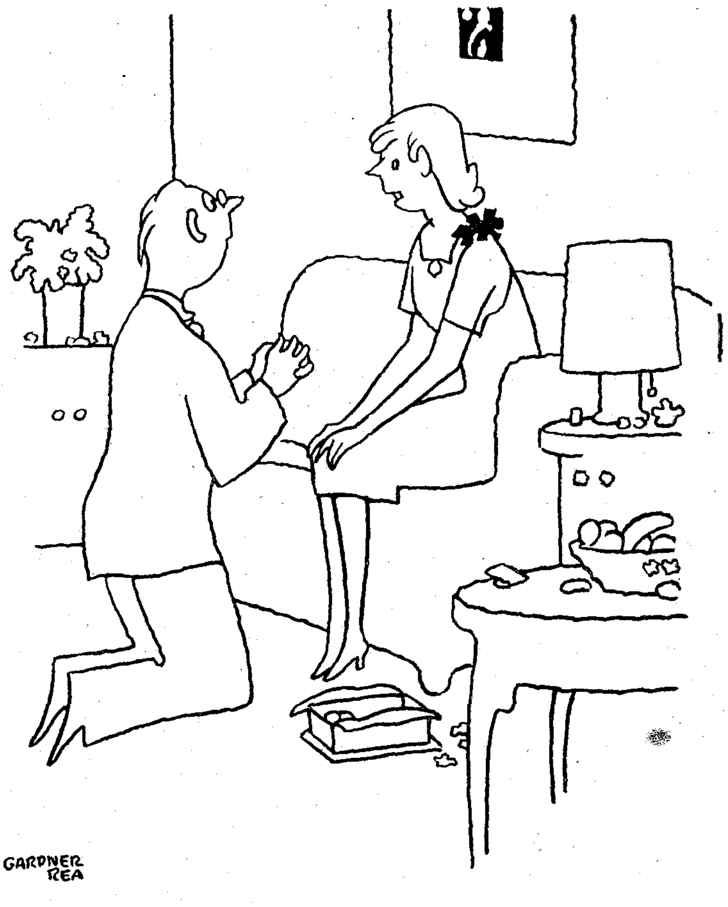
"When I came down to breakfast this morning, I was a reasonable facsimile of a civilized man, but I now find that I have sloughed off civilization completely," Professor Kynaston declared cheerfully. "I shall probably slit your throat and cast your body overboard, merely for two additional sandwiches and a spot of hot soup."

"There are some odds and ends in the cabin, as a rule," I said. "Can you eat things cold, out of cans?"

"I could eat a rat *saignant*," Professor Kynaston said with decision.

"If you'll take the tiller, I'll go and have a look," I said. Professor Kynaston took over, and I crawled into the tiny cabin and searched for provisions. I found a can of chili con carne, a can of condensed vegetable soup, and a can of hamburgers in brown gravy. There was a small Sterno outfit but no fuel. Hearing an ominous slapping sound, I poked my head out of the cabin and said to the Professor, "You're luffing. Pay out enough to fill your sails again."

"You're making the sails flap too much, William," Mrs. Kynaston bellowed, in a quarter-deck voice. "Loosen the what-you-may-call-it and recapture the wind!"



"There's nothing personal about it, Myron. It's just that I feel I can probably do better."

Professor Kynaston obeyed these combined orders after some momentary fumbling, and the Nonpareil again flew over the water. I emerged carrying the three tins and a can opener. Already the Kynastons had done away with the small snacks my wife had fixed for them, and were doing their best not to let their glances wander toward my own rations. "Here are some oddments," I said, displaying the canned food. "If you'd like my sandwiches and soup, I wouldn't in the least mind eating one of these. Or if you think you'd like to try stuff out of a can, you're welcome to anything in this assortment."

"Why don't we share *everything*?" Mrs. Kynaston cried with the utmost enthusiasm. I found a rusted fork and spoon in the cabin, and Mrs. Kynaston, who had already applied the can opener to the tin of hamburgers, called to me exultantly, "We won't need utensils for these. They're little *rissoles*, apparently, and we can pick them up with our fingers."

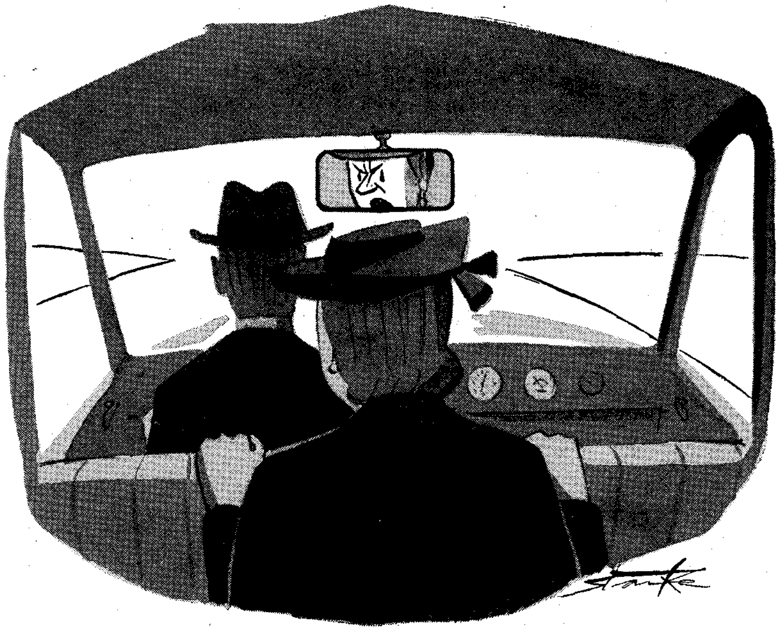
I shared my sandwiches and hot soup with the Kynastons, and we all scooped out forkfuls and spoonfuls of the cold canned food.

"Magnificent!" said Professor Kynaston, wolfing cold chili.

"Sheer heaven!" said Mrs. Kynaston, devouring condensed vegetable soup.

"The flavor!" said Professor Kynaston, licking his fingers after plucking from the third tin a hamburger coated with congealed grease and eating the stuff with relish. "I don't know when I've ever tasted anything so delicious."

When Mrs. Kynaston had polished off a trifle more than her share of the condensed soup, she asked wistfully how we proposed to allot "the fourth little *rissole*." It hardly seemed worth while to divide it, she said carelessly. And so of course we handed it over to her. "Really quite in a class with Simpson's or Scott's," she said with admiration. "What a superb lunch you've given us! I could do with a serviette, as my handkerchief is in an extremely bedraggled state, but who cares? Could anything matter less?" She wiped her



mouth with the back of her hand.

As we neared Tern Island, I said, "Pull the centerboard up, please," to Professor Kynaston, and began to do some quick work with the sheets. Very shortly, I heard a light crunching sound. "Up centerboard!" I shouted. It was too late. We hadn't quite gone aground, but the centerboard had eased into the shallow, sandy bottom just enough to serve as an anchor for us. We were perhaps seventy feet from Tern itself. "If you and I jump out and push her off carefully, we can raise the centerboard and then edge ourselves closer to shore," I said to Professor Kynaston. "If we don't, the tide will soon go out enough to ground us. I hate to ask you to help, because of your white flannels, but I'm afraid you've already got them wet many times over, and as far as shrinking is concerned, not much more damage could possibly be done."

The Professor said reasonably, and in a most unmandarinlike voice, "Why don't I take them off? Because I most certainly propose to do my share of the pushing." He began to unbutton his trousers. "With your permission, Sybella," he said over his shoulder, in a perfunctory aside.

She waved graciously but did not speak, being engaged in trying to drain the teaspoonful or so of liquid that still remained in the thermos, which she had tilted to her lips in the manner of a Hogarth drunkard.

The Professor leaped over the side in his shorts, and he and I succeeded in clearing the Nonpareil's centerboard. We then worked the sloop nearer to the shore. "I completely forgot to tell you at breakfast that you'd probably have to take off your shoes and stockings and wade ashore," I said to Mrs. Kynaston. "It wouldn't be necessary if the tide were higher, but, as it happens, it's going out. The water is freezing cold, but the sun is so hot you'd dry off right away on shore if you want to risk it."

In no time, Mrs. Kynaston, barelegged, was wading ashore, her teeth chattering. I said earnestly that I hoped she wouldn't catch pneumonia. She seemed much amused. "I happen to be English," she said.

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We spent only a few minutes on Tern, just long enough to "do" the hollies and to satisfy Professor Kynaston that they were true dwarfs and not wind-pruned specimens of a larger type. Then we shoved off and retraced our course of the morning. The Professor's seamanship showed a steady improvement, and Mrs. Kynaston, too, became remarkably proficient. In fact, the two of them took on the handling of the foresail entirely. In appearance, they were by this time as raffishly unkempt as a couple of pirates out of an Errol Flynn epic. Even before midafternoon, my guests were hungry again, but I could find nothing for them except a few broken pilot biscuits. For these crumbs they were touchingly grateful.

When we arrived at the house, the Kynastons told my wife enthusiastically and with nautical camaraderie that they were going upstairs for a few minutes and that when they came down, she would find them ready for a tea of mammoth proportions. "Give us enough for at least eight people," Mrs. Kynaston called down, with bluff geniality, from the stair landing. "It won't be too much!"

Obviously amazed at the sea change that apparently had come over our guests, my wife hurried out to the kitchen to prepare tea, while I went to put on some clean, dry clothing, although nothing at all special. The Kynastons, on the other hand, lost no time in getting into soberly conservative outfits of the utmost correctness. They came downstairs looking much as they had looked at breakfast, except that their complexions were ruddier. I couldn't help noticing that they were wearing not only dignified clothes but a dignified manner as well.

"Now tell me about your day," my wife said, sitting down to preside at the tea table.

"It was most enjoyable," Mrs. Kynaston said sedately.

"Most," the Professor concurred with dignity, and in the mandarin voice. "I was so pleased to be able to broaden my acquaintance with your hollies. The dwarfs were well worth seeing."

"So green and glossy," murmured Mrs. Kynaston. "I should like to have one of the same sort—potted, you know—for my morning room at home."

For several moments, I listened to the seemly crunching of buttered toast and wondered whether the whole day could have been something I had imagined. Then I remembered Mrs. Kynaston, knee-deep in icy water, saying to me with calm amusement, "I happen to be English," and I felt entirely reassured.

—James Reid Parker

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POEM WITHOUT ENDS

One cannot take the beginning out of the air,
saying, "It is the time: the hour is here."
The process is continuous as the wind,
the bird observed not rising but in flight,
unrealized, in motion in the mind.

The end of everything is similar, never
actually happening but always over.
The agony, the bent head, only tell
that already in the heart the innocent evening
is thick with all the ferment of farewell.

—Alastair Reid

THE YEAR OF THE PIG

TO *Maman*, my French mother-in-law, there was nothing memorable about the pig episode. In her mind, it was a minor matter, soon forgotten. What counted for her that year was the little farmhouse at La Catine, which she had just purchased. But for my part, as I think back over that summer—my second in the French Pyrenees after my marriage to *Maman's* son, Paul—the pig looms large in my memory. Even today, when I see a Pyrenees ham stitched tight in its linen shroud, or a row of stubby sausages dangling from a beam in a farmhouse kitchen, I cannot help recalling Angélique.

When I came into the family, *Maman* already owned a house—a big one—in the Ariège foothills. It stood on a hillside high above the village of Ste. Croix and the valley of the Volp. All through my husband's boyhood, he and his parents had spent the summers there. From what Paul told me, vacations in those days had been lively ones, when *Papa* and *Maman*, both of whom were opera singers, came down from Paris with little Paul and their guests and servants and hunting dogs, their rods and guns. That was before *Papa's* death and before the First World War had wiped out all his careful investments and put an end to the gay houseparties. *Maman*, at the time of our marriage, was in her sixties, but she had not lost her voice or what her friends called her prima-donna temperament. As for the Ste. Croix house, it still put up a brave front in spite of years of neglect, but it badly needed repairing. This was a fact that my husband had tried to bring to *Maman's* attention during our first summer at Ste. Croix.

I remember the night Paul brought the subject up. The three of us were sitting together at dinner one evening when he remarked, "Since we plan to come down here every year, we ought to start putting the house in shape."

Maman set down her fork. "What do you mean by 'putting it in shape'?" she asked with ominous calm.

"Well, take the roof, to begin with," Paul said. "A third of the tiles need renewing. Then, there are the pipes from the spring that were crushed in the landslide four years ago—water has seeped into the north wall ever since. And there's not a room that doesn't need doing over."

"Not a room! You mean"—*Maman's* voice quavered—"this doesn't suit you any more?" Her gesture took in the walls of the dining room. Above the Louis Treize cupboards and buffet, the once gay paper, with its chintz-like patterns, was streaked and faded. On the damp north wall, it hung in tatters.

"A nice plain color would set off the furniture, and the room would be much lighter," Paul said evenly.

"A warm Provençal ivory?" I suggested.

"I suppose"— *Maman* looked past me and addressed her son, her blue eyes steely beneath her straight brows—"I suppose you would also put a 'nice plain color' on the salon upstairs that your great-uncle decorated. You know, it's got real gold leaf on the ceiling. And the Japanese Room *Papa* and I had papered with the prints we brought back from Russia. And the Watteau landscapes in my bedroom—" She choked.

"But, *Maman*—" Paul began. He got no further.

"I won't have it." Her voice gathered firmness. "I won't have you meddling."

"But, *Maman*," Paul said again, "it doesn't have to be done all at once. And you will be under no expense," he was careful to add.

"Expense!" *Maman* bit off the word. "Of course I realize that in America"—she gave me a barbed look—"everything has to be new and modern. You have no patience with what is old." Her eyes filled, but she drew herself up proudly and delivered her ultimatum. "I'm not going to have things changed. So long as I live, the house will stay as it is. It's *my* house. When I'm dead," she concluded tearfully, "you can do what you like with it."

Her son and I avoided looking at each other. What could we say? In the sudden quiet, the sounds of crickets and frogs surged up from the meadow and the river.

"Of course, *Maman*, if that is the way you feel about it—" Paul said at last, with a shrug. "Just the same, it's too bad to let the place fall in ruins."

"It's not falling in ruins any more than I am," *Maman* retorted with some heat. "It's as good as it ever was. And as soon as I can see my way clear, I'll have it repaired—and pay for the repairs myself."

As tears were again near the surface, we closed the discussion. We didn't bring the subject up again. "After all, it *is* her house," Paul said to me afterward. "And since she won't let us 'meddle,' we had better let the whole matter drop. I'm not going to urge her to do something she probably can't afford." He sighed. The precise state of *Maman's* finances was a mystery she never allowed us to penetrate.

MAMAN had still not seen her way clear to making any repairs by the following summer. That year she went down to Ste. Croix several weeks before we did, and when Paul and I reached the village, late one June evening, the big house had put on a festive air to welcome us. All along the front, lights shone through the streamers of woodbine and jasmine that hung like a curtain from the eaves. Inside, there were jars of roses in every room, and a great heap of them on the dinner table, flanked by lighted candles—the last an extraordinary concession to the American daughter-in-law.

To *Maman*, the arrival of her son always meant a fête, but this time it seemed to me she greeted us with more than her usual exuberance, and there was a note of suppressed excitement in her vibrant voice as she presided over the dinner table in a dress as pink as her flushed cheeks.

"I have a surprise for you," she announced at dessert, when Julia, the cook, brought in a triangle of Brie and strawberries from the garden, heaped in neat pyramids, each pile in its circle of vine leaves. Julia and Moïse, the peasant girl who served as kitchenmaid, hung about the doorway with expectant faces. It was clear they shared *Maman's* secret.

Maman looked from Paul to me, her eyes dancing. "You'll never guess!" she exclaimed. And after a dramatic pause—"I've bought a house!"

"A house!" Paul and I echoed. As far as we were concerned, *Maman's* surprise was as complete as she could have wished.

"That is to say, a farmhouse," she amended. "I've always wanted a farm."

Her son's face was a study. "Ah—" he said finally, "you're—you're planning to live on a farm?"

"Not at all," *Maman* said impatiently. "Three hectares of land, a wood lot, an orchard, a bit of vineyard. And a brook!"

"Ah!" Paul said again. A usually voluble person, he concentrated a good deal in that syllable.

"It's not far from here," *Maman* went on. "Only a kilometre by the bridge. You know the place—the little farmhouse at La Catine. It came up at auction last month and I had the notary bid it in."

"You mean it's bought and paid for?" Paul asked.

"That's what I said." *Maman* gave him an emphatic nod. "It was what you might call a coincidence. The day they posted the notice of the auction at the *Mairie*, I got a check in the mail." She sat back in her chair. "You remember poor *Papa's* American railroads? In Peru, I think they were. You always claimed they would never bring in anything. Well, they did." She eyed him, triumphant.

Paul drew a long breath. "Now *Maman*," he began severely. "Don't you think it would have been wiser—"

"You might at least look pleased," *Maman* interrupted him in a hurt tone. "I bought the place for *you*. You see, I've been thinking things over," she hurried on. "It's natural that you young people should want a house of your own—one you can do what you like with, though I must say the cottage is in very good shape and I'd hate to see you spoil its cachet."

"And you are willing to live in this big house alone?" Paul asked incredulously. One of our family problems was *Maman's* unwillingness to be separated from her son.

Her reply came quickly: "Oh, I'll drive over with Julia every morning for lunch, and of course you'll come here evenings for dinner. You see I've thought of everything. I even have a maid for you. If you knew how hard we've worked getting the place ready!" She nodded to Julia in the doorway. "And think of it—now you can have geese, and a pig!" With a laugh, she leaned forward in the candlelight and then broke softly into song. The notes of the air—one of the tenor solos from "Manon"—flowed effortless and clear through her parted lips:

"*En fermant les yeux, je vois là-bas une*
humble retraite,
une maisonette toute blanche—"

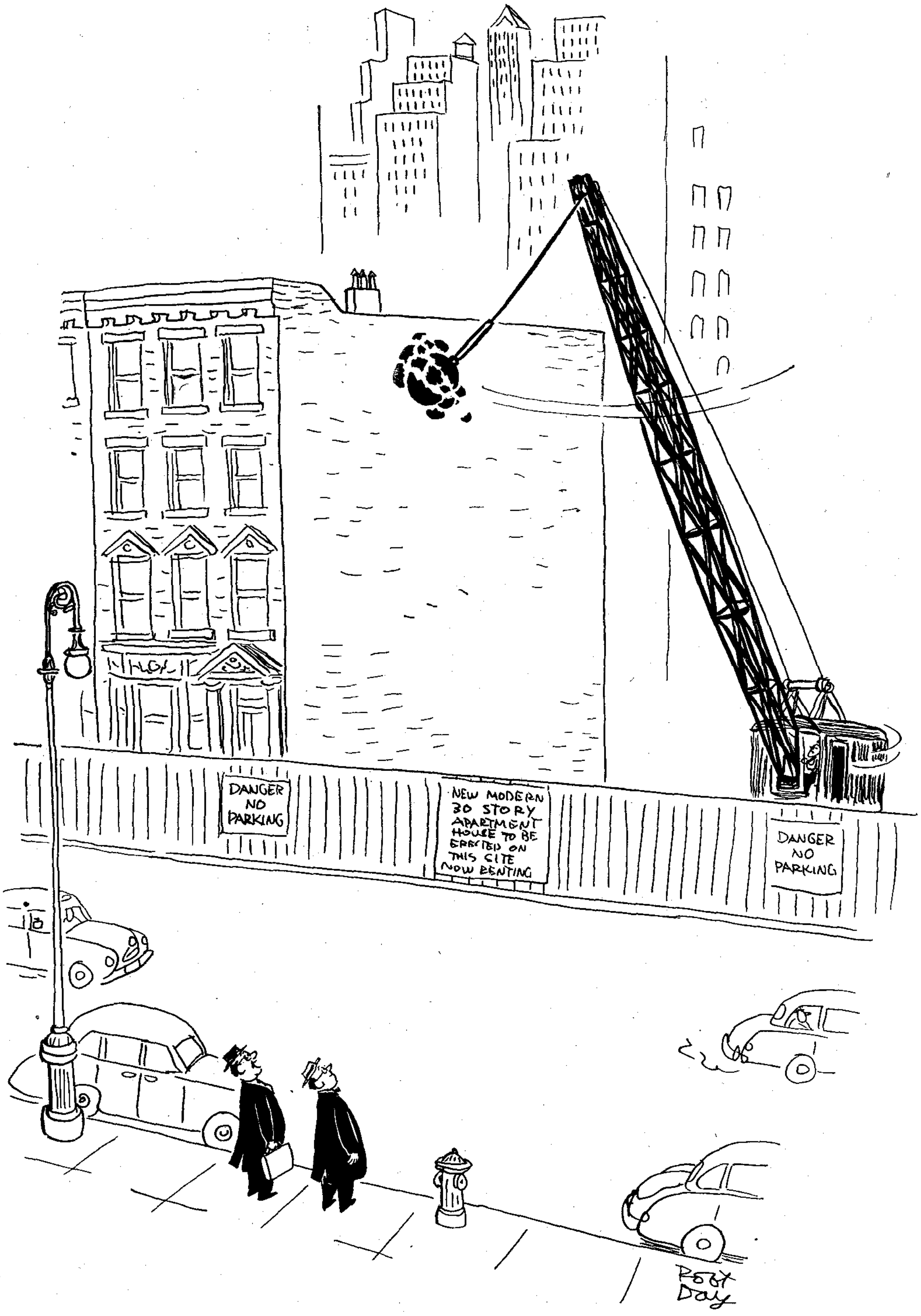
She broke off and turned to Paul. "*A toi, mon fils.*"

Obediently he took over the song and continued Des Grieux's dream to the end.

"*. . . Là sera notre vi-e-e*
Si tu le veux, O Manon!"

He drew out the "O" to the limit of his breath and finished rather abruptly. Then he got up and walked to his mother's chair at the other end of the table.

"Thanks, *Maman*, thanks for both of us," he said, and bent down and kissed her.


DANGER NO PARKING
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Robt Day

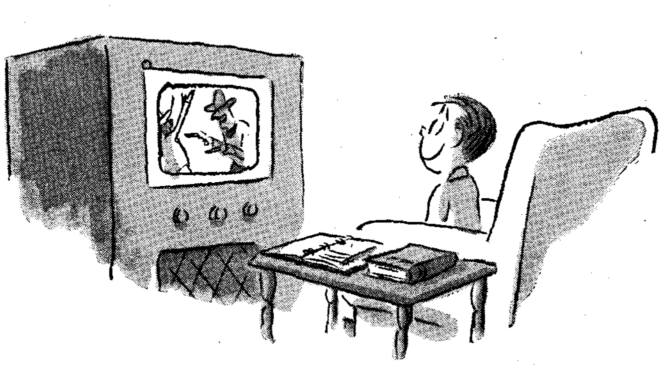
"They really built them in those days."

• •

Maman dashed the tears from her cheeks and beamed happily. "I did it all for you, *mon fils*, but"—she held up a professional forefinger—"you should have held that 'mi' more than two beats."

SO, at the beginning of our second summer in the Pyrenees, Paul and I found ourselves the owners of a house. That is, we were supposed to be the owners. When *Maman* remembered, or when anything went wrong, she referred to the place as "your house." At other times it was "the farm," or more often, "my farm." Paul christened it *Maman's* Trianon, and before long all the neighbors were calling the place by the new name. There was no confusion in *their* minds about its ownership.

The house, a sturdy peasant cottage of stucco and unpainted wood, stood back from the road at the top of a lane bordered with apple trees, with a sloping meadow and a ragged wood of scrub oak running up the hill behind it. On one side, the heavy tiled roof extended over a stable, and in front of the stable an open-fronted *hangar*, for storing hay,



jutted forward across one end of a flagged terrace.

Indoors, the cottage was, as Paul said, "picturesque but primitive." It was without running water and the floors downstairs were of hard-packed earth. A big kitchen, with a blue-tiled charcoal grill and a massive hooded fireplace in lieu of a stove, took up all of the ground floor except for an entrance hall and two small rooms. One of these, windowless except for slits in the masonry, was the Pyrenees substitute for a cellar. The other we planned to use as a dining room. Upstairs and down, the walls had been freshly whitewashed, and the heavy old pieces of furniture *Maman* had found for us glistened with wax.

We did not move in at once, for Paul balked at the dirt floors.

"I was afraid you might object to them," *Maman* said to him ruefully. She added without much conviction that beaten earth *could* be kept quite clean. "You know, you just sprinkle it, and then sweep."

"I know," Paul said. "Living conditions around here haven't changed much since the days of the Romans."

He had the village mason lay tiles in the entrance hall and the dining room. To our surprise, we discovered in the kitchen, under two or three inches of caked earth, a solid flooring of walnut planks. Once it was uncovered, and waxed and polished, it was very handsome.

As soon as the tile floors had been laid, we moved into the Trianon with Paul's two bird dogs and my two dachshunds, and *Maman* produced Léontine, the maid she had chosen for us. She was a peasant girl straight from the fields, black-browed, blue-eyed, and husky-voiced—from shouting at oxen, *Maman* explained. She promised to transform Léontine, with Julia's help, into an efficient cook by the end of the summer. The day we moved in, *Maman* brought Julia over to cook us one of her good dinners and to start Léontine's training.

"And now," *Maman* announced as we sat over our coffee after that first dinner, "the only thing you need is animals."

Paul remarked frivolously that four dogs were a good beginning.

Maman affected not to hear. "Geese would look nice on the meadow," she said pensively, "and I could gorge them." She set down her coffee cup and described to me, with gestures, how the farmer's wife takes the goose between her knees, pours corn from a funnel into the bird's open beak, and rams it home with a pestle, pressing one hand along the bird's throat after each dose to ease it down. "A small flock would give you six to ten foies gras," she said.

"And you, *Maman*, could sit on the grass in a floppy straw hat with velvet streamers and tend the geese while you knit," Paul said.

Sometimes *Maman* enjoyed his teasing, but this time she looked over his head into space. "Think of all the jars of goose *confit* on the shelf above the fireplace," she said, and for my benefit she explained that goose meat, put down in its own fat, was the basis of the local peasant diet. "A piece of *confit* and a tablespoon of fat go into each day's soup. That is what gives the soup of the region its distinctive flavor."

"I'm not overfond of goose—not as a steady thing," Paul said.

"With me, a little foie gras goes a long way," I supplemented.

Maman's brow puckered. "In the long run, it might be cheaper to buy the foie gras," she conceded. "Geese eat a lot. And they're messy things to have on a lawn."

"And bad-tempered," Paul put in. "I still have a scar on my shin from one that nipped me years ago."

Maman sighed. "Perhaps hens would be wiser," she said.

WE heard no more of geese, and a few days later the *courrier* from the nearby town of St. Girons stopped at the bottom of our lane to unload a half-dozen wicker baskets from the top of his bus. The hens had come. There were two dozen birds—twenty-three hens and a cock—tied by their feet in bouquets of four. When we cut the knots and set them free, they staggered around stiffly.

All that afternoon, Léontine and Julia worked industriously cleaning out the *hangar* while *Maman* superintended the carpenter who had come from the village with a roll of chicken wire to enclose the front of the *hangar* and build a henyard behind it. By nightfall our *basse-cour* was ready and the hens were installed. From then on we were early risers. I had never before lived so near to hens; they were a vocal community to have under one's bedroom windows. Also, promptly at cockcrow, came the clump of Léontine's sabots in the kitchen, followed by the creak and slam of a door and her husky shout of "*Co-tos! Co-tos!*" as she carried out the morning feed, to the shrill disapproval of the dachshunds, who shared my feeling about hens.

It had been understood—in theory—that the hens were to be confined to the *hangar* and the henyard, but within a day or two they were picking busily all over the lawn and meadow.

"They looked pathetic peering through the wire," *Maman* said. "Anyhow, they are mountain hens and used to ranging. They'd pine away if you kept them shut up."

Maman's ambitions soon went beyond hens. Only a day or two after they were settled, she brought up the subject of the pig. "Every farmhouse has its pig," she said as we all sat on the terrace, waiting for Léontine to announce lunch, and she went on to tell me just how important the pig was in the peasant economy. Cared for as tenderly as the oxen, it furnished the family with a year's supply of meat and fat.

"I thought that was what geese were supposed to do," I said.

"Geese *and* the pig," *Maman* said. "Goose *confit*, ham, and hard sausage are all specialties of the region. They store the lard in bladders."

I thought queasily of a winter steeped in pork fat. "But could we ever eat a whole pig?" I said. "There are only two of us."

"I will take half," *Maman* said calmly.

Another thought occurred to me. "Where would we put the pig?" I asked.

Maman said, "In the stable, of course. There's plenty of room there."

Léontine came through the stable door just then, shooing out a parcel of hens that had strayed through the stable into the kitchen. They scattered squawking across the lawn.

I summoned my courage. "The hens are bad enough," I said. "I'm *not* going to live next door to a pig."

Paul looked up with a grin. He was tying trout hooks on fine strands of gut—a delicate and absorbing task. "Not even a baby pig?" he asked me.

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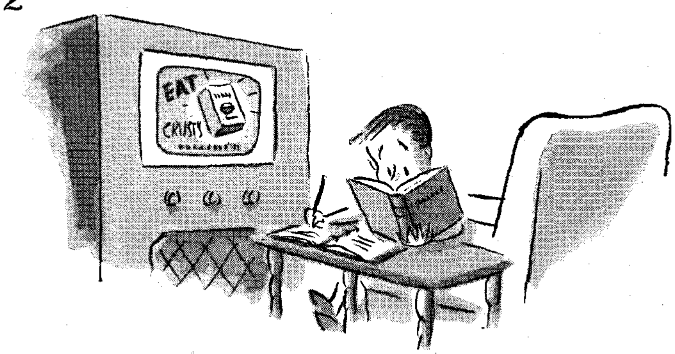

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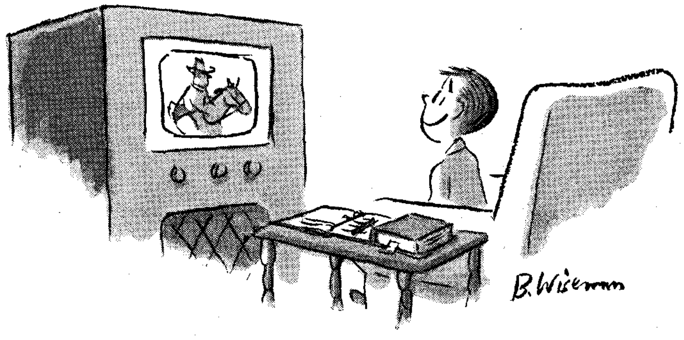

"Nonsense, Paul," *Maman* cut in. "I wasn't talking about a baby pig. It would have to be killed by New Year's to be of any use in the winter, and you ought to know you can't raise a pig in six months. If you tried to gorge a suckling, you'd have nothing but fat. A December pig was what I meant—one that would be six or seven months old by now. Léontine will clean out the stable every morning."

At that point, Paul came to my rescue. There was a tumble-down *crèche* at the top of the meadow that we could use as a pigsty, if we had the mason rebuild it, he said.

Maman agreed, although she thought the expense unnecessary. "The peasants here *always* keep farm animals close to the house," she said.

There was no further mention of the pig for the next few days. "Let *Maman* play with the idea," Paul said to me tolerantly. "She's getting a lot of enjoyment out of stocking the farm in her imagination."

"The hens weren't imaginary," I reminded him.

Nor was the pig. For the next week, though, I had no time to worry about pigs. I was struggling with Léontine and the stove. I had decreed at the outset that we must have a stove in the kitchen. "I won't ask any woman to spend her days bent double, cooking on the hearth," I said.

Paul had been mildly skeptical of my stand. "Léontine doesn't mind, and the best cooking in France is done in the chimney," he said. However, he had a neat little oilstove sent down from Paris; its burners gave off a hot blue flame after you had pumped it up.

Léontine and the stove were at odds from the beginning. She had no head for "machines," she told me; the stove was "*trop d'histoires*." Either she pumped too little at first and the fire went out under the pots or she pumped so vigorously that great sooty flames streamed up from the burners and threatened to set the house on fire. By the end of the week, the feed pipes and burners were permanently clogged. The wrecked stove went into the attic, and Léontine returned happily to her tripods and fagots on the hearth. "You can't make the country over in a summer," Paul said to me by way of comfort, and *Maman*, who had not intervened until then, remarked pointedly that she preferred the taste of wood smoke in the food to that of coal oil.

THE day the pig came, I was in the kitchen trying to persuade Léontine to get up from her knees and do her dishwashing at a table. The sink, so called, was a tiny affair of blue tiles, built apparently for no other purpose than to catch the drip from the water jug that Léontine filled at the spring three or four times a day. She would rather wash her dishes in a pottery basin on the hearth; there was more space to work in, she said.

When we heard the racket outside, Léontine abandoned her dirty dishes, scrambled to her feet, and hurried out to help corral an animal a man in a blue smock was trying to drive up the lane. When I had succeeded in shutting the excited dogs up in the kitchen, I joined the group that had gathered about the front door—*Maman*, Paul, Léontine, and the blue-smocked farmer, who turned out to be Léontine's father. He had brought us what he claimed was the finest pig in his litter. It was a rangy creature, long-legged and gaunt, with an expanse of naked skin sprinkled sparsely with blond hairs. To me it looked like a full-grown pig.

"He has a fine frame," *Maman* noted with approval. "What shall we call him?"

Léontine giggled. "*He's* a lady," she said.

"*Tiens!*" *Maman's* eyes took on their faraway look. "We might breed her."

"You're not planning to go into the pig-raising business, are you?" Paul asked with a certain crispness.

"Would Clémentine do for a name?" I said hastily.

"No, indeed." *Maman* shook her head and Léontine looked scandalized. Clémentine, it appeared, was the name of the curé's sister. If we gave it to our pig, *Maman* pointed out, people would take it for an expression of anticlericalism on our part.

Paul, as usual, settled the question. "Call the pig Angélique," he said, and he pedalled off on his bicycle to summon the mason. Angélique she remained.

For the next week, our pig lived in temporary state in the stable while the mason and the carpenter worked at the top of the meadow, building what *Maman* called Angélique's château, a miniature replica of our house, complete with stucco and beams and tiled roof.

That was only the beginning. The sty for the pig. The fence for the pig. A big iron caldron for the pig's soup. Bran for the pig. Corn meal, potatoes, and chopped beets for the pig. Léontine for the pig—stirring the bubbling pot in the fireplace, cleaning the château with flourishes of her pitchfork (she did keep it marvellously clean—cleaner than the house), taking Angélique for a walk or to the mill to be weighed, scrubbing her by the brook, or letting the roast char on the spit while she dashed up the meadow ("*Ter—ter—ter*, *ma jolie*") to take her charge a juicy cabbage stalk or a handful of carrots.

The expanding shadow of the pig, large, pink, and immaculate, lay over the rest of the summer. "Four hundred pounds by January, maybe five hundred," Léontine prophesied. *Maman* regretted that we could not be in Ste. Croix for the January pig-killing, and listed the dishes that always went with the *fête du cochon: boudin*, *saucisse*, *carbonnade*, *lunguets*, *tastous*, *fritous*, and *millasse*, made with corn flour and milk in the caldron after the lard had been rendered. Oh, someday I should have to taste *millasse!*

All through the summer, there were daily dramas at the pigyard, provoked by the dachshunds, whom we never completely broke of what Paul termed "riding fence." They couldn't get into the yard, but they could harry Angélique from outside it. "Your dogs have been chasing my pig again!" *Maman* would say reproachfully when Paul and I came back at the end of a day's fishing. She predicted that the dachshunds would run Angélique to skin and bones. I saw no signs of it, and at last Angélique herself, too portly to join in the game, grew indifferent to the dogs' yapping and would let them tear up and down outside the fence without lifting her nose from the trough.

There was also the day when Angélique broke out of her pen and went exploring over the countryside. She was brought back, like any vagrant, between two gendarmes, who had parked their bicycles by the roadside to join in the chase and who, when the pig was finally caught and returned to her yard, remained to empty several bottles of *rouge* in the kitchen with Léontine.

But the real drama of the summer came the day when Angélique refused to eat. Léontine brought us the news one morning with a long face. *Maman*, as usual, had dropped in for a morning call, and the four of us, *Maman* in the lead, trailed up the meadow to the château, where we were treated to the sight of a large pink pig standing with a bored look before an untouched trough of food.

"Maybe the soup is too hot," *Maman* suggested. She thrust her finger in and sniffed it daintily, with the air of an army colonel at soup inspection. Turning to Léontine, she asked, "You haven't forgotten the salt, *ma fille*?"

"The pig doesn't look sick to me," I said. "Maybe she just isn't hungry."

No one paid any attention to that remark. *Maman* dispatched Paul in haste to summon the vet, while Léontine went off in search of the *bruschio*, the woman-who-knew-secrets. The peasants always called in both when a farm animal fell sick, *Maman* explained. It offered a double guarantee.

The *bruschio* came first, a toothless old woman in a black coif, who brewed a greenish mess in the fireplace and, with Léontine's help, fed it to the patient through a funnel, accompanying the proceedings with mysterious mutterings.

"Formulas and prayers—black magic and white," *Maman* whispered to me.

"You mean to say that people around here still take this sort of thing seriously?" I asked.

Maman raised her eyebrows. "Didn't you tell me that in America healers and clairvoyants have a considerable following?" she said.

The veterinary arrived on the heels of the *bruschio*. He diagnosed the trouble as a slight *embarras gastrique* and administered a pill and an enema. The next day Angélique had recovered her appetite.

SEPTEMBER was upon us—we were to leave for Paris at the end of the month—before any of us tackled the obvious question of Angélique's future. Paul put it casually one afternoon as we sat with *Maman* in the shade of the apple trees, waiting for the day's heat to wear off.

"After we go, what's to become of Angélique?" he asked.

For once, *Maman* had no suggestion ready. "I'll think of something," she said vaguely.

"We might leave Léontine here to take care of her," said Paul, his eyes on the kitchen doorway, through which we could see our cook squatting on her heels by the hearth while she stoked the fire under the big caldron in which she was cooking Angélique's next meal. "It would be the logical thing. She's given the pig most of her attention all summer."

Maman gave him an indignant look. "You're not serious?" she asked. "Now that she's broken in, you'll of course want to take Léontine to Paris."

"Why not sell the pig?" I suggested.

"*Sell* her, after all the pains we've taken?" *Maman* looked really shocked.

"Well, we can't stay here until January just to look after the pig," Paul observed with some asperity.

For a moment no one spoke. The fagots crackled in the kitchen and Paul whistled tunelessly—a low, breathy sound that always meant something was bothering him.

"I have it." *Maman* sat up in her chair. "Alaric, Léontine's father—we can leave Angélique with him. He'll be interested in her, since she was one of his pigs, and, besides, he's always saying how grateful he is for all we've done for Léontine. He'll tend to everything—slaughtering, sausage-making, hams—"

"For a consideration?" Paul asked dryly. From his expression, I fancied he was totting up Angélique's cost sheet: mason, carpenter, beams, mortar, fencing, pig food, *bruschio*, vet.

"It won't cost a centime," *Maman* assured us. "We'll just give him a little

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ILL-STARRED TRAVEL

New England had its first timetable "printed entirely in English" today. The ABC Pathfinder . . . celebrated its 92nd birthday by issuing a timetable without asterisks, X's or K's.—*The Times.*

Farewell to Latin ampersand
And Rome-inspired x;
Sic transit—in timetable land—
The mark (♀) of female sex.

God speed the cross formée pontific (✠),
Henceforth we'll have no signs;
Block out this squiggly hieroglyphic (§)
And even ticktacktoe signs (#).

In English, then, let it be noted—
Close to our destination—
That local baggage won't be toted,
That Pullmans skip our station.

But though all travellers' lore is told
In forthright, simplif*ied* ways,
There'll still be lightface type and bold,
And tiny print squeezed sideways.

There'll still be pure-white space to fill
With brackets, dots, and dashes;
Daylight and standard time will still
Engage in chronic clashes.

So even minus star and hex
Timetables will remain complex.

—GAIL S. RAND

* * *

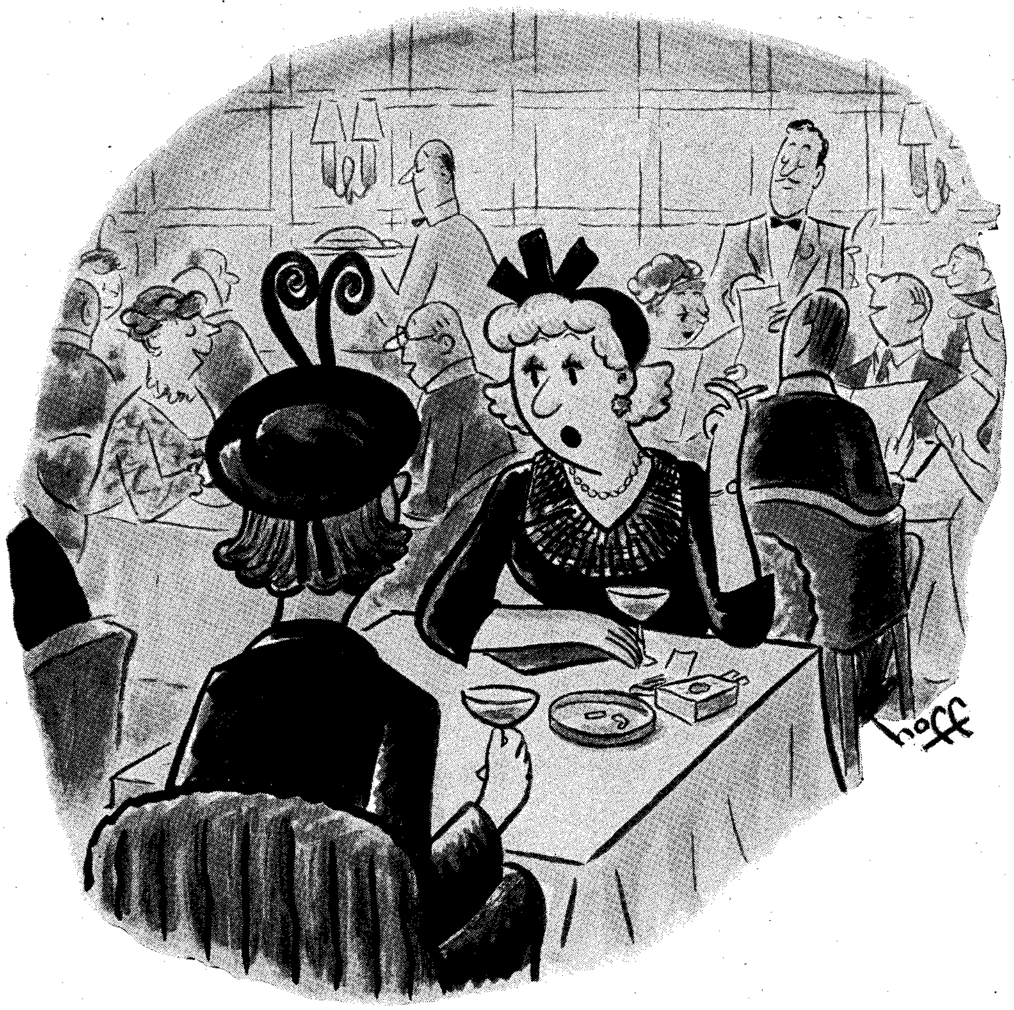
of the meat for his trouble. He has a large family and he'll be glad to get some. We won't miss it—not out of five hundred pounds."

"Rather a lot of pork for three people to consume in one winter," Paul acknowledged.

Léontine's father, when consulted, agreed to *Maman's* plan. The day he came to take Angélique away, he punched her sides and told us we hadn't done too bad a job, especially for people who didn't grow the food you needed for a pig. Anyhow, the last three months were the ones that counted when you fattened pigs for slaughtering.

"Next year, we'll grow our own beets and potatoes, and we'll buy the pig earlier in the season," *Maman* said, a statement that Paul and I greeted with silence.

Our last week in the Pyrenees was exceptionally quiet. *Maman* came to the Trianon less often than she had; she and Julia were busy packing. Léontine spent her days in the kitchen, cooking for *us*, finally, and managed to turn out a number of respectable meals. And we had eaten all the hens. The dachshunds sniffed listlessly outside the empty pigpen. They were the only ones who seemed to miss Angélique.



"What gets me is his having ulcers and being a failure."

• •

IN Paris, Paul and I might have forgotten Angélique entirely if it had not been for the bulletins on her health that reached us from time to time by way of *Maman* or Léontine, who was now installed in our Paris kitchen. February had come before we received word that pig-killing and its festivities were long past and that what had once been Angélique was on the way north to us by *petite vitesse*.

"Alaric writes that she wasn't as heavy as we hoped," *Maman* told us. "Not quite two hundred kilos. I'm afraid he didn't give her the attention he promised."

The next time Paul and I went to *Maman's* little apartment near the Etoile for one of our biweekly dinners, Julia met us at the door with the news that the shipment from Alaric had arrived. "But don't let Madame know I told you," she added in a mysterious whisper.

All through dinner, we waited for *Maman* to bring up the subject. When Julia brought the coffee, Paul's curiosity got the better of him. "No news of Angélique?" he inquired.

Maman's face took on an odd expression. "Ye-es," she said. "*En effet.* She—it's all there in the kitchen." As Paul half rose from his chair, she motioned him to sit down and nodded to Julia, who stood with her tray in the doorway. "Julia'll bring it in," she said.

"Won't she need help?" Paul asked.

Maman hesitated, then said, "I think she can manage."

We waited expectantly as the scuffle of Julia's felt slippers came down the hallway. She entered the room carrying a wicker hamper about as large as a good-sized suitcase. It did not appear to be very heavy. We watched as she set it down on the floor, took off the cover, and lifted the contents bit by bit to the table: a package sewed up in linen, which I identified as a ham; a slab of salt pork; five small hard sausages; a curl of *boudin;* and two white cannon balls of lard.

"*Bon,*" said Paul. "And the rest?"

Maman pressed her handkerchief against her lips and eyed him woefully. "There isn't any 'rest,' " she said in a muffled voice. "You see, Alaric claims she ate a lot, and since we took away Léontine, he had to hire helpers for the killing and all, and . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"Well!" said Paul. "Well!" He gave his low, tuneless whistle as he peered into the empty hamper and fiddled for a moment with the wrapped package. Then, across the table, his eyes met *Maman's*, and simultaneously the two of them burst out laughing. They laughed and laughed; it went on for quite a while. Tears streamed down *Maman's* cheeks, and when Paul looked at me, he laughed all the harder. I tried to laugh, too, but for once I felt rather left out of the joke.

"But you'll agree it was a nice summer," *Maman* said breathlessly when she had recovered her voice. "I'm sure the things Alaric sent will be excellent—what there is of them. And now"—she disposed of Angélique once and for all with a sweeping wave of the hand—"what would you say to a little music? I've had the piano tuned."

—IDA TREAT

•

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Christopher Fry's verse drama, "A Sleep of Prisoners," will be offered at St. James' Church, 71st and Madison Ave. Prayers from London will appear.—*Ward Morehouse in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

On the wings of song?

PROFILES

ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW

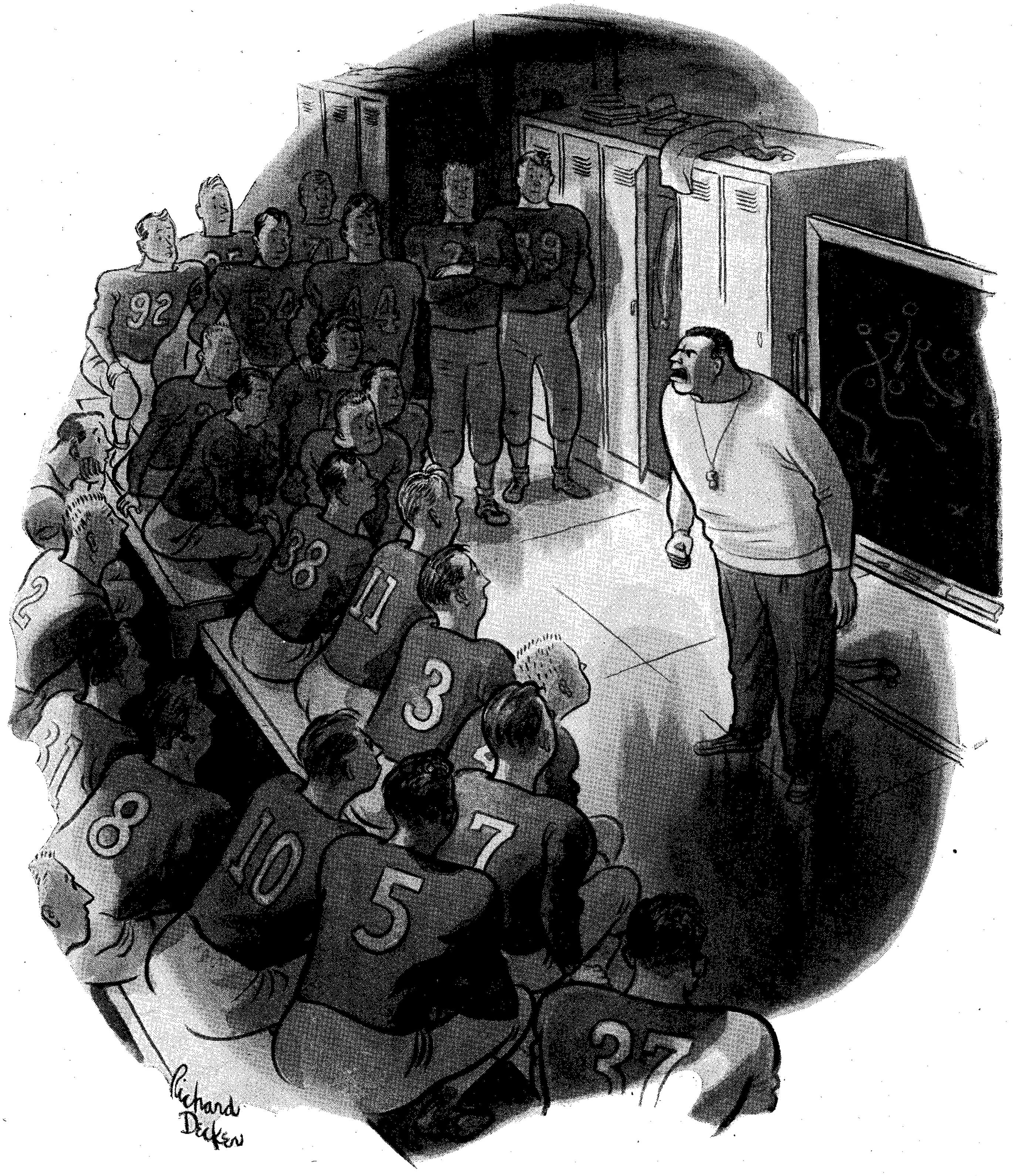
Robert Russell Bennett

TWENTY-FIVE hours before the curtain was scheduled to go up on the opening-night performance of the New Haven tryout of "The King and I," the overture was still unwritten. In the complicated process of constructing a musical comedy, the overture is the last element to be added and is provided by the orchestrator, in this instance Robert Russell Bennett, a lanky, silver-haired émigré from Kansas City who is generally regarded as the leading practitioner in his field. Bennett, who for two weeks had been working an average of sixteen hours a day arranging the music for the songs and dances in the show, blew himself to a walk across the New Haven Green and some long thoughts on the Giants' defeat by the Yankees in the 1923 World Series, the most baleful week he ever experienced in his gruelling career as a Giant fan, before beginning his down-the-stretch drive. Back in his room in the Taft Hotel, he started writing the overture shortly after eight that evening, a Sunday, and, interrupting himself only for breakfast, finished it at four-ten Monday afternoon. By five o'clock, two copyists, with Bennett lending a hand, had transcribed onto individual score sheets the parts Bennett had written for the pit orchestra's twenty-eight musicians. The orchestra began rehearsing the overture at five-thirty-five, and at eight-fifteen played it for the first-nighters. It is considered one of Bennett's best achievements—on a par with his overtures for "South Pacific" and "Out of This World," which were both whipped up in less than thirty-six hours.

Bennett is an old hand at racing against curtains. With the exception of a couple of visits to Europe—a four-year one in the twenties to study classical composition in France, and a short jaunt in the early thirties to write an opera in Austria—and a four-year internment in Hollywood in the late thirties to arrange scores for sound tracks, he has spent the last thirty years on Broadway, writing the orchestral arrangements for musical comedies and revues, a job that consists of studying the songs the composer turns over to him as piano sketches (or listening to the composer play, sing, or whistle them if he can't write music), and then scoring them for from eighteen to forty musicians in such a way that each song will please, soothe, thrill, or kill the theatre audience, according to the effect desired. Over this span, Bennett has done more than three hundred show scores, among them twelve by Cole Porter (including "Gay Divorce," "Jubilee," and "Kiss Me, Kate"), four by Irving Berlin (including "Face the Music" and "Louisiana Purchase"), twelve by Richard Rodgers (including "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific"), five by Vincent Youmans (including "No, No, Nanette"), one by Rudolf Friml ("Rose-Marie"), six by Arthur Schwartz (including "The Band Wagon" and, most recently, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"), ten by George Gershwin (including "Girl Crazy" and "Of Thee I Sing"), and fifteen by Jerome Kern (including "Sunny," "Show Boat," "Roberta," and the original production and present revival of "Music in the Air").

When Kern was at work on a show, he liked to have Bennett in daily attendance, preferably living under the same roof. Kern provided his orchestrator with a fairly detailed piano part for each number, indicating, both on paper and on the piano, the primary, and occasionally the secondary, harmonies he had in mind. In the cases of Richard Rodgers and Cole Porter, too, this is substantially the point at which the composer's work ends and the orchestrator takes over, although Porter allows himself the luxury of sitting at the keyboard and "dictating" his songs to an intermediary, who makes the actual piano copy. George Gershwin at the beginning of his career was barely literate as a technician, but he had a prodigious drive to be the complete musician, which led him not only to technical literacy but to orchestration. His own orchestrations were plodding, however, and were thought to do much less for his music than the tonal colorings provided by others. Vincent Youmans, while capable of writing down the melody line, customarily gave Bennett, and the other orchestrators he dealt with, only what he played for them on the piano. Irving Berlin, a non-writer-down, goes no further than a piano rendition, which he always plays on an instrument equipped with levers for transposing the music from G-flat major into other keys. "All a fellow like Bennett needs to hear is a couple of choruses," Berlin remarked not long ago. "A talented orchestrator does a lot for a song, and no songwriter ever shies away from giving him the credit that's due him. Only a composer does." Among the first-rank Broadway composers and songwriters, the man who can orchestrate his own work is a very rare bird indeed. Rudolf Friml is far and away the most accomplished pianist, and perhaps the poorest at orchestration. Friml's original orchestration of "Indian Love Call" inadvertently established Bennett's reputation, once and for all, as an iron man. Arthur Hammerstein, the producer of "Rose-Marie," asserted that he wouldn't open the show unless he had a new orchestration of the song, which he was counting on to be the big hit, and started looking for Bennett. He located him in a private hospital, confined to bed with a badly sprained back incurred in the semifinals of a Y.M.C.A. handball tournament. With a nurse at his side to keep remolding the pentagon of pillows supporting him, Bennett dashed off a memorable orchestration of "Indian Love Call" on a scratch-pad.

IN the opinion of Bennett's admirers, a heterogeneous group whose members have described him as "The Beethoven of modern orchestrators," "the DiMag of his particular dodge," and "a painter in sound, with a working technical knowledge of music unsurpassed by anyone in this country," depending on which part of town they frequent, it would have been historically unapropos if anyone but Bennett had orchestrated "Show Boat," "Of Thee I Sing," and "Oklahoma!," the three productions that theatre annalists consider the significant steps forward in the development of the musical show in this country from a pale transplanting of European operetta into the confident American Beauty it is today. "After all, Russell



"The student body's counting on you, the alumni's counting on you, I'm counting on you, and tomorrow I want you to go into that examination room and pass!"

• •

and musicals grew up side by side," a veteran Bennett follower (Broadway sect) explained a short time ago. "Who ever realized a show tune could sound so good until Russell showed the boys how to do it? Brooks Atkinson always mentions Russell's stuff when he reviews a show. You know why? Brooks is on to the fact that Bennett arrangements give a show class—same as quality sets, quality dances, quality costumes. Russell, almost singlehanded, is the reason why the orchestrator gets his name on the theatre program today, just like Mielziner and de Mille."

Back in the days when Bennett was breaking into musical-comedy work, he did as many as twenty-two shows, by himself or as one of several collaborating orchestrators, in a season. Nowadays, his annual average is between four and five. A man who prides himself on the fact that at fifty-seven he still plays a swashbuckling game of tennis, he is quick to refute any implication that this retrogression reflects a corresponding decrease in his speed and stamina. "There used to be more shows to do," Bennett recently pointed out to a friend. "You had a vastly different economic setup in the early twenties. It took only seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars to put on a musical—not the three hundred thousand you need today. A producer could absorb a couple of flops, pick up the pieces, and, after he'd got his wind back in Florida, return for another crack at a hit show. For another thing, in the old days orchestrators didn't have to know what the show was all about. They simply translated the melody notes on the composer's lead sheet [a page showing the melody line only, with an occasional hint of the harmony] into straight instrumentation for the pit orchestra. A producer could send a bundle of lead sheets to a fellow in Chicago or St. Louis and get the arrangements back by mail the same week. Well, over the years the musical numbers have been woven more and more tightly into the telling of the story. Today, the orchestrator has got to live in the theatre not only during rehearsals but while the show's in Philly or Boston or wherever it's trying out. Every change in production means a change in orchestration." When "Oklahoma!" was nearing the end of its two-week shakedown cruise in Boston, Bennett took off for New York to attend a recital at Town Hall in which Louis Kaufman, the violinist, was to play one of Bennett's classical compositions, "Hexapoda." Bennett entrained with a light heart. His responsibilities in Boston were under control. He had finished the arrangements for the vocals, the dance routines, and the ballets; the "bridges" leading from the musical numbers to the dramatic interludes and vice versa; the exposition for pantomime passages; an entr'acte, preceding the second-act curtain; and an overture—rather a fancy one. Bennett was happily ensconced in his seat in Town Hall when he received a message to call Richard Rodgers, in Boston. He did so immediately, and learned that the stage routine for the title song was being overhauled. "This afternoon we had the company just stand up and sing the lyric straight, all on the melody," Rodgers informed him. "For a spot so near the close of the show, it struck us that a big vocal number, with the whole company in on it, would be much more effective than the elaborate dance we had. When can you come up?" As soon as "Hexapoda" had been played, Bennett went to his apartment on Park Avenue and started writing a full vocal score in eight-part harmony. He polished it off the next morning in his Pullman chair, devising new vamps and a reach-for-the-second-balcony ending, in which "O-k-l-a-h-o-m-a" was spelled out. "That was one of the nicest little train rides I've ever taken," Bennett says. "The arrangement was a real challenge, and I knew I had it licked before the train reached Saybrook."

Bennett has always been in great demand by the top musical-comedy composers because of what he does for their songs and, in equal measure, because of what he doesn't do to them. "Most arrangers are so anxious to display their creative talent that they swamp the composer's melody," Cole Porter has said. "Russell has a tremendous lot of originality, but he uses it to give a song the texture and shading the composer had in mind. He has superb taste." When Richard Rodgers analyzes Bennett's abilities, he invariably stresses his "compositional lack of ham." "Take 'Surrey with the Fringe on Top,'" Rodgers told a group of friends this summer. "There was a beautiful chance for a guy to get corny—to use temple blocks to simulate horses' hoofs, and all those lousy little pizzicato tricks with the strings. Not Russell. 'He'll make those wheels go round,' I told myself, and, of course, he did. He managed to keep that open-air, farm feeling, and that carriage really rolled. There isn't a note in that orchestration, or any orchestration of Russell's, that doesn't justify itself." Bennett, for his part, views with modesty his accomplishments at watering other men's flowers. "You can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse any more than you can orchestrate a genuinely delightful tune into a weak sister," he says. "A good tune's pure gold, practically invulnerable. The bad tunes—they're the ones you work hardest on, trying to give them in the eighth bar what they lack in the

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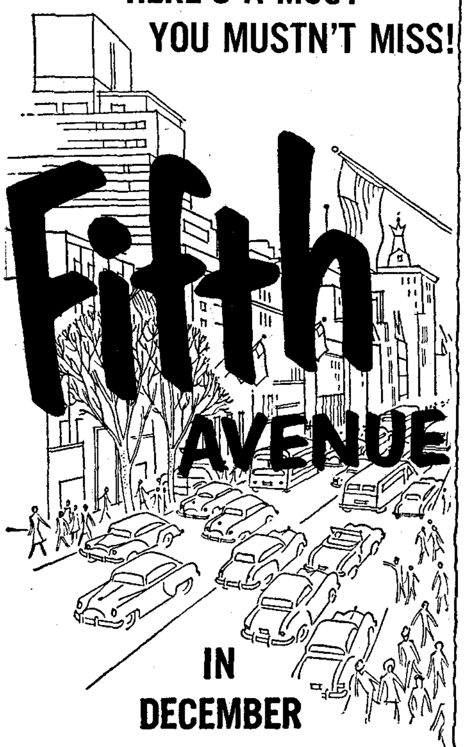

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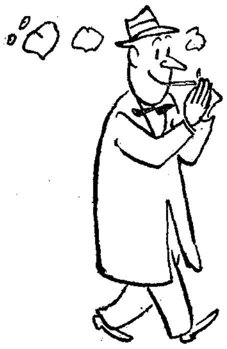
first seven. You never can. But who has to do anything for a bona-fide song? Some of Vincent Youmans' things, for example—'Sometimes I'm Happy,' say, with that little classic twist to it. Youmans sounded the way Bach would have if Bach had written popular songs."

As an outspoken foe of orchestrations that "sell" the orchestrator instead of the song, Bennett is besieged by pangs of guilt whenever he thinks he has succumbed to over-orchestration. The big number in "Very Warm for May," a Jerome Kern show produced in 1939, was "All the Things You Are." The song had an unusual construction for popular fare in that it strayed into a foreign key and then returned to the original one by means of a melody note common to both keys. Kern had his doubts as to whether this enharmonic peregrination was easy enough for the public ear to latch on to, and Bennett, also apprehensive, decided to coat the changes of key—and the whole melody, in fact—with a soaring, high-gloss arrangement. Broadway critics agreed that a dull book and flaccid performances, rather than a lack of musical virtues, were the reasons "Very Warm for May" closed after a disappointingly brief run, but Bennett began to brood about the possibility that his baroque handling of "All the Things You Are" had been a factor. One morning six months later, when he was strolling down Wilshire Boulevard, in Hollywood, he overheard a couple of teen-age girls a few paces ahead of him singing the song. He lengthened his stride and closed the gap. Cocking an ear, he waited tensely as the girls approached the critical harmonic junction, the change from "The dearest things I know are what you are" to "Some day, my happy arms will hold you." The girls negotiated it perfectly. "They didn't give it a second thought," Bennett says. "It confirmed my worst fears. I'd overestimated the melody's subtleties—I'd exceeded the true function of an orchestrator."

Over the last thirty years, Bennett has arranged more than five thousand popular songs. He has written only one, a ditty called "Sue Ann," which came to him complete, words and music, in a dream one night in 1942. Awakening, he leaped out of bed and excitedly scribbled down his inspiration, much as Julia Ward Howe did when seized by "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." In the cool of the morning after, Bennett examined his brain child with a more dispassionate eye and concluded that he had let his enthusiasm run away with him. "It was just an obvious little tune," he says now. "Max Dreyfus, at Chappell, published it more as a gag than anything else. It entirely fulfilled our expectations. I think it sold fifty copies." Bennett is more prolific as a composer of serious music. His output in this field, all a product of his waking hours, includes a three-act opera, two one-act operas, six symphonies, three concertos, and an imposing list of sonatas, sonatinas, ballades, variations on themes, rondos, études, rhapsodies, and assorted sketches.

Bennett's dual personality—the cleavage into Russell Bennett, as he is known to his friends and to his fellow-denizens of Tin Pan Alley, and Robert Russell Bennett, the name with which he signs his serious compositions and which is assigned to him in theatre programs—has moved one of his saxophone-playing friends to describe him as "a regular Dr. Jessel and Mr. Haydn." The two-sidedness of Bennett's character is reflected in his intense admiration for the two immortal Wagners—Richard, who wrote opera, and Hans, who played shortstop for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Neither passion ever succeeds in obliterating the other. In the thirties, whenever tryouts of shows took Bennett to Philadelphia, he made it a point to stop at the Sylvania Hotel, at Locust and Juniper Streets, and request a room five floors up and on the south side. The moment the bellboy had departed, Bennett would stick his head out the window and announce his presence in town to William Kincaid, the celebrated flutist, who lived at a corresponding height in an adjacent apartment house, by whistling the first three or four bars of the theme of "Hymn to the Sun," from Rimski-Korsakov's opera "Le Coq d'Or." A few seconds later, in reply, the phrase would be repeated, in what Bennett considers "the most glorious flute tone achieved by anyone on the face of this earth." When "The Band Wagon" rolled into Philadelphia in 1931, Bennett exchanged this musical salutation with Kincaid and then accepted the flutist's invitation to come right over and shoot the breeze about Stokowski's interpretation of Alban Berg's controversial opera "Wozzeck." As Bennett was leaving the hotel, he was stopped in his tracks by the sight of a truck rumbling down Juniper Street with a load of empty beer barrels. In baseball superstition, this is an infallible omen that the beholder's favorite team is going to bust out with a rash of base hits. As befitted a pious Giant fan, Ben-



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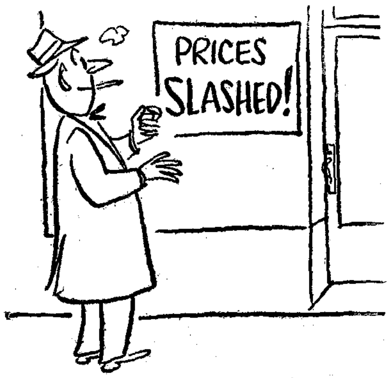
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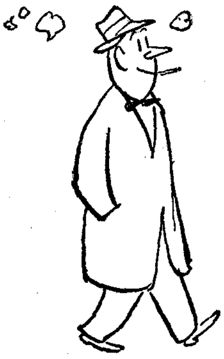

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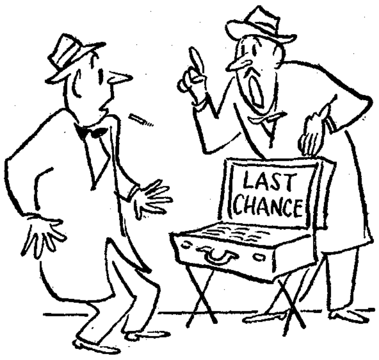
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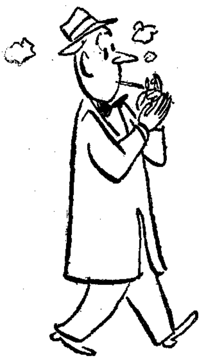

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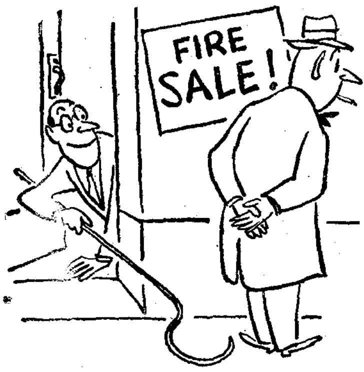

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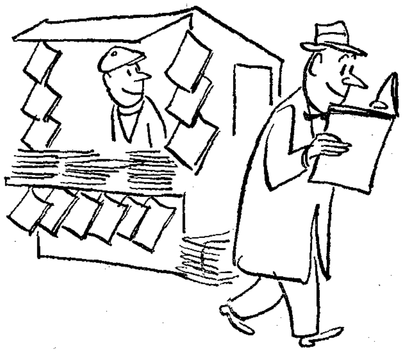

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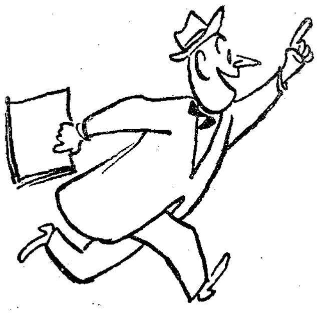

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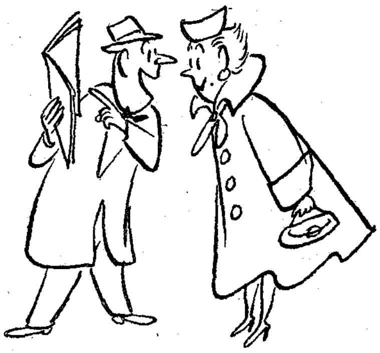

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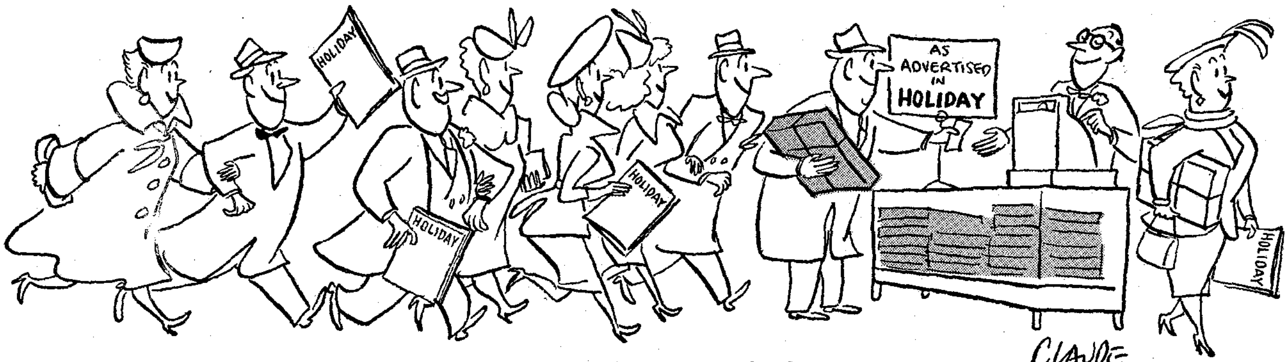
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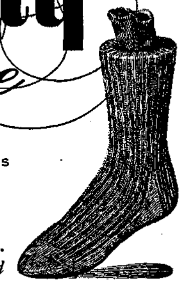
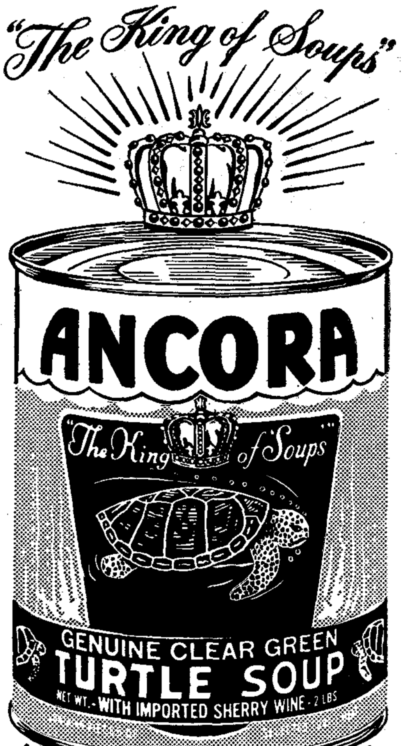


nett raced back into the Sylvania lobby and dashed off a telegram to John McGraw reporting the auspicious news. Then, with that burden off his mind, he kept his date with Kincaid. The race track is another of the unlikely environs in which Bennett flourishes. Whenever he can succeed in luring a musical colleague to Belmont Park or Jamaica, he suggests that should they become separated in the crush at the rail, they advertise their whereabouts by whistling the first bars of "How Lovely Are the Messengers," from Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul."

Bennett's Hydra-headed qualities make him an invaluable bridge for the inhabitants of the separate worlds of popular and classical music whenever they want to cross from one to the other. Oscar Hammerstein regularly consulted with Bennett when he was preparing "Carmen Jones," to make certain that the mild liberties he was taking with the plot of the opera in no way embarrassed the essential character of Bizet's music. Sergei Rachmaninoff sought out Bennett when he was travelling in the other direction. The Russian composer wanted to introduce a saxophone passage into his orchestral work "Symphonic Dances," and felt that he needed guidance in transposing to the saxophone from the piano. Bennett dug up an old E-flat alto sax, and he and Rachmaninoff went through an hour's workout, which did the trick.

"ORCHESTRATING for a combination of any size is, ideally, a matter of knowing, first of all, *how* to arrange, and then having an intimate knowledge of the violin, viola, piano, cello, bass, viola da gamba, and every other instrument," Bennett, who is the president of the National Association for American Composers and Conductors, once told a group of aspiring young musicians. "It's preferable, to be sure, to have played them all from early childhood." Bennett probably comes as close as is humanly possible to fulfilling these supernal requirements. He was born in Kansas City in 1894, the son of George Robert Bennett, who played violin in the Kansas City Philharmonic and trumpet in the pit band at the Grand Opera House, and May Bradford Bennett, who taught piano and was a direct descendant of Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony. Russell's first demonstration that he was soaking up the musical atmosphere around the house came at the age of three, when, after his mother had finished a vibrant rendition of Beethoven's Sonata in G



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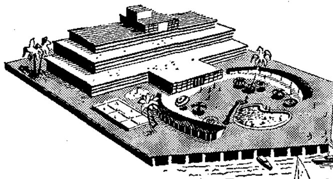

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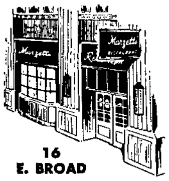

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Major, Opus 14, No. 2, he reached up to the keyboard and ripped off a fair reproduction of a nine-note passage, catching the broken rhythm of the three-eight time quite nicely. He did not get around to doing any arranging until he was nine. "My sister, who was a couple of years older than me, was practicing a piano piece in canon form called 'The Naughty Pixie Mocking His Mother,'" Bennett recalled a short time back. "I thought it might be fun to get my violin and play the Pixie's part while my sister played the Mother on the piano. It went very well, and we both got a big boot out of it. Then I tried to do the same thing with my new cornet, but after I'd played the first two notes in F major, I found I had to play the rest of it in G to make it sound right. My father told me there was nothing wrong with my cornet—they were just made that way. If you played C, they sounded B-flat. All I could say was 'Oh.'"

In 1898, Russell had an attack of polio, and his father, deciding that the boy would have a better chance of regaining his health in the country, moved the family to a farm near Freeman, Missouri, forty miles south of Kansas City. Mr. Bennett raised white corn and Aberdeen Angus cattle, pitched for the town ball team, and, to fill his need for a musical outlet somewhat more challenging than a family quartet, organized a band, which paraded on holidays, gave concerts on the bandstand in the town square, and provided a gala touch at weddings, fairs, church picnics, and "bean-eatin's." The country agreed with Russell. He grew up into a sturdy farmhand, and at the age of fourteen was playing third base on the town ball team and first trumpet in his father's band. Russell's special value as a musician was his ability to perform on all the band instruments. Whenever Mr. Bennett found himself facing a date minus a drummer or a tuba, euphonium, trombone, French-horn, E-flat alto sax, piccolo, or flute player, Russell would dig up the proper instrument and fill in. Russell became enamored of "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune" when that early-vintage Irving Berlin number at length arrived in Freeman, but the Tin Pan Alley export that hit him the hardest was Gus Edwards' "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." "I heard it for the first time when our band was playing at a bean-eatin' over in Austin, an annual blowout that lasted four days," Bennett has said. "The feature event one afternoon was a girls' basketball game. One player in particular was remarkably

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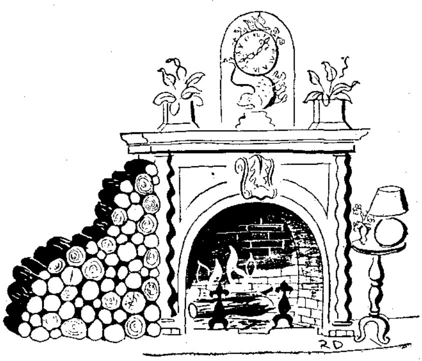
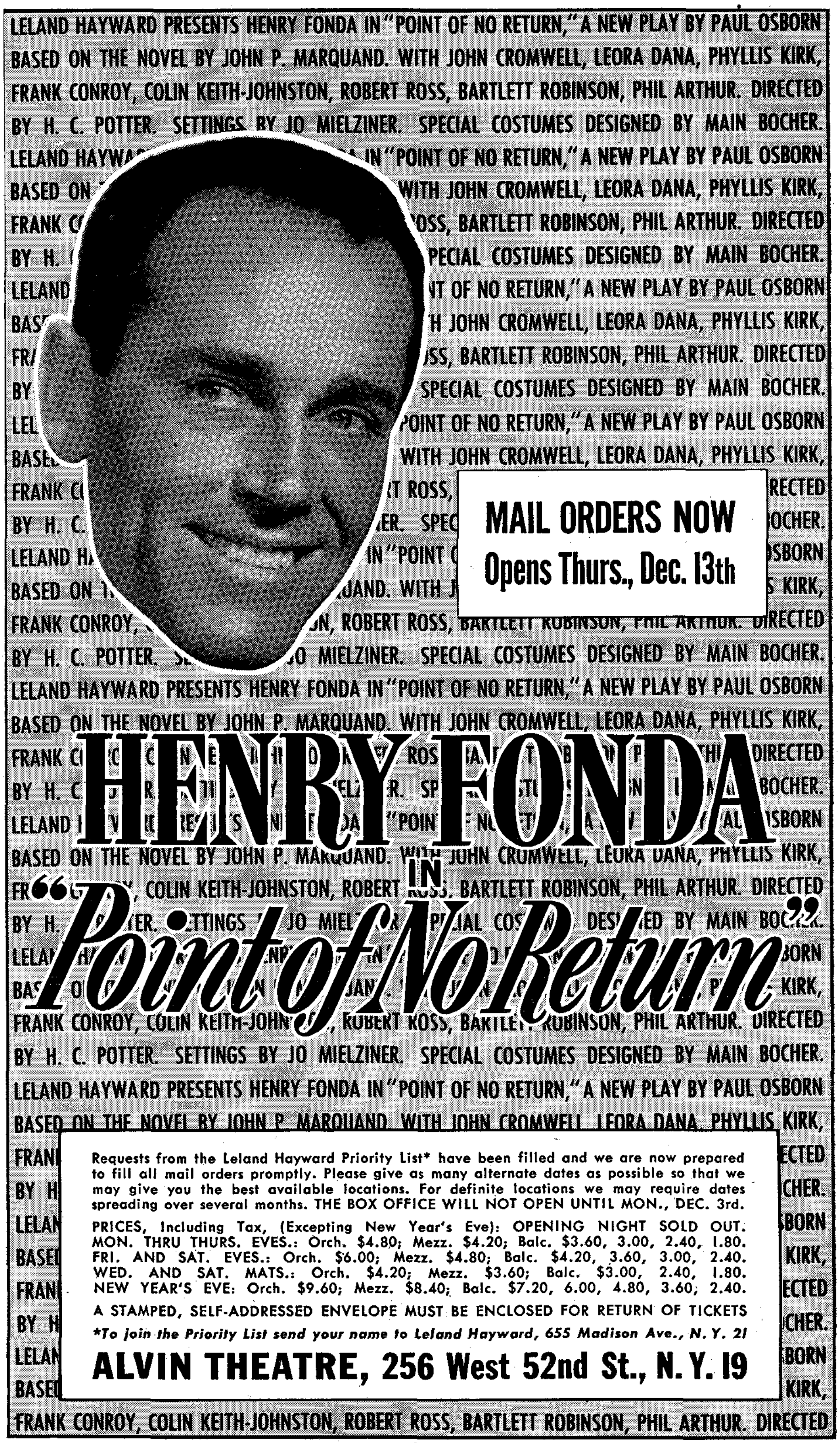
good, I thought, and pretty, and I promptly became her slave. After the game, when I was all spruced up in my new white band uniform, manufactured by the Koken Barber Supply Company, I was taking a ride on the merry-go-round and I discovered that this girl was riding the horse next to mine. The calliope was playing 'By the Light of the Silvery Moon.' That was the last I ever saw of the lady, but as far as I'm concerned the song is immortal."

Bennett left the farm and went to Kansas City in 1911, when he was seventeen and had completed his schooling and the musical curriculum offered under his parents' roof. He presented himself to Carl Busch, a celebrated Danish composer and conductor who was recognized as the city's leading teacher of music theory. Dr. Busch agreed to instruct him in counterpoint and harmony a couple of afternoons each week. Bennett lined up a string of jobs in town that would pay enough to maintain him and finance his studies, and allow him to send some money home. According to the work schedule he fitted together, with the aid of the city's rapid-transit system, he played the pipe organ at the Royal Theatre, a movie house, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; hopped a trolley car to the Auditorium Theatre, the home of the local stock company, and played the piano in the pit band from two-thirty to five on matinée days; hopped a trolley back to the Royal for the five-thirty-to-eight stretch; and hopped a trolley back to the Auditorium for the evening performance, which started at eight-thirty and finished around eleven. To guard himself against falling into slothful habits on the afternoons when there were no matinées at the Auditorium and no lessons with Dr. Busch, Bennett made an arrangement whereby he relieved a friend at the organ at Hanson's Arcadia, a theatre that offered a continuous program of two feature movies and two reels of comedy films. The Arcadia's management provided a player attachment with rolls to accompany the comedies, and Bennett





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wrote out his counterpoint lessons during these breathers. After nine months at this clip, Bennett reported to his doctor for his annual checkup. The doctor, while complimenting the young man for carrying no spare flesh, warned him to slow down or face a collapse. Bennett obediently abandoned his trolley-car racing and adopted a less rigorous schedule. Rising late in the morning, he would study his counterpoint from ten-thirty until one, when he would either meet with Dr. Busch or go out to the Kansas City Field Club for an afternoon of tennis. Next came a tour of duty at the piano, from six to eight-thirty and from ten-thirty to one, in the Muehlebach Hotel's string ensemble. He would then taper off by playing the piano until closing time in one of the dance bands that plied the patrons of McClintock's, the Blue Goose Café, and other haunts of the reckless with schottisches, two-steps, and waltzes. The moderated Bennett also played what he calls "a very second violin" in the Kansas City Symphony, held down third base on a semi-pro baseball team sponsored by a local lumber company, and occasionally filled in for his friend at Hanson's Arcadia. He kept to this schedule, with minor variations, until 1916, when, having finished his studies with Dr. Busch and saved up two hundred dollars, he headed for New York.

In New York, Bennett landed a job in the copying department of G. Schirmer, the music-publishing house on East Forty-third Street. His assignment was to extract the violin part from a score for full orchestra and set it down, four measures to the line, ten lines to the page. Copyists were paid piece rates, averaging around twelve cents a page, and Bennett, in those days a medium-speed worker, rarely exceeded his first week's haul of eleven dollars and twenty cents. He remained with Schirmer's four months, until December, 1916, when the copying department was discontinued. During the next year and a half, he managed to stay afloat, if nothing more, by taking on a succession of odd jobs in the backwaters of the music world. Schirmer's, for example, dispatched him to the composer William Furst, who had sent an SOS from Freeport, Long Island, for assistance in orchestrating the score of the silent picture "Joan, the Woman." Geraldine Farrar had been induced to play Joan of Arc in the movie, and the producers had commissioned Furst to write a suitably splendid accompanying score for the opening New York run at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. Bennett turned out a hundred and fifty pages of orchestration to Furst's immense satisfaction and received as a bonus a seat in the violin section of the pit orchestra.

"I thought my star was in the ascendant when I was told one afternoon to take over conducting the orchestra," Bennett said to a friend last summer. "It proved to be my downfall. Furst's music was supposed to synchronize perfectly, move for move, with what the audience saw on the screen. In one scene, for instance, where the big thing was the flight of an arrow, the score indicated a nice glissando by the strings, and a pizzicato plink as the arrow struck. The afternoon I made my début as a conductor, the orchestra was about thirty feet late coming in with the plink, and that was that." Bennett was relegated to the jayvees, a smaller contingent stationed behind the screen to pour on special musical effects during the big battle scene. As the conductor of this second group, Bennett, operating in the gloom backstage, received a series of signals from the conductor of the pit orchestra: A yellow light flashed on as a warning that the battle sequence was drawing near, a red light meant "Begin playing," and the extinguishing of the red light "Cease fire." After leading his men into twenty-odd battles, Bennett came to the conclusion that the backstage band could follow the signals without benefit of conductor. From late February through March, when the picture closed, Bennett received his weekly check from "Joan, the Woman" and never missed a performance of the Metropolitan Opera. "It was a real binge," he has said of his first season in opera. His next relatively steady job was as pianist in the eight-piece orchestra for "Peter Ibbetson," a handsome stage production starring John and Lionel Barrymore. At one point, the plot called for Colonel Ibbetson, the character portrayed by Lionel, to execute an impressive piano solo. Lionel, although a pretty fair pianist, decided to waive this test. Five minutes before Lionel moved testily to the piano on the stage, Bennett would slip away from his piano in the pit, and take over a backstage piano artfully placed so that he and Lionel could see each other through a crack in the backdrop. At a cue from Lionel, he would play, while Lionel faked, an expert rendition of Liszt's "Fourteenth Hungarian Rhapsody."

Bennett had no pressing financial worries during the show's nine-week run—a pit man's weekly wage then was thirty-one dollars—but when the show

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closed, it became a struggle to find enough work to pay for his room in the Fifty-seventh Street Y.M.C.A. and his meals. He built up a small, undependable clientele of private individuals for whom he transcribed, and sometimes orchestrated, the melodies swimming around in their heads and hearts, which had not reached paper because the composers could not write down music. Another of Bennett's meal tickets was Mrs. Winifred Edgerton Merrill, the first woman to receive a Ph.D. degree from Columbia and the head of Oaksmere, a finishing school for girls near Mamaroneck. Mrs. Merrill's field was mathematical astronomy, and in exploring it she had developed the theory that all the arts are related through mathematics and had devised a method for turning handwriting into music, or "musical autograms," as she called them. A person would write his name along a five-line staff, and the linear pattern of his signature would be translated, by means of a series of mathematical steps, into a musical composition that presumably disclosed the person's innermost character. The possibilities of melodic graphology fascinated Bennett. He pitched wholeheartedly into refining the technique and was in large part responsible for the mild fad musical autograms enjoyed. By nature, he is an open-minded agnostic who sees no reason to reject an adventurous supposition until science has proved that it is not so. At various stages of his career, this receptiveness has led him to study numerology, consult crystal-ball readers, and investigate spirit-writing, and to work out intricate systems for betting on horse races. On paper, Bennett is fifteen thousand dollars ahead of the tracks with a system he concocted in California in 1937.

After the First World War—Bennett applied for the infantry, but was assigned to Camp Funston, Kansas, to organize and conduct Army bands—he hurried back to New York and, in quick succession, caught on with Harms, a leading music-publishing company, as an arranger of popular songs for dance bands and married Louise Merrill, the daughter of his old partner in musical autograms. When Bennett applied for the job at Harms, George Moody, the head of the band-and-orchestra department, tried him out on "An Old-Fashioned Garden," one of the more promising songs a young composer named Cole Porter had written. "A couple of weeks after Bennett had come to work for us," Moody said recently, "I happened to mention to him that the band at the old Hotel Pennsylvania was do-

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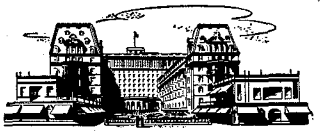

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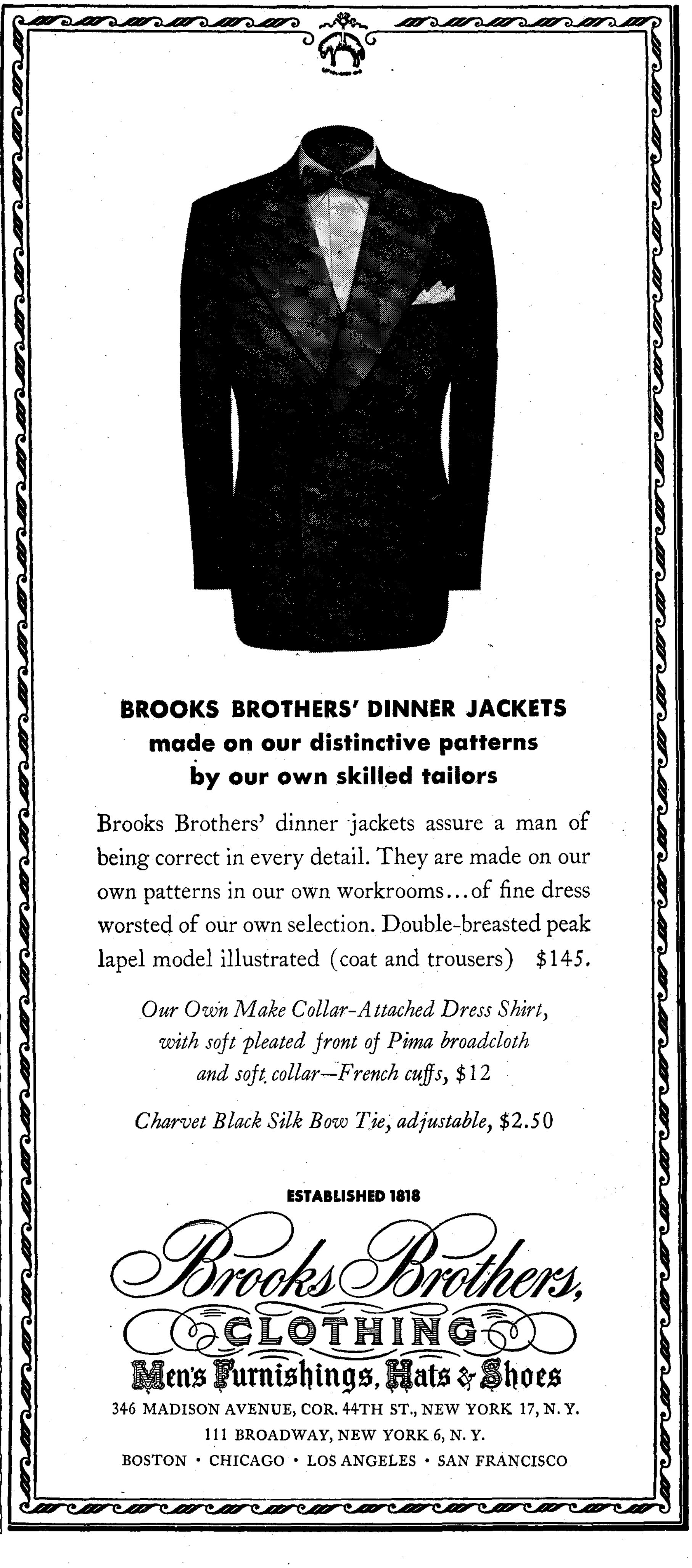
ing a very neat job on his arrangement of 'An Old-Fashioned Garden.' Russell got excited, like a kid. He'd never heard an arrangement of his played by a classy New York hotel band. He insisted we go down to the Pennsylvania that very evening, which we did. It was a hell of a good arrangement, by the way. It would still play today. As a matter of fact, Russell put real music into all those stock arrangements he did for us. They'd all play today." The dance-band arrangements published by Harms and the other music companies at the time were usually made for fifteen instruments, and seldom deviated from a threadbare formula: four or eight bars of introduction, a few bars of vamp, a sixteen-bar verse, and a thirty-two-bar refrain, with a "first ending" that led back to the beginning of the refrain for the "repeat chorus." Bennett, who arranged musical-comedy song hits mostly, was soon able to manage two arrangements a day—"The Love Nest," say, in the morning and "Look for the Silver Lining" in the afternoon—at fifteen dollars each.

Bennett had been with Harms for two years, pounding out his two-a-day and acquiring among musical-comedy orchestrators a reputation as a speed merchant who could be relied on whenever outside help was needed to meet an opening night, when he was catapulted to the forefront of his profession by the death of Frank Saddler, the firm's revered and, in his day, matchless chief orchestrator. Saddler had been educated in the best music schools on the Continent. On turning his attention to American musical shows, he had tossed aside the formula for arranging for the pit and had been equally disrespectful toward the conventional distribution of parts among instruments. In general, the first violins had always played the melody, the trumpets the melody and accompanying lines, and the cellos and trombones the counter-melody,



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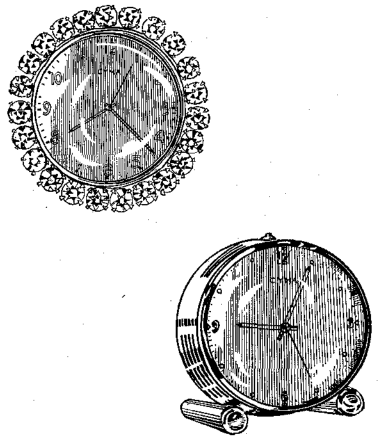
when there was one. The bassoons, the second violins, and the violas traditionally converged on the afterbeat, the clarinets and flutes played "noodles," the bass played the bass notes, and the drums unrelenting oompahs. "No one has ever improved on some of the things Frank Saddler did," Bennett has observed. "When you went to one of those Kern shows at the old Princess Theatre, you just sat back and wondered what delightful touch he'd treat the music to next. He'd have two violins playing a duet against the melody, and then some whimsical bass progression, or he'd come up with a low woodwind that was just right for some little looker with a little voice. One fine idea after another." The choosing of a successor to Saddler rested with Max Dreyfus, then the president of Harms, which published Kern, the kingpin, and most of the other Broadway composers of prestige. Dreyfus gave several experienced orchestrators a shot at the job and then told Moody to find himself another boy—he was pulling Bennett out of the band-and-orchestra department. Bennett faced up to this good fortune manfully. The work he did on his first solo assignment, a show starring Frank Tinney and called "Daffy Dill," was neither adventurous nor banal—"a safe, Oxford-gray job," in the opinion of the copyists. He next did the 1922 editions of "George White's Scandals" and "The Greenwich Village Follies," trying to incorporate into his work the best features of Saddler's and Victor Herbert's styles of orchestration, and then moved on to his big test, "Stepping Stones," with music by Kern. Up until the first run-through performance—at which the cast and the orchestra, after rehearsing separately, are finally combined—Kern, though carrying on as loquaciously as was his custom, did not comment one way or the other on his new orchestrator's work. Bennett, who attended the run-through, nervously expected to be informed at any minute that his old job in the band-and-orchestra department was waiting for him. Kern roamed up and down the aisles and around the rear of the theatre, thrashing out non-musical problems with the producers. Bennett sat by himself in the ninth row, covered by a thin glaze of sang-froid. His trepidation was momentarily eased when it became clear that everyone in the cast was impressed by his arrangement of one of Evelyn Herbert's numbers, "Babbling Babette," in which a clarinet played on melody while Miss Herbert, a lyric soprano, took a series of very legato phras-

Hattie Carnegie



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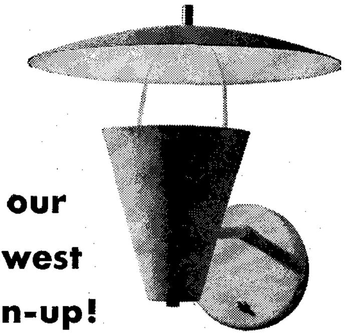

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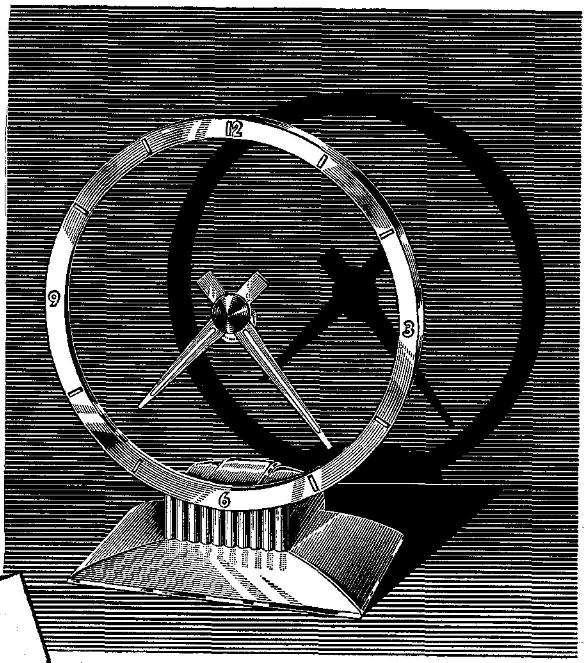
es. Kern came ambling down the aisle and slid into the seat next to Bennett's. "Now, that was great," he said happily. "That clarinet poured cream into her voice all the way. If we'd hunted morning, noon, and night for two years, we couldn't have hit on a smoother blend." "Stepping Stones" was the beginning not only of a congenial collaboration but of a friendship—perhaps the closest Bennett has made in the theatre—that lasted until Kern's death, in 1945.

IN the spring of 1926, Bennett had a talk with a Mrs. Marie Juliette Pontin, an astrologer. He had worked on more than sixty musical comedies and revues, and while he had enjoyed the environment of the theatre and his salutary income, the pace had left him little time for trying his hand at conducting and composing serious music, two early ambitions that refused to be appeased by his success as a popular orchestrator. It was his desire to know what the constellations thought about a break from Broadway that led him to Mrs. Pontin's door. The upshot of his call was that he was given the astral green light, and a few weeks later he boarded the DeGrasse for Le Havre, accompanied by his wife and their young daughter, and further fortified by the conductor's scores of twelve operas he had memorized, a fair command of self-taught French, and a symphony, "Sights and Sounds," he had written. "It was strictly a gamble," Bennett has said of his descent on Paris. "I had no introductions at all to the big names in European music circles. My symphony was to be my calling card. I took it first to Nadia Boulanger. Like all Americans, I wanted to study with her." Mlle. Boulanger was extremely forthright with Bennett. She limited herself to a few qualified compliments on his orchestrating, consented to teach him advanced composition, and set him to work on a light warmup—some exercises for the organ written in the Greek scales. Bennett turned them in, but feeling they could be improved, he later redesigned them to be played in three keys simultaneously, with three different signatures on the staffs.

Except for brief business trips back to the States, Bennett stayed in Europe until the end of 1929. He mingled with musicians in Berlin and Vienna but for the most part worked with Mlle. Boulanger, who convened her bright young composers (the "Boulangerie" then included Roy Harris, Mark Brunswick, Roger Sessions, Marc Blitzstein, Robert Delaney, and Aaron Copland) in Paris in the winter and in Gargenville, a



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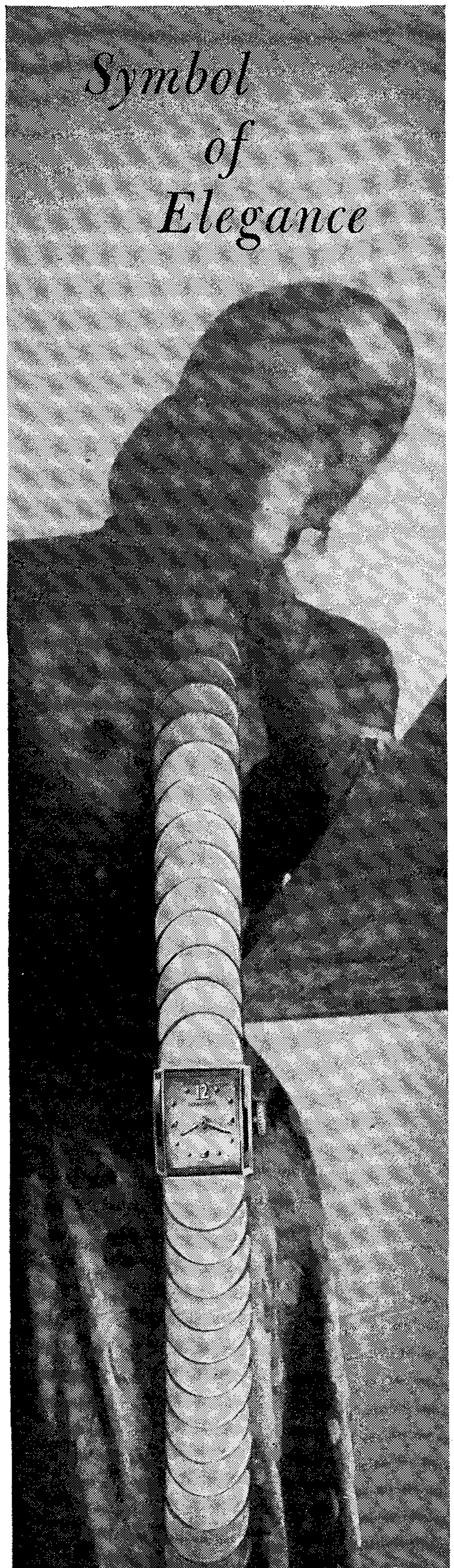

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Norman village of small gray stone houses, in the warm-weather months. Bennett was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship, primarily on the strength of a sonata for violin and piano he wrote during his first summer in Gargenville, but the Bennett family's four years abroad were really financed by his periodic sorties back into theatre orchestration. Robert Russell Bennett, the student and composer, would compose a march for two pianos and orchestra, for instance; Russell Bennett, the breadwinner, would then go to London for a month and arrange the score of a C. B. Cochran musical and so enable Robert Russell to carry on with his choral variations on a philosophical theme of Nietzsche's and settings for three Chaucerian texts. Russell would next scamper to the States to orchestrate "Show Boat," and Robert Russell, back in Paris, would get down to business on "Paysage" and "Charleston Rhapsody." (Bennett's second, and last, European sojourn, in 1932, followed this same pattern of operation. He lived in Grinzing, on the outskirts of Vienna, to be near the haunts of Beethoven while he composed the music—Robert Simon wrote the libretto—for "Maria Malibran," an American opera distinguished by the absence of Indians and New England colonists, and he paid the bills by travelling to Grunewald, an outlying section of Berlin, to orchestrate Fritz Kreisler's musical comedy "Sissy.")

Bennett's first four years in Europe were marked by a tremendous output. He produced over twenty compositions, ranging in weight from a symphony, "Abraham Lincoln," to "Vu," a collection of twenty miniature sketches for piano, each describing one of the twenty arrondissements of Paris, through which Bennett took his afternoon walks. He entered "Abraham Lincoln" and "Sights and Sounds," a tonal exposition of the glitter and glare of an American metropolis, in a contest sponsored by the R.C.A. Victor Company. Three of the five five-thousand-dollar prizes went to Aaron Copland, Ernest Bloch, and Louis Gruenberg, composers of established reputation, and the two others to Bennett, a comparative unknown, whom the music critics, with an air of bafflement, identified as "the orchestrator of 'Show Boat.'" This windfall, however, did not come until the summer of 1930, and by that time Bennett had returned to Max Dreyfus and the theatre, with a fully formulated credo about the position of the classical composer in a world sparsely populated by classical patrons. Since then, whenever

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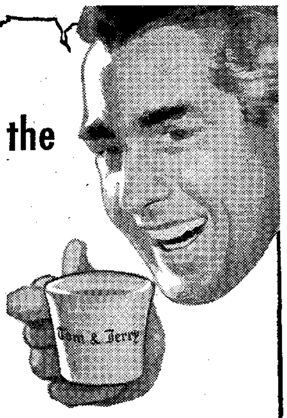

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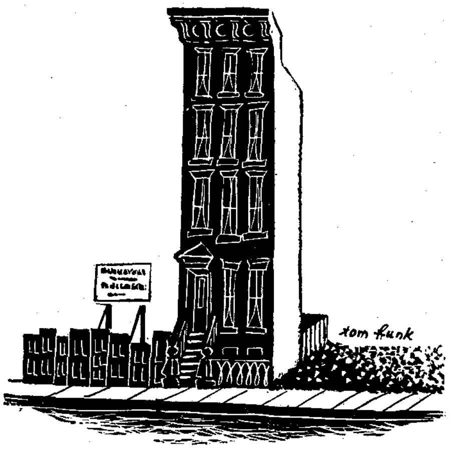
admirers of his serious music ask him why he does not devote a larger portion, if not all, of his time to that side of his talent, Bennett answers obliquely, in a tone that is half defensive, half aggressive, that while serious music is his first love, music is music, and posterity, taking its own sweet time, will come up with an accurate box score of runs, hits, and errors.

Bennett encountered an unexpected snag on his return to Broadway. During his absence, the fashion in orchestration had changed. Beginning with such De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson musical comedies as "Good News" and "Hold Everything!," the jazz band had solidly entrenched itself in the pit. It took Bennett a couple of shows to learn how to give the producers the crooning saxophone ensemble and the three screaming trumpets they wanted, but after doing "Girl Crazy" he was on easy terms with the lick, rip, and break, and has since been able to get as hot as the situation, or the producer, has demanded. With his vocabulary brought up to date, Bennett settled down, and what is today known as "the Bennett-style arrangement" took shape as he resourcefully attacked a succession of very pleasant problems, notably "The Band Wagon," "Of Thee I Sing," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Face the Music," and "Roberta." Characteristically, the Bennett-style arrangement sells a tune to the audience at first impact, which is good show business, and yet possesses the deeper, untransient character that marks good music. In "The Cat and the Fiddle," for instance, Bennett, working with a pit band of three pianos and thirteen other instruments, enthralled the more thoughtful members of the audience by achieving the color and texture of a classical string quartet, and the rising harmonic progression that climaxed his arrangement of "Dancing in the Dark," the hit song of "The Band Wagon," has remained in theatre-



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goers'—and less gifted professional orchestrators'—memories long after the lyrics were forgotten.

Since hitting his stride, Bennett has made only one significant hegira from the theatre: in 1936, he went to Hollywood, "where a person can play tennis every day of the year." He stayed there four years, composing and orchestrating the music for the sound tracks of thirty-odd movies. He worked on "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," a lesser Astaire-Rogers vehicle, and collaborated with Franz Waxman on "Rebecca," but was for the most part associated with such forgettable films as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Brigham Young—Frontiersman," and "Fifth Avenue Girl." When "Very Warm for May," Kern's last Broadway show, brought Bennett back to the East and to musical comedy, he undertook a weekly half-hour program for WOR. This series, "Russell Bennett's Notebook," proved to be an excellent channel for siphoning off his excess energy. He did not usher the studio audiences to their seats, but each week from November, 1940, through March, 1942, he did select the music (eclectic Americana), write the script and the arrangements, conduct the orchestra, and deliver the commentary. The high point of the series was a Bennett original entitled "Symphony in D for the Dodgers." He would have preferred to write a symphony in G for the Giants, but the officials at WOR, which was then broadcasting the Dodgers' games, decreed a libretto in which Brooklyn defeated New York. The symphony works itself up to a frothy ninth inning, with Red Barber, the voice of Ebbets Field, delivering a terse play-by-play account of the winning Dodger rally. "I'm the victim of warring emotions every time I hear the damned thing," Bennett has confessed. "Up to a certain point, I'm rooting for the symphony. I want that ball game to hit the listener like a real flesh-and-blood event. But when Camilli unloads that homer and the Brooks win it, the Giant fan in me takes quite a beating."

BENNETT'S wife, and his friends, can always tell when Bennett is about to start work on a new Broadway show. At these times, he habitually drifts off into harassed soliloquies to the effect that he should have his head examined, that all orchestrators are as crazy as marathon runners, and that nobody is going to lure *him* back to the theatre. Two quotations, from "Porgy and Bess" and "Kiss Me, Kate," begin to

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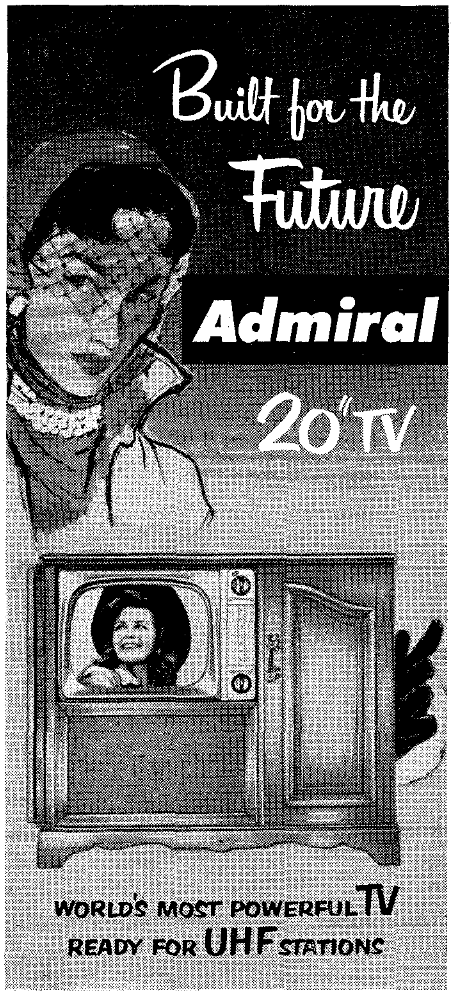

clutter up his conversation whenever the vaguest reference is made to the stage. "'What you want wid Bess? She's gettin' ol',' " Bennett will sigh with a weary shake of his head, following this with a slightly more haggard intoning of "Another opening, another show." Technically, Bennett is employed by the music firm of Chappell & Co. He is retained on a drawing-account basis and "loaned out" by Chappell to producers who are willing to pay union scale for his services—about five thousand dollars per show. Several weeks before rehearsals are called, Bennett receives the composer's piano score and confers informally with the producer and the composer on over-all musical aims and on the makeup of the orchestra. More often than not, Bennett is asked if he wants to name the combination of instruments he will need. He invariably turns down this privilege, for he is then able to regard the orchestrations as a challenge to his ability to make any combination of instruments "sound." Pit orchestras today usually number from eighteen to twenty-four instruments (but sometimes go up to forty) and are classed as either "legitimate" or "nonlegitimate," the essential difference being that there are no saxophones among the reeds of a legitimate group. Reigning fashion and the type of show determine the type of orchestra. For "Oklahoma!," for instance, Richard Rodgers wanted an orchestra as legitimate as a pit orchestra can be, because of the story's sunlit, rural flavor; the combination Rodgers finally lined up went to the extreme of replacing the piano with a guitar, almost doubling the usual complement of six violins, and bringing the French horn, the aristocrat of brasses, out of temporary retirement. "Inside U.S.A.," on the other hand, was appropriately non-legitimate. "Whatever the combination in the pit, the orchestrator is at its mercy," Bennett told a Tin Pan Alley tyro a while back. "A poor musical director presiding over a spotty outfit can make any arrangement sound like the schlemiel of all creation. Then you run into fellows like Victor Baravalle, who conducted the 'Show Boat' orchestra, or Al Goodman, who was at the top of his game for 'The Band Wagon,' and you think you're Brahms."

Rehearsals for musicals last four or five weeks. Bennett begins attending rehearsals after a week or ten days, when, the singers having learned their songs, the dancers their dances, and the line-speakers their lines, the director sets to work integrating and developing individual production numbers and dra-

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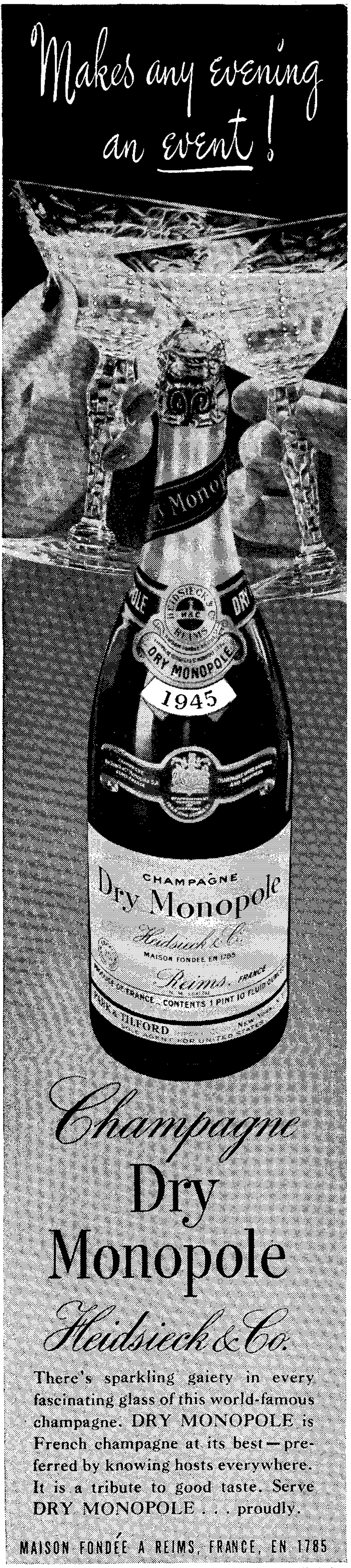

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matic sequences, with the aid of a pianist and a rough piano score. Around this time, a pervasive anxiety that the show will never be ready to open on schedule has usually overtaken the producing personnel and the cast. Bennett, on the other hand, his self-recrimination exhausted, has entered a period of serenity. The mid-rehearsal Bennett, immaculately dressed in spectator sports clothes, every hair in place, has a buoyant effect on the apprehensive company as he sits out front, acquainting himself with the production, number by number. "I never know what I'm going to do with a number until I see it in rehearsal," Bennett has said. "I try to make myself as receptive as possible to every move on the stage and let each number do what it will to me. I try not to hear the rehearsal piano but to gear myself so that I hear what the full orchestra will be playing."

Elliott Jacoby, a friend of Bennett's who is also an arranger, recently told an acquaintance, "Russell's contempt for formula is wonderful—absolutely astounding. Most arrangers lean on stock devices, particularly when they're in a jam. You know, the 'consciously romantic,' or 'Romberg,' intro, and the 'Paramount Publix,' or 'J. J. Shubert,' finish—whirlwind stuff, all hands on deck. Russell won't." One of the most eloquent admirers of the constant freshness Bennett achieves by avoiding the cliché is Dr. Albert Sirmay, an ebullient Hungarian who has composed several operettas and is presently chief editor at Chappell. "It is wondrous how Russell responded to Cole Porter's great score for 'Kiss Me, Kate'!" Dr. Sirmay exclaimed a while ago. "A cascade of overwhelming thrills! You listen to 'Too Darn Hot.' Zingo! It gets so hot, so jazzy, so American that the audience is overcome by the fieriness of the orchestra. Next, maybe, 'Were Thine That Special Face.' Ah! You feel Russell building the melody, then setting it off with the perfect countermelody. It has the charm of de Falla, Debussy. You smile. You lean back. All of a sudden—what is this?—you think you face a madrigal by Mozart: 'I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple.' That Russell, he is always surprising me."

While Bennett is sitting out front at rehearsals, he jots down, in a personal shorthand, a description of each routine, noting the timbre of a singer's voice during a certain passage of a song, the way a dancer moves his feet at a critical point in his dance, and other idiosyncrasies of the performers that demand

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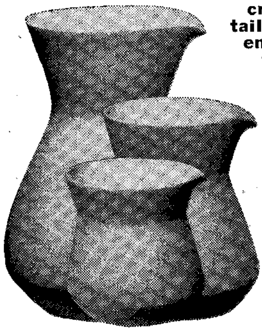

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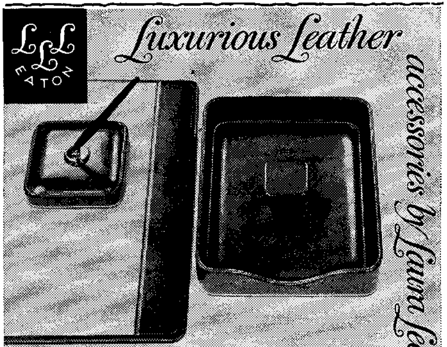

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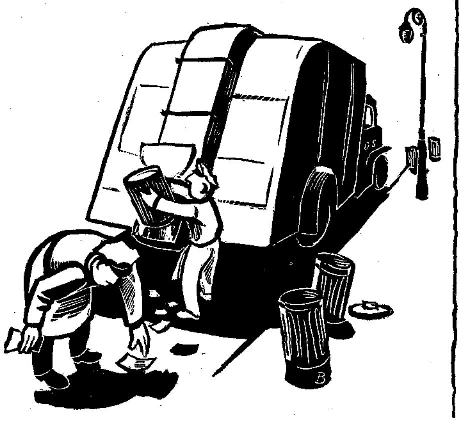
custom tailoring. Opening night of the out-of-town tryout is usually no more than two weeks off when Bennett is ready to get down to the actual writing of the orchestration. While stubbornly retaining his unruffled exterior, he shifts into a taut sixteen-hour workday. Sometimes he chooses to dig in at Chappell's, on the fifth floor of the R.K.O. Building, where he has a desk, a chair, and a hatrack in a glassed-in cubicle that also serves as a company storage bin and file room, and at other times, in order to have a shower bath at closer range, he works in his Park Avenue apartment, propping his score paper on an architect's desk he picked up for thirteen dollars and a half in 1920 and is beginning to regard as a fairly good investment. Unlike many orchestrators, who first write in the part for the piano or one of the other principal instruments and then fill in the rest of the instruments pretty much at random, Bennett scores "from the top of the page." He pencils in four measures for the flute, traditionally assigned the top line on score paper, and proceeds down the page instrument by instrument, adhering to the classic lineup—the other woodwinds, the brasses, the percussion, and the strings. Four pages of orchestration an hour—at four measures per instrument per page—is considered major-league speed. Bennett seldom exceeds nine until the pressure is really on him, as it was during the revival of "Show Boat" in 1946, when he pushed himself to a clip of twenty-eight pages in one hour, a record that has never been threatened.

Over the years, Bennett has grown so hopelessly addicted to polyphony that it soothes rather than distracts him to have his ears filled with competing sounds. He likes to have the radio on when he works at home, but not too loud, lest it drown out whatever book Mrs. Bennett, at his request, is reading to him. Bennett's taste in contrapuntal literature depends on the nature of the



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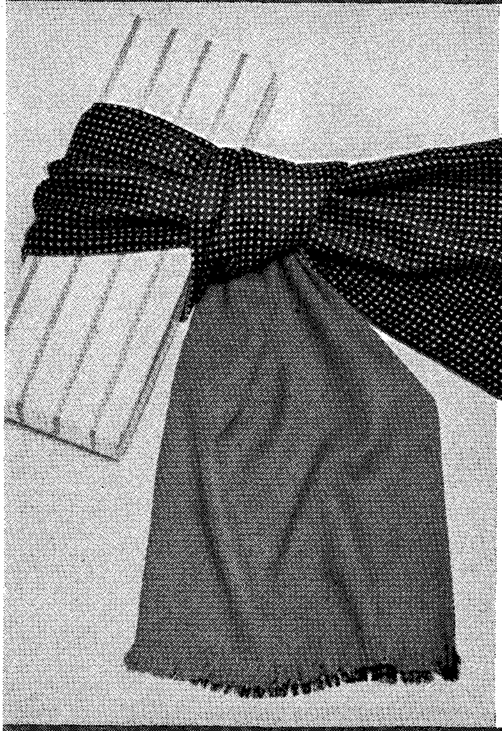

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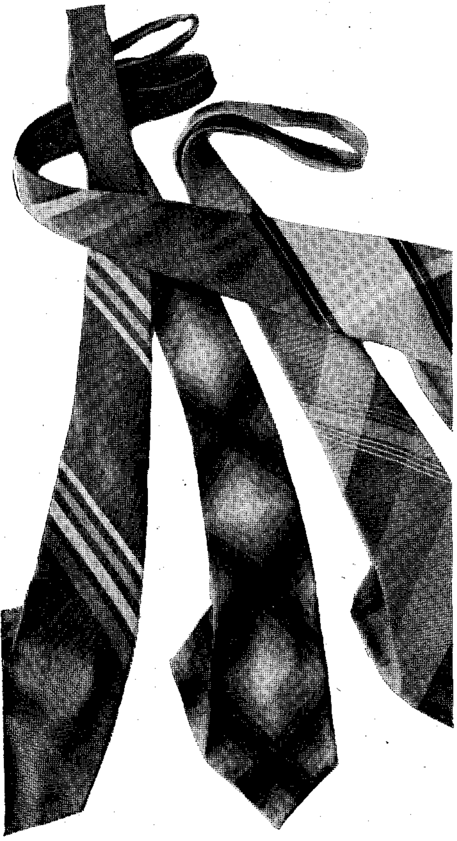

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orchestration he is doing. He has found Lord Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln" and Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else," in the original German, fine accompaniments for thoughtful music. André Maurois goes well with almost anything. For light stuff, Bennett believes, a copy of *France-Soir* is hard to beat. He is able to preserve, above this din, a sensitivity to the words as well as to the music of the song he is concerned with. Not infrequently in a Bennett arrangement—"There Is Nothing Like a Dame" is a powerful illustration—the melody of a song is subordinated to the articulation of the lyric. Possibly because he has written an occasional lyric himself, such as the French chorus for Kern's "The Night Was Made for Love" ("*La Nuit Est Pour l'Amour*"), Bennett understands the frustration of the lyricist whose gems are unintelligible to the audience. Because of the high esteem in which he held Oscar Hammerstein's lyrics for "Carmen Jones," Bennett subdued his orchestrations as he had never done before in order to make every phrase stand out boldly above the accompaniment. He felt confident that nothing could go wrong, as he was personally conducting the pit orchestra at the Philadelphia tryout. "Opening night was a catastrophe," Bennett recalls sheepishly. "You heard Oscar's lyrics, all right, but you couldn't hear the orchestra at all. Fill a theatre with people and you set up new vibrations that completely change the acoustics. It's a strange business. Human bodies seem to sop up an orchestra, but the voice on the stage gains much more projection. The crowd is part of every orchestration, and I shouldn't have forgotten it." As conductor, Bennett rectified the situation the next night.

Two or three days before the opening night of the tryout, Bennett accompanies the show to New Haven, Philadelphia, or wherever it may be, and steels himself for the inevitable "Carlottas." A Carlotta, a production number that refuses to satisfy the director, derives its name from a minor song in "Mexican Hayride" that underwent seven sizable alterations of routine and an equal number of musical arrangements before it became acceptable. Bennett's proud sartorial spirit bends before the hurly-burly of these last-minute revisions. He opens his collar and loosens his tie, and with this initial rift the dike bursts, and his haberdashing suavity disintegrates entirely as he crouches in a corner of the theatre, scrawling off orchestration as fast as he can write and feeding it page by page to the two copy-

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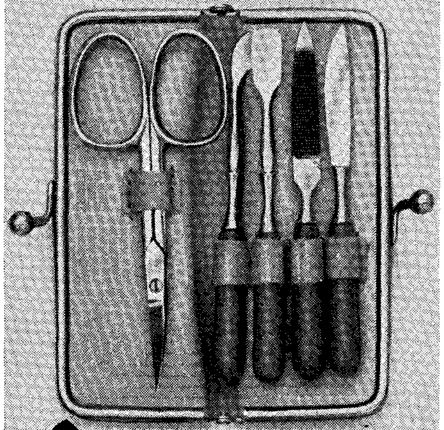

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ists working feverishly at his elbows. At the end, Bennett is sometimes left with a desperately small amount of time for writing the overture. Once the overture is out of the way, however, the knowledge that he has again met a deadline brings about instant recuperation. Whatever fixing the orchestration requires during the show's tryout run is comparatively child's play. Time, that inconstant enemy, is then of no consequence.

The evening the show opens in New York, Bennett is usually at home, taking his mind off his work by listening to classical music and philosophizing to Mrs. Bennett about man's failure to make the most of his universe. "The last fifty years, we've been misdirecting our energy and intelligence," he declared impatiently the night "The King and I" opened. "Our best minds have been devoted to devising lumbering things like the airplane. Oh, I know the realities of our time demand it, but still that's no reason to neglect the whole unexplored world of the airwaves. If we were on the ball, I should be able to cock an ear and pick right out of the air—we know it's up there—any ball game or tennis match or musical entertainment going on in any corner of the globe. It burns me up a little. Right now, I bet, there's a concert being played in Dresden that's just my meat."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Words often misused: Do not say, "I don't know anything about it." Say, "I know nothing about it," or, "I don't know anything about it."—*North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

The important thing is to get it out of your system.

•

Boy Scouts will assemble at 10:30 a.m. Thursday at 558 De Koven—the spot where Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern—to commemorate the 80th anniversary of the Chicago fire. The Scouts will have a cow with them.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

Yeah, but will they have a fire hose with them?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the White Plains* (N.Y.) *Reporter Dispatch*]

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo. (AP)—P. G. Barnickol, fisheries man for the state conservation commission, says the sparrows in his yard have adapted themselves to the modern age.

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WOULD YOU HELP MARY B.?

Mary's father died when she was six. Her mother was a waitress. As a child, Mary contracted a light case of polio. Yet nothing could curb this girl's determination to get an education and support herself.

● ● ●

Working and saving over the years, as a secretary and then a dance instructor, she finally finished three years of college—only to find that she couldn't quite make enough for her senior year. Now, with guidance and a $75 scholarship from the Vocational Advisory Service, this tall, slender, pretty girl is returning this Fall to graduate. She is preparing to be a teacher in recreation.

● ● ●

Mary says the two "most wonderful things in my life were—when I discovered I could dance; and when I found the Vocational Advisory Service".

● ● ●

Mary is one of many the VAS has helped to help themselves. We have a long waiting list of others whose plans cannot be carried out without financial aid. You can assist these girls and boys to get "The Right Start", by sending your contribution, large or small, to the scholarship fund of

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Dr. Helen R. Smith *Director*
Leonard D. Adkins *Treasurer*

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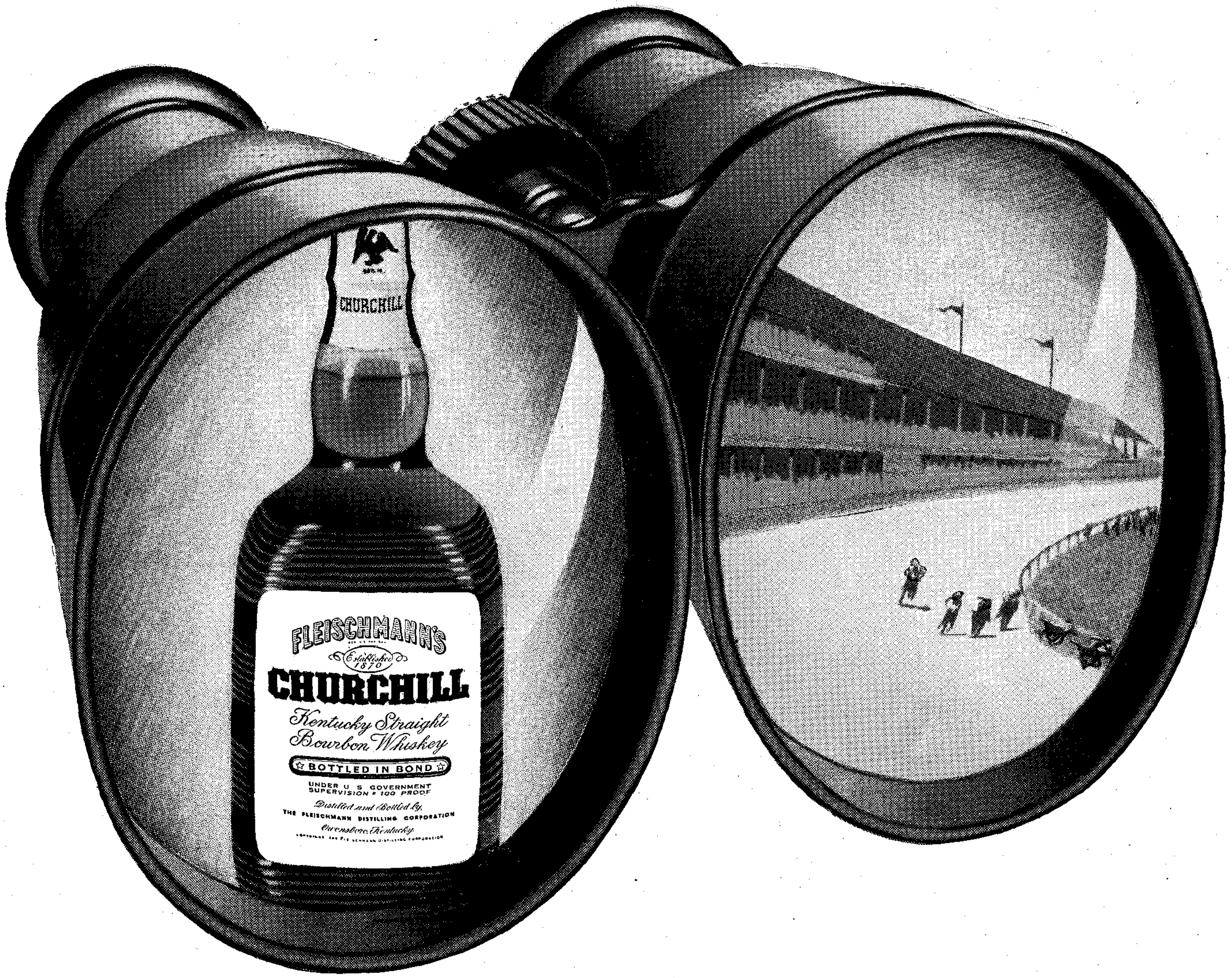
THE THEATRE

TIMELY BUT TIRESOME

"DINOSAUR WHARF," which shut down after four performances at the National, unquestionably had the virtue of timeliness, since it dealt with labor troubles among the longshoremen on the East River, but I doubt whether very much else could be said for it. The author, Joel Wyman, was concerned chiefly with a young woman, a bookstore clerk and dilettante painter, who felt, at least at first, that there was no problem that couldn't be solved in a sweet and reasonable manner, and with her two admirers, a tough and realistic dock worker who was opposed to the "shape-up system" and proposed to eliminate it, by violence if necessary, and an amorous strong-arm man who represented the mob and whose corruption was practically bottomless. There was also the heroine's father, a picturesque retired mariner, who committed a kind of high-minded suicide by disguising himself as the hero and walking into an ambush arranged by the racketeers. Naturally enough, this changed his daughter's political outlook, and she stabbed the villain in a very gory and satisfactory fashion.

There was more to Mr. Wyman's play than that, including the introduction of several characters who were, I suppose, intended to be either comic or atmospheric, and a good deal of rather melancholy and soggy conversation about the state of the world. However, that, in essence, was the plot of "Dinosaur Wharf," and in spite of all the bloodshed and shouting, I'm afraid it was a remarkably formless and unexciting one. My colleague Mr. William Hawkins, of the *World-Telegram & Sun*, went to the bother of collecting several samples of the dialogue, and since my own interest in the proceedings didn't quite extend to writing anything down, I'll just borrow a couple from him. Once, when the heroine was reproaching her father for his matrimonial deficiencies, she said that her mother had deserted him because "someone came along whose guts rang true." And again, in a situation I forget, she said, "My feet are wet; my shame can't dry them." While it is never entirely fair to isolate an author's lines from their context, these specimens are reasonably typical of the general level of Mr. Wyman's prose. You are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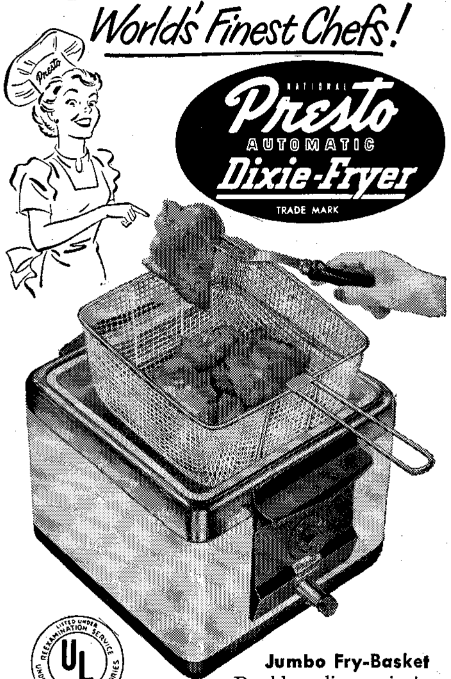

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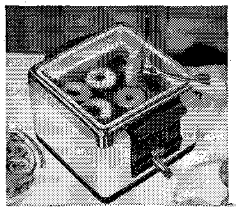

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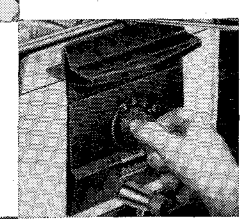

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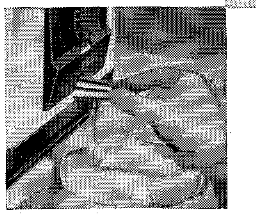

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now in possession of all the facts I know about the recent play at the National. Your guess about the significance of the title is probably just as good as mine.

Lois Wheeler, as the young thinker from the bookstore, was as hard to associate with life on a barge and among predominantly disreputable companions as, say, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce would be, but she was agreeable enough to look at. Leo Penn was more convincing as the crusading stevedore; James Gregory made a good, tough racketeer; and Harrison Dowd, as the father, gave an engaging and intelligent performance in a part that might easily have taxed all the Barrymores put together. I didn't especially admire Samuel Leve's set, which may have been a little fashionable and over-intricate for the mood of the play, and Terese Hayden's direction was perhaps more tumultuous than was strictly necessary. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

OUR HUNGRY AUTHORS

[*From a short story by Aldous Huxley in Esquire*]

Even his voice was somewhat beefy, like a T-bone steak made richly audible. —*Page 49.*

Peter's laughter was the equivalent of an enormous filet mignon—thick, juicy, tender. —*Page 49.*

And now he was licking his chops over Oscar, was savoring in advance that juicy gobbet. —*Page 133.*

Emollient, its native beefiness boiled down to the colloidal state of jellied consommé, the voice of Peter Foss came back to her. —*Page 134.*

It was a sonata for canary and jellied beef—now a rich consommé. . . . "At this point there occurs the celebrated *legato* passage for unaccompanied beef." —*Page 135.*

This time, thought Mrs. Peele, the voice was a *pot au feu.* Beef at its most domestic; chunks of poor old Bossy simmered for hours . . . —*Page 135.*

". . . a touch of acid indigestion," said a voice almost as beefy as Peter's. —*Page 135.*

•

LONG BEACH, CALIF., (AP)—Who says you can't arrest a man for looking? Robert L. Browning, 39, was picked up on a disorderly conduct charge yesterday after Mrs. Jaquetta Sather, 24, complained that he stared at her for as long as 20 minutes at a time.

First, she said he came into the liquor store where she works and just sat and looked. She asked him to stop. Then he started driving by and gazing at her through binoculars, she said.

Slim Mrs. Sather has green eyes and money colored haair.

Police quoted Browning as saying, "I couldn't help looking at her. She fascinated me."—*Beatrice (Neb.) Sun.*

Case dismissed.

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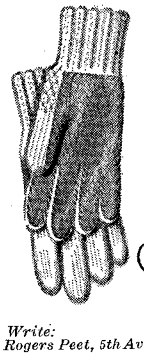

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DOUBLE OR NOTHING

WHEN MacNaughton's wife went up to Maine for two weeks to help her sister get settled with a newborn pair of twins, MacNaughton was left alone in New York. Wandering past Gramercy Park one evening, after a solitary dinner in a Twenty-third Street restaurant, he ran into a girl he'd known in an office where he'd worked before his marriage. Her name was Mapes. They chatted for a while, dropped into a neighborhood bar for a drink, had several, then went for a nightcap to Miss Mapes' apartment, where, one thing leading to another, MacNaughton kissed her.

It left him with a nagging conscience.

Instead of abating, in the days immediately following, MacNaughton's remorse grew worse. It was especially keen in the house, where his wife's blank pillow and empty bed, the framed family photographs on the mantel, the clock ticking into the silence drenched with absence filled him with a sentimental regret. This state of mind continued until he found himself in an endless round of wishing he had the delinquent evening to live over again.

So obsessed did he become with the idea of having another chance that he finally began to ask himself, Why not? Why couldn't he relive that evening? It should be perfectly simple. He would reproduce as far as possible the circumstances under which he had erred, lead up to the point where he had succumbed, and then not succumb. This, he felt, would be not a mere ritualistic repair of his spirit but an actual moral victory, since the same physical indulgence would be open to him. The urge to make this token demonstration of fidelity prompted him at last to phone Miss Mapes and ask her for a date.

"Why, I'd love to," she responded brightly.

"How's tomorrow evening?" MacNaughton asked. "Maybe we can have dinner."

"Tomorrow night is fine, and I'd love to have dinner," she said.

"Well, swell," MacNaughton said. "Suppose I pick you up at seven."

"Okie doke."

THEY ate at Keen's Chop House. Miss Mapes looked her full twenty-eight years, but, dressed in a tan gabardine suit, canary-yellow blouse, and floppy brown felt hat, all of which advantageously set off her amber skin and brown eyes, she was attractive company. She chattered sociably over a dinner of mutton chops and a bottle of Burgundy. Racked overhead in the grottolike interior were the thousands of clay pipes familiar to patrons of Keen's, and once, glancing up at them, she said they looked like "stalactites running sideways."

"That's pretty good," MacNaughton said. "That's one for the book."

After a dessert of *babas au rhum*, MacNaughton ordered two ponies of Bénédictine-and-brandy.

"Plying me with liquor?" Miss Mapes asked amiably.

When he finished his B.-and-B., MacNaughton set his glass down and said, "Let's go up to your apartment."

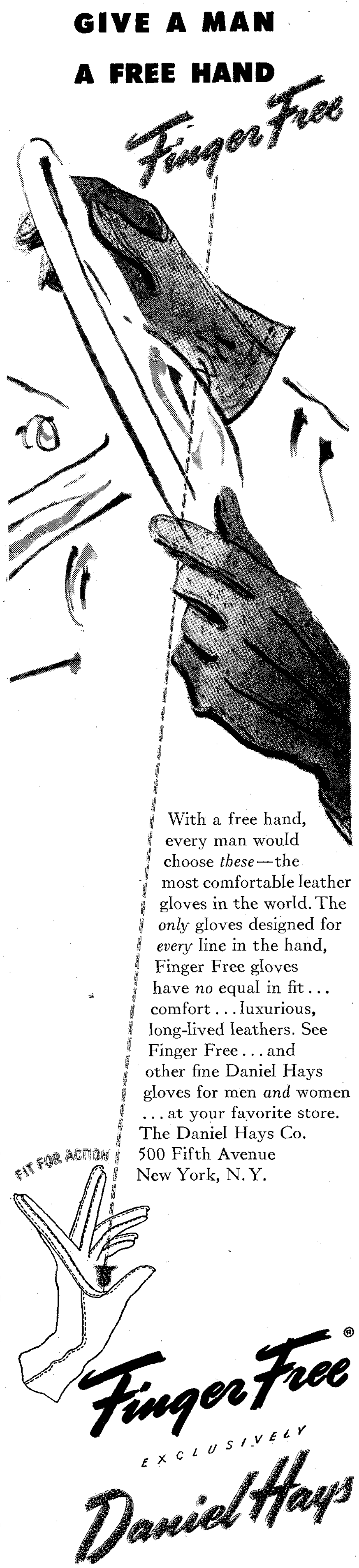
She moved her still unfinished drink back and forth below her nostrils and closed her eyes. She sipped, assuming a grave expression. "I've been thinking, after the other night," she said.

MacNaughton leaned back in his chair and looked away. Resistance was the last thing he had reckoned on. If she was going to play hard to get, he reflected, they were faced with a hopeless stalemate—she withholding what he would wait forever for the opportunity to decline. Yet without the act of moral reclamation the evening would be a total waste. He turned over the check, which the waiter had left, reaching for his wallet with the other hand. "Getting strait-laced?" he murmured, reading the check, which was fourteen-eighty. The waiter trotted up in answer to his summons, and trotted off with the check and a twenty. MacNaughton looked across at Miss Mapes again. "Ah, come on, let's go up there," he said.

She closed her eyes and shook her head with a playful smile.

"What if I said it meant a lot to me?" he asked.

She dug into her bag for a cigarette. "What if I said it meant a lot to me not to miss a picture that's running in the Village?" she asked. " 'The Third Man.' Have you seen it?" MacNaughton shook his head. "Everybody says it's wonderful, and I missed it the first time around. It goes on at nine-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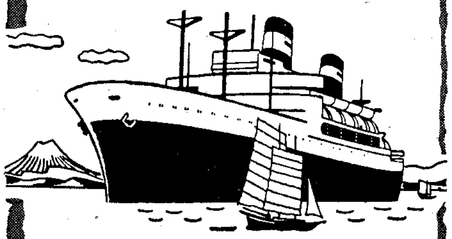

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eleven. I checked. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," MacNaughton said.

THE picture absorbed them both. Halfway through it, Miss Mapes peeled off one glove and slipped her hand through MacNaughton's arm and down along his wrist. They sat holding hands till the end of the movie. Then they walked to her place, which was only a few blocks away. In the street vestibule, she extended her hand. "Thanks for a marvellous dinner and one of the best movies I ever saw," she said.

"Not at all," MacNaughton said, removing his hat and shaking her hand. "I enjoyed it, too."

"Will I hear from you again?" she asked.

MacNaughton had once seen a film in which Walter Pidgeon stalked Hitler at Berchtesgaden with a rifle, drawing a bead on *der Führer* from a cliff overlooking the castle entrance. It was a mock assassination, modelled scrupulously on the stalking sport of the English countryside, in which the hunter does everything but actually fire at the game. To take the risk of prowling at Berchtesgaden with a loaded weapon, aiming, putting one's finger on the trigger, and then not pulling it—that was the code as Pidgeon had cleaved to it. MacNaughton was familiar enough with terms like "guilt feeling" and "compulsive ritual." But he felt that the image of Walter Pidgeon, representing a thousand years of British decency as he sighted down the unfired rifle, was a perfect symbol of the sort of thing he was driving at himself.

"Maybe you'll be free some evening within the next week?" he said.

"Come on up," said Miss Mapes.

He mounted the dark stairs behind her, swinging his hat in his hand.

MACNAUGHTON put his hat and coat on the seat of a tiny chair in the entrance hall as Miss Mapes switched on a light and closed the door. Her quarters consisted of a small living room, a Pullman kitchen, a bedroom, and a bath. She switched on a table lamp in the living room and disappeared into the bedroom, taking off her hat. "Fix us a drink," she said. "You know where everything is."

MacNaughton mixed two bourbon-and-water highballs in the Pullman kitchen and carried them to the coffee table in front of Miss Mapes' studio couch. He wiped his wet fingers on a handkerchief he took from a rear trouser pocket and put back, still folded into a

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square. He sat down on the couch. He heard, somewhere in the building, the muffled sound of a door shutting. He glanced nervously at his wristwatch. It was eleven-thirty.

Miss Mapes returned in a satin dressing gown of ice blue and joined him on the couch. She reached for her drink and settled back with it, lounging, partly turned toward him, with one shoulder against the back cushion of the couch.

MacNaughton was aware of the intimate sibilance of negligee and of his senses drowning in perfume. " 'Stalactites running sideways' is good," he said. "I suppose you're one of those people who can never remember which are stalactites and which are stalagmites?"

"I've given up hope of keeping *that* straight," she said.

"Well, here's a simple rule," he said. "Just remember that 'stalactites' and 'ceiling' both have a 'c' in them. That way, you can remember stalactites hang down from above."

"But how will I remember the rule?" she asked.

MacNaughton laughed, a soft laugh of private security. The whole thing had resolved itself into a kind of double or nothing, so to speak, and her apparent willingness to have him stay the night would leave him with a substantial moral balance in his favor. Cautiously he tested his position. Running the ball of his right forefinger around the rim of his glass, he asked, with a tongue grown surprisingly dry, "What time is breakfast around here?"

"Breakfast is any time before anybody has to get to work," she said. "But it won't be around here. Not with a Schrafft's nice and handy across the corner."

MacNaughton finished his drink and waited a few minutes more. Then he stood up. "Look, I think I'd better be getting along," he said.

But the retrieval of his self-respect brought about something for which MacNaughton had not bargained—the loss to Miss Mapes of her own. "Well, will you make up your mind?" she said, her eyes brighter than he had yet seen them flash. "Is this a habit of yours—flipping through samples till you find something that strikes you—"

"No, it's not that at all," MacNaughton said.

Miss Mapes rose. "I'd like to know exactly who you're trying to make a fool of," she said, tucking the lapels of her dressing gown together in a gesture not without truculence.

"Myself, I guess," he said. "I'll probably hate myself for this in the

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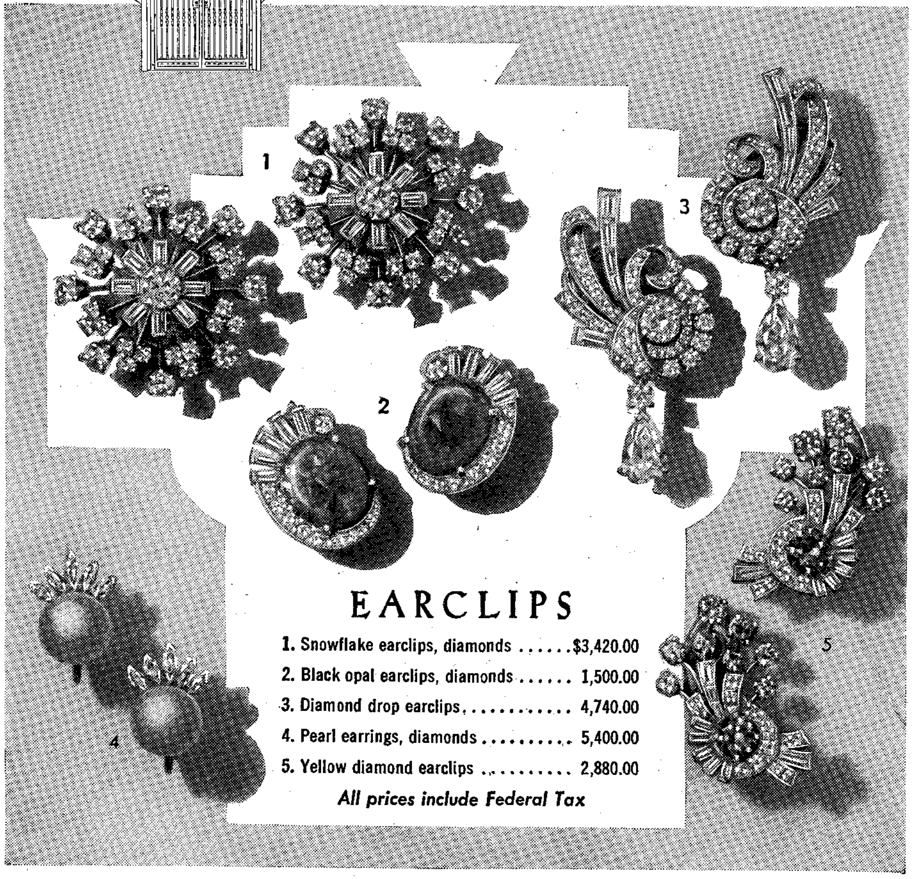

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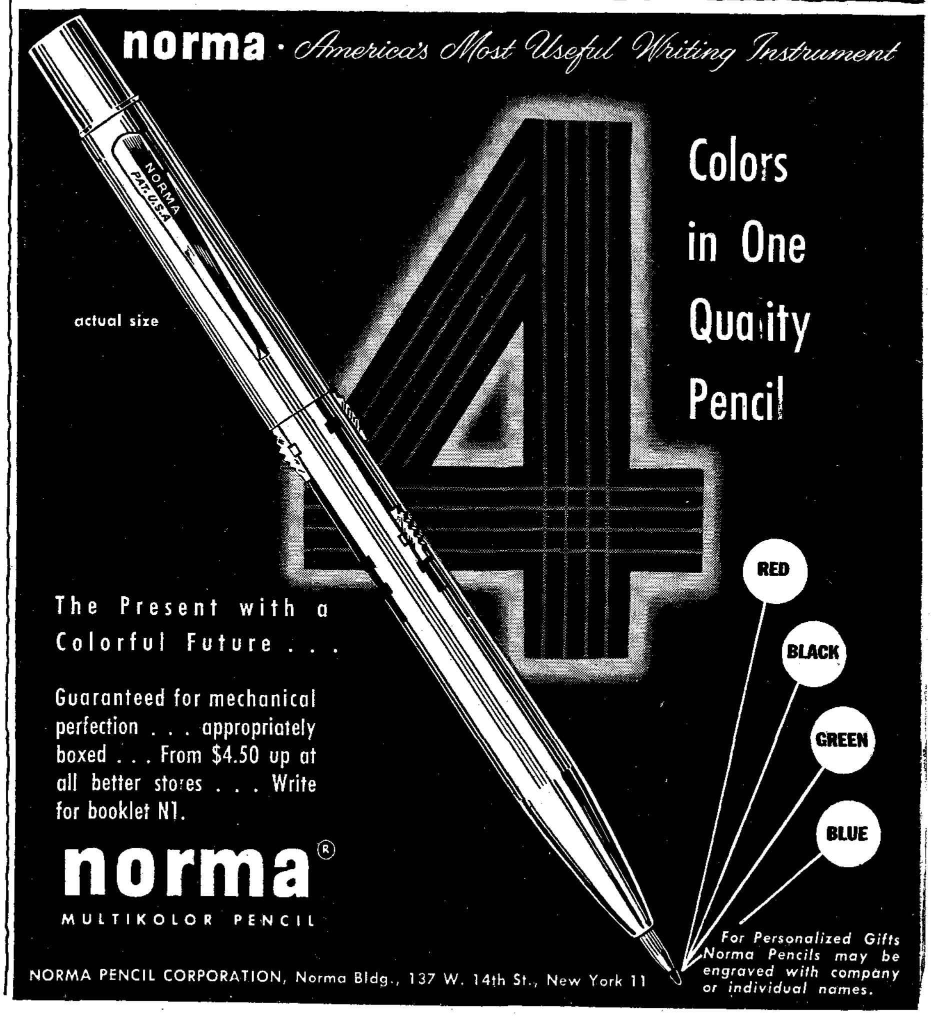

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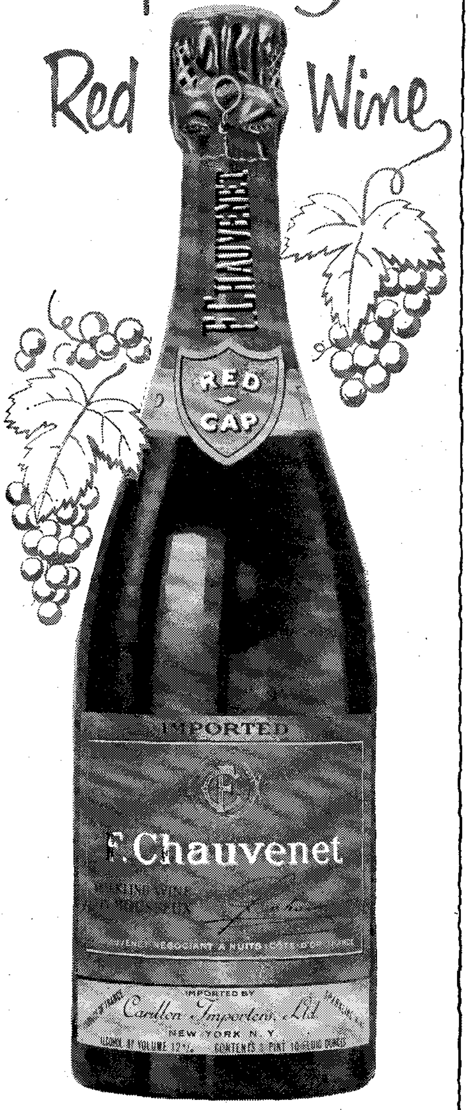
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morning," he went on, attempting a humorous subtlety that he did not quite comprehend himself.

"Just what the devil does *that* mean?" she asked.

MacNaughton smiled and looked down at the rug. There was a moment of silence. "It's just that I think you were right earlier in the evening, back in the restaurant," he said. "People shouldn't lose their heads."

"They shouldn't blow hot and cold, either," she answered.

"You've a perfect right to call it that," he said fairly. He shook his head reflectively. "Sex," he said, as though the grievance and the weariness were equally his.

It was MacNaughton's apologetic air rather than his philosophical one that somewhat mollified Miss Mapes. "Well, I won't keep you," she said presently. "I was going to ask you whether you'd care to go to a party Friday night. There'll be some of the old bunch from the office I thought you might like to see again."

MacNaughton was momentarily clawed with panic. Had she been talking about him at the office where he had worked? It was time for plain words. "Look, I'm married, you know," he said. "I thought you knew I got married since I worked there."

"Well!" she said. "Married!" She took a few steps to the window. There she turned around and, folding her arms, regarded him. "Will you kindly tell me what this is all about, including the double-talk?" she said.

MacNaughton drew a long breath and looked at the ceiling, as though mentally preparing the analysis that had been asked for. "I've seen you twice," he begun. "The first time was accidental, as you know, and a case where— well, one thing led to another, as those things do. I was sorry for it."

"I'll bet you were sorry, the time it took you to call me back," said Miss Mapes.

"I'm coming to that," MacNaughton said. "You see, I wanted a chance to prove to myself I had better self-control. And, besides, I felt I owed it to my wife."

"What about what you owed me?" she said, tucking shut the neck of her negligee with the same resentful gesture. "When are we coming to *that*?"

MacNaughton was like a man who, thinking to pluck up a negligible strand of briar, finds he has hold of a mile of twisting root.

"Do you know what I think *I* owe

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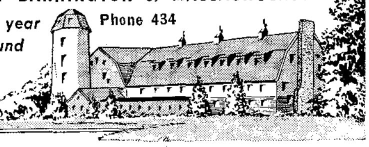

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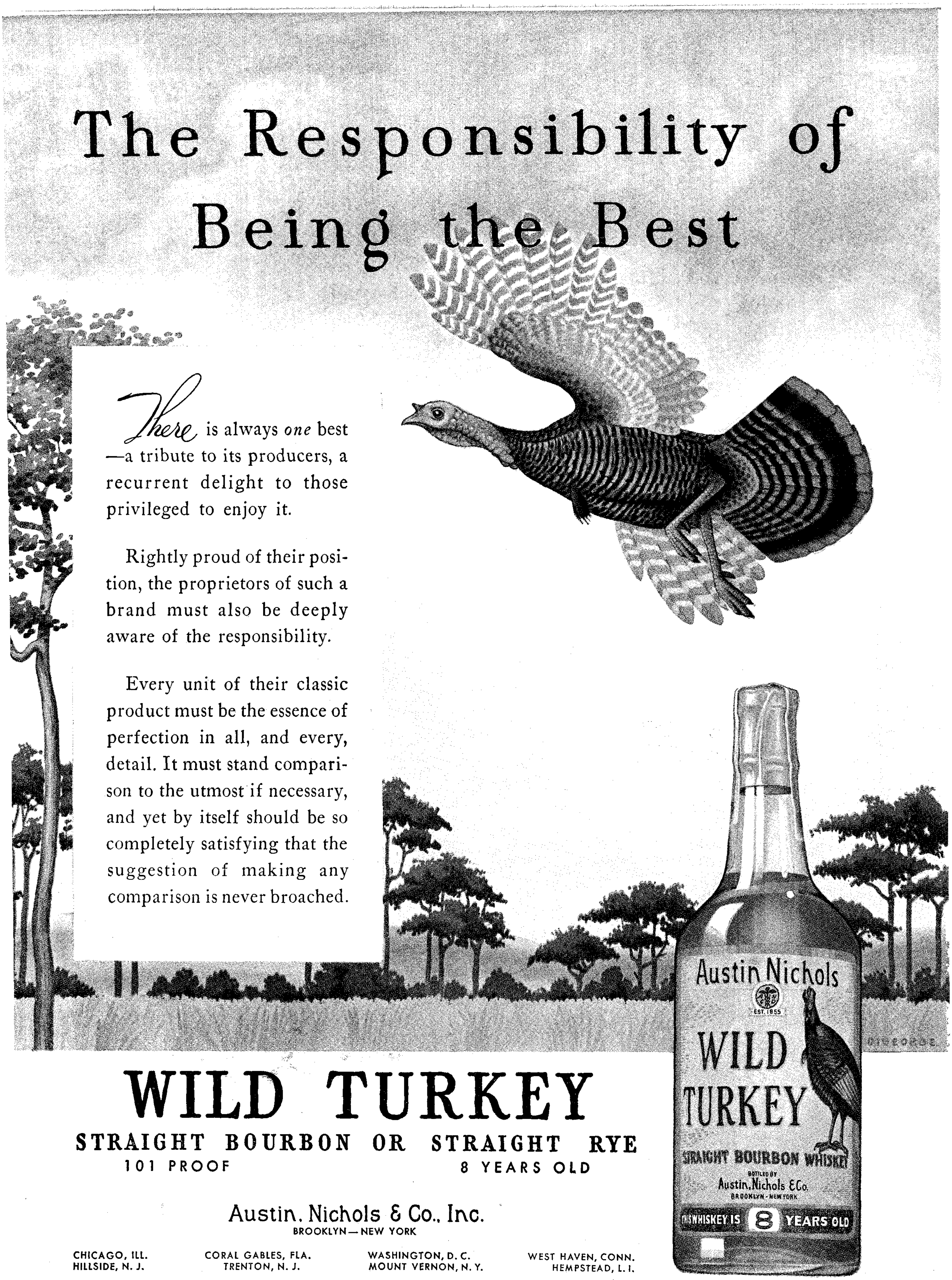
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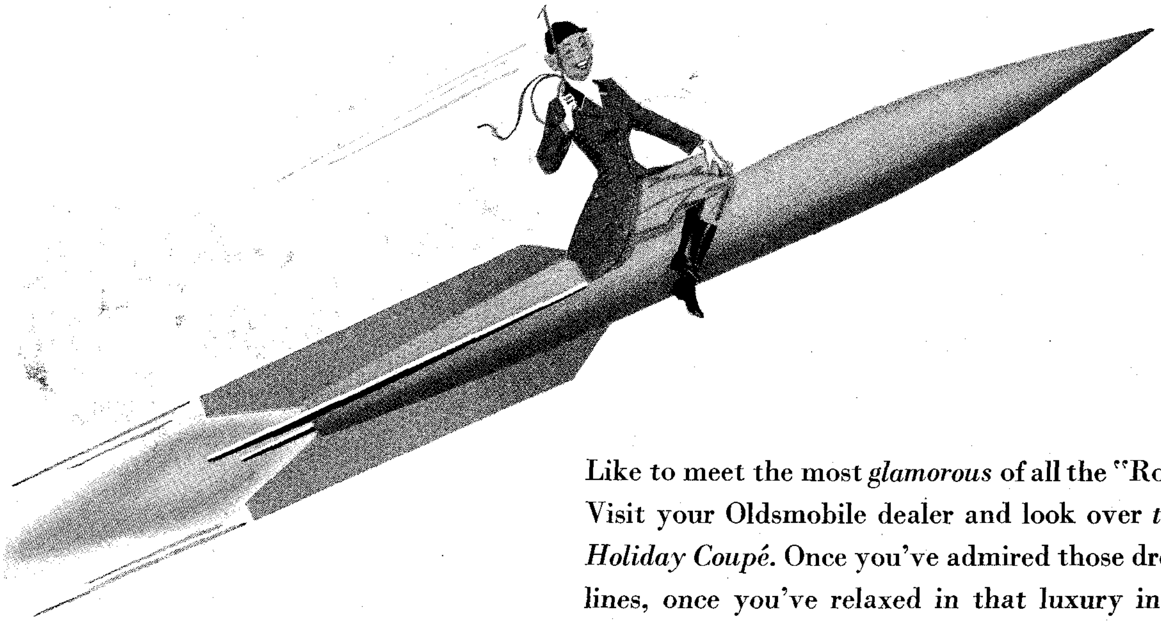

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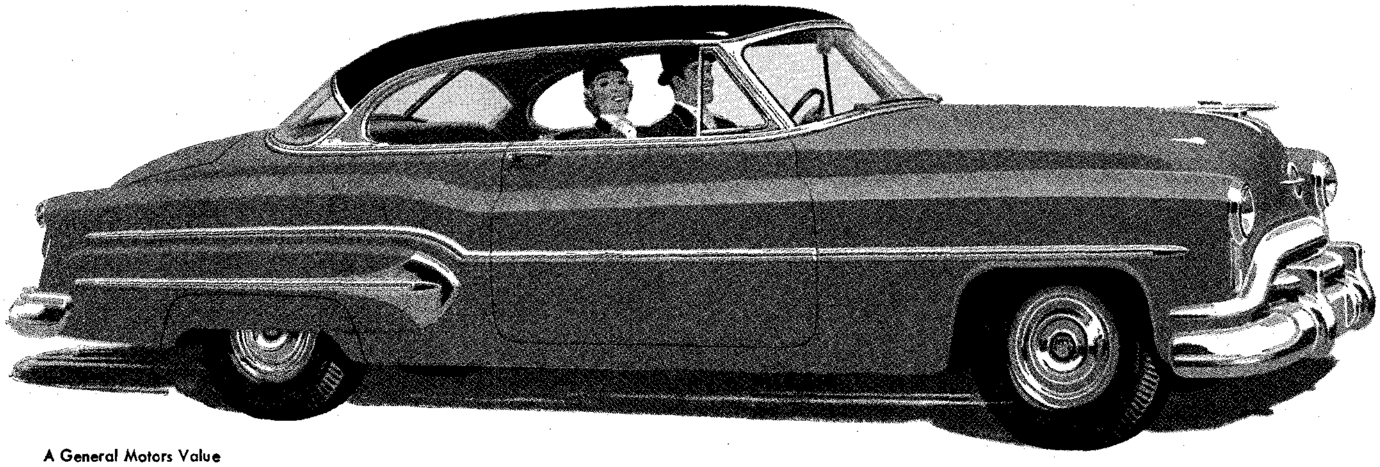

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you?" she said, starting toward him with deliberate steps.

MacNaughton shot a glance at a vase on a nearby table. "Did you ever see a movie where Walter Pidgeon goes to Berchtesgaden to stalk Hitler?" he jabbered in a dry voice, backing toward the door.

"I can think of a lot of things to do to you—" Miss Mapes said, still advancing.

"Think of my intentions!" MacNaughton protested. "I might as well have come up here to put you on a pedestal."

"—but they're all too good for you. Like hanging," she continued, ignoring his rebuttal as she had his parallel.

" 'Man Hunt,' " MacNaughton said, feeling for the doorknob behind his back. "That was the name of the picture. George Sanders was in it."

"I could call a cop to say you're annoying me, or the janitor to throw you out," Miss Mapes was saying. "I could—"

MacNaughton opened the door, snatched his hat and coat off the chair, and scurried for the stairs. He picked his way down them gingerly but at high speed, hearing behind him the sound he had so diligently striven to expunge the thought of deserving—the sound, shrill, formidable, and sustained, of a woman wronged.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

A series of concerts led him to Washington, where he met Boston-born Martha Codman, as American as Plymouth Rock and the possessor of an inheritance valued conservatively in 1928 at about $8,000,000.
—*The Times Magazine.*

About as American as a girl can get.

•

Princess Elizabeth wore a white and gold lace gown which she'd saved for the occasion.

To give you an idea how elaborate it was, the centerpiece was a mirror 13½ feet long with elaborate matching candelabra and fruit baskets.—*Los Angeles Mirror.*

Gives a very *good* idea.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[*From the Rockland* (*Maine*) *Courier Gazette*]

"The Rudder," which, as its name indicates, is devoted to matters nautical, contains in a recent issue an article from the futile pen of a Rocklander, whose father was a prominent Rockland sea captain in the days when this port sported a large fleet of coasting vessels.

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says **Mary Garden,** Chairman of the National Arts Foundation's Committee on Operatic Fellowships.

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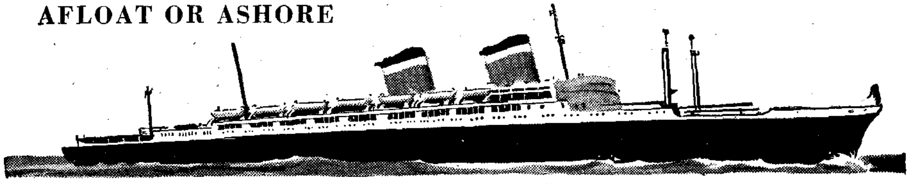

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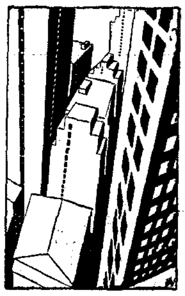

DESPITE the languid interest of municipal officials in enforcing the anti-smoke ordinance, a succession of white buildings has in recent years been appearing in midtown. If they are nothing else, they are monuments to faith and hope, for they tacitly demand a return to the smokeless city that New York was before 1925. Unhappily, it takes a good deal of optimism to feel that our current officialdom is ready to restore that city, any more than it is ready to deal with our mounting traffic problems by employing the only permanent solution—putting a ceiling on population density. One of the first of these white buildings was the Cornell Medical Center, a structure that is, in spite of its studied allegiance to the Gothic lines of the Palace of the Popes in Avignon, one of the handsomest buildings the city boasts. The latest white building, chaste, elegant, entirely in the contemporary mode, evidencing stylistic affiliations only with other contemporary buildings, is Manhattan House, the vast and also handsome complex of apartments that occupies the entire block bounded by Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Streets and Second and Third Avenues.

This White Whale of an apartment house, twenty stories high, has been conceived and carried through with a sort of crystalline logic, and the good elements in the plan and the design are immediately visible. The high palisade of gleaming white walls is broken by a series of five short wings set at right angles along each flank of the central mass, whose main axis is an east-west one. The walls are opened horizontally by windows of different widths. And above the sixth floor, balconies, each enclosed by a glass fence, jut out almost seven feet to form what could be called outdoor rooms. (Tenants who wish to escape the vertiginous effect produced by gazing through this transparent barrier have adopted various devices, from screens to potted plants, to establish the sense of security the architects, for purely aesthetic reasons, have taken away.) One can get an idea of the ground plan by drawing three crosses in a row and capping each of the two end crosses with a T whose base stands on the outer tip of it. On the ground floor of the avenue sides of the building, there is the usual provision for shops, and on the southwest corner there is a great restaurant, with colossal fixed windows that look eastward over the long, narrow garden that borders the building on most of its Sixty-fifth Street front. Since Manhattan House is set well back from the building line on both street sides, there is a strip on Sixty-sixth Street corresponding to the garden. This provides a three-lane private street, affording space for two rows of parked cars, and a private sidewalk. A curving drive leading from this street gives access to the main entrances, which are at the base of two of the wings. Toward Second Avenue, on the south side, is the entrance to an underground garage, which houses two hundred cars.

At first glance, all these dispositions seem satisfactory, but as soon as one examines the plan closely, it becomes apparent that this design is afflicted with the schizophrenia that undermines almost every current attempt to deal in a building with the problems of life in New York—a conflict between bad old habits and new needs and purposes. The owner of Manhattan House, the New York Life Insurance Company, is, as it happens, the corporation responsible for that exemplary Long Island piece of housing and community planning called Fresh Meadows. In Manhattan House, the company seemingly set out to show what could be done to provide a decent habitation for the well-to-do in the heart of New York, and to this end it tried one significant departure that should be promptly written into our municipal building code. By making the garage an integral part of the project and by providing on the north side of the building for extra parking space, which is embellished with greensward and trees, New York Life has gone further than any other Manhattan landlord I know of toward solving one aspect of the critical problem of municipal congestion. Unfortunately, this pioneer landlord coupled this bold move with one that nullifies it, for his apartment house contains five hundred and eighty-two apartments, so only one family out of three can make use of the garage. That hiatus between need and accommodation underlines a simple fact that I have just pointed out—that there can be no relief from traffic problems until a lid has been placed upon density of occupation.

When we come to the building plan and the internal accommodations, the same sort of conflict is visible. Two firms of architects, each eminent in its way,

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collaborated on Manhattan House. One, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, has won sufficient aesthetic distinction to merit a one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art; the other, Mayer & Whittlesey, has had long experience in building apartment houses that attempt to give more generous expression to the need for open spaces and gardens than is usually offered in this highly commercialized field. Manhattan House is, as it were, a marriage of the slablike, oblong apartment house that Skidmore, Owings & Merrill designed for a New York Life project in Chicago and the aesthetically more varied structure Mayer & Whittlesey achieved in 240 Central Park South, with its broad corner balconies and internal garden space. Perhaps for the sake of unified management as well as economy, the architects of Manhattan House have welded what are in essence five separate apartment-house units (the three crosses and the two Ts) into one great structure. The ground plan also has the advantage of enabling the architects to provide efficient layouts for most of the apartment units, including a great many corner windows and balconies, a minimum waste of space in access corridors, and foyers of reasonable size that do not have to do double duty as dining rooms. Compared to many Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue apartment houses, designed for smaller lots and hemmed in by closely abutting neighbors, Manhattan House is a paragon of economy, elegance, and utility.

Yet the result is not good enough to serve as a pattern for imitation. Indeed, nothing could be more dismal than the prospective repetition of Manhattan Houses as large and as out of scale with their surroundings, for the broad outlook that the windows of the upper stories of this one afford is possible only because it has been built in a district whose buildings are mostly four or five stories high. Unlike Stockholm's huge hospital, Södersjukhuset, set alone on the ridge of a hill and in many ways a similar mass, Manhattan House cannot count permanently on being an isolated and dominating structure, for eventually other tall apartment houses will begin to crowd around it, and as a pattern for rebuilding the city it sets as bad an example as the New York City Housing Authority's most overcrowded projects.

When this use of the spine of the block is compared with the earlier use of the perimeter of the block in a twelve-story building like the Marguery, which was built as a hollow square, the advantage of the new form is not at all clear. True, even when surrounded by a

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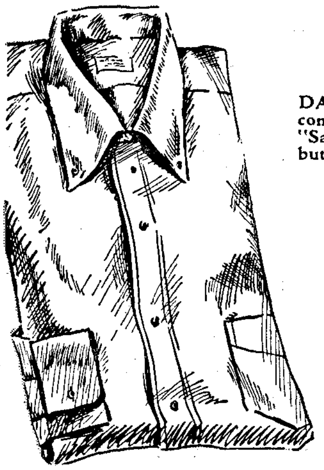

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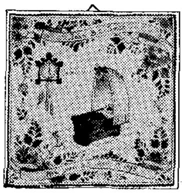

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building of only twelve stories, the garden space of an enclosed quadrangle is a little bleak and overshaded, and if buildings twenty stories high, like Manhattan House, were arranged in this fashion the effect would be suffocating. On the other hand, such a quadrangle is pretty well insulated from the noises of the streets, and if the sleeping quarters are placed on this interior court the arrangement has much to commend it. The provision of quiet sleeping quarters is one of our most effective alternatives to phenobarbital and other sedatives. Noise notoriously aggravates hypertension and gastric disorders, so some method of muffling it is one of the necessities of good functional planning. Moreover, the Manhattan House plan, while it does provide garden space, provides it on only one side of the building, and though the glass walls of the long lobby on the ground floor make this greenery pleasantly visible to those who approach it from the interior, it is too narrow, to say nothing of being too open to the dingy, restless street, to give as much visual pleasure and relaxation as it should.

It is possible, of course, that the architects were relying on the balconies to provide a pleasurable contact with the outer world. But even balconies as generously proportioned as these can hardly be used the year round. Many of them contain chairs and tables and potted plants, all obvious signs of human occupation, but I have scanned them a number of times by day at various seasons of the year, often without finding anyone on them. Those that are used, then, are presumably used largely at night, and my observations convince me that they are used principally in the summertime. These boldly projecting balconies have a minor aesthetic effect, but I question whether this form of decoration, however pure, is worth the effort. In addition, they give only the illusion of having solved the problem of providing winter sunlight to interiors and screening them from summer heat. The truth that our tropical summers remain a serious problem for the dwellers in Manhattan House is proved by the fact that its façades, impeccable when they left the drawing boards of the architects, are irregularly broken by window air-conditioning units. These units are already discolored by dust and rust. Since the aesthetics of this building depend on purity and refinement, they are literally blots on the composition. If I were the architect I would be almost tempted to make the best of a bad job by insisting that they be painted

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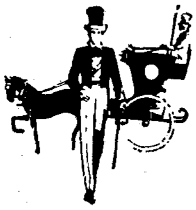

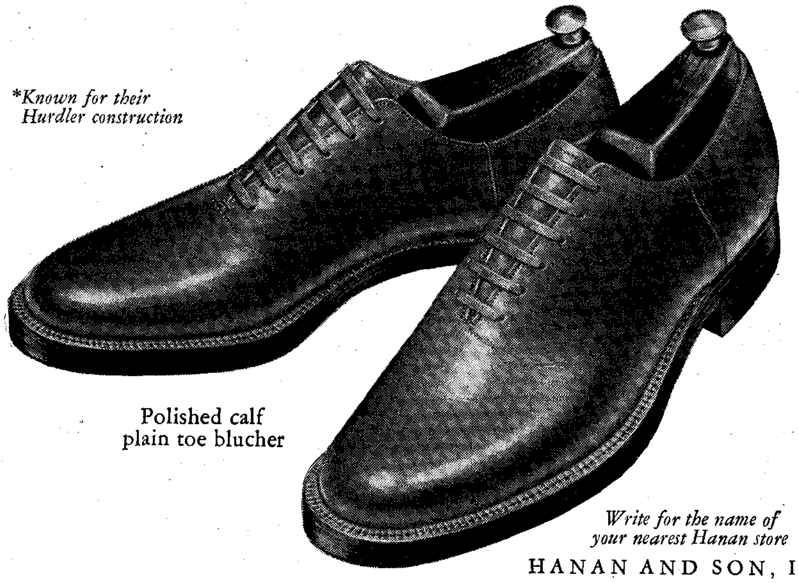

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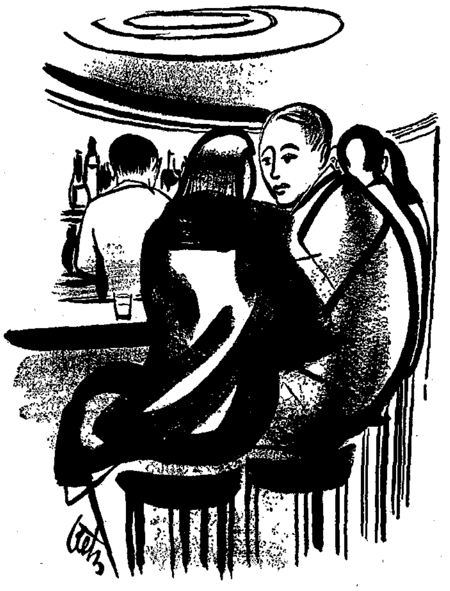
vermilion and taking what consolation I could out of knowing that the resulting sporadic dabs of color would at least suggest the red blots in a painting by Miró.

To enjoy fresh air and openness when the weather is inviting, and protection from intense cold and heat when it is not, requires, I think, not a balcony but a quite different arrangement—a room with a bay, along the perimeter of a building, five to ten feet deep, that will serve as an insulation chamber. This would have an outer wall of windows from ceiling to floor and another wall of windows within. In summer, air-conditioning, aided by Venetian blinds and climbing vines, would make it a real insulation against heat for the rooms of the apartment behind it; in winter, it would serve as a hothouse and a solarium. At any season, it would be a habitable part of the living quarters, and could open them to sunlight or air or view whenever these were wanted. The glass would admit a certain amount of sunlight to the interior, and tempered air, circulated inside the double wall of windows, would insulate the inhabitants from extremes in outdoor climate. Le Corbusier, working on the plans for the United Nations Secretariat Building, proposed windowless double glass walls a few inches apart to solve this problem. The insulated antechamber I have suggested would, I feel certain, serve the same purposes with greater economy and usefulness.

On my score card, the architects get an A for their floor and apartment plans, particularly for the proportions of the living rooms—which are quite unlike the overlong and overnarrow rooms in many fashionable buildings—though there is no through ventilation, or even cross ventilation, in the majority of the



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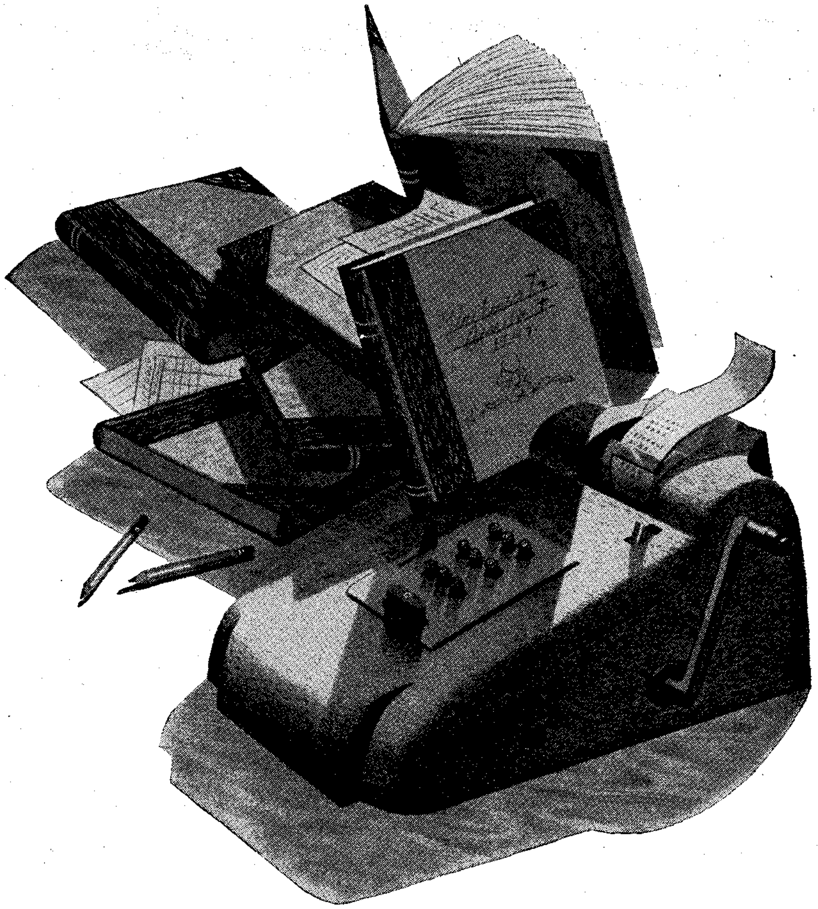
apartments. But while the details of grass plots and shade trees are graciously handled, I give only a C to the site plan, despite the provision for off-street parking, because of its failure to provide more garden space. Finally, I would bestow an F (failure) on the client for demanding so many apartments on this site that the architects could not arrive at a better plan, on a more human scale. As for orientation, as for insulation against summer heat and the roar of street traffic, Manhattan House does so little that one wonders whether the architects are aware these problems exist. If, even so, Manhattan House is considerably better than most recent buildings for the same income class, that only shows on what level our commercial operators have been working the last half-dozen years.

THERE has lately been a spate of good books on modern architecture, and I regret that I can call attention to only a few of them. "Sweden Builds," by G. E. Kidder Smith (Bonnier), is a constructive follow-up of his earlier books, "Brazil Builds" and "Switzerland Builds," and has the same solid virtues, including excellent photographs, as well as a discussion of the land policy and social outlook that have encouraged Swedish architects to do so much fine work. Alfred Roth's "The New School" (Girsberger, Zurich), with a text in English, German, and French, demonstrates how universal have been the improvements made in educational buildings. Luckily, the work of American architects like Eero Saarinen, Perkins & Will, and Kump & Falk has been on the same high plane as that of the British and Continental architects. And though the best critical summary of modern architecture is still W. C. Behrendt's "Modern Building" (Harcourt, Brace), Neville Conder's "An Introduction to Modern Architecture" (Pellegrini & Cudahy) will be useful for those who want a modest but comprehensive introduction, with well-chosen illustrations and no commitment to a single mannerism. Richard Neutra's "Mystery and Realities of the Site" is not merely a handsome presentation of some of his best work but an indication of how far the top modern architects have come from the cult of the abstractly mechanical and the anti-natural, with its disregard of site and its contempt for feeling and human fitness, which was so fashionable in the twenties. For those who are interested in the future of the American city, I am happy to recommend Clarence S. Stein's "Toward New Towns for America" (Public Ad-



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ministration Service, Chicago). Many people are aware that something is radically wrong with the grim, toplofty barracks that we are now building wholesale all over the country, but few can conceive any alternative except a rural or suburban hideout. Fortunately, Mr. Stein, onetime associate of Henry Wright and now the dean of American town planners, has summed up a lifetime of experience in planning new communities cut to a human pattern. Though this book is meant for professional planners and architects, it has something to say to any citizen who wants to know how congestion, waste, and physical disorder can be overcome in the rebuilding of our cities. Without the leadership given by Mr. Stein in the nineteen-twenties, neither the housing movement nor the planning movement would have prospered to the extent they did. Most of the principles he developed and applied have still to be understood by American planners, from Mr. Robert Moses down, so the work he has outlined remains to be carried through. But this is an exhilarating book, if only because it proves that pleasant dreams are just as cheap, efficient, and viable as any of our current nightmares, and, what is more, they have almost as good a chance of coming true. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

Also of professional caliber were the two comedians, Phil Foster and Dave Barry, but their material wasn't exactly scintillating. A Jewish Milton Berle, Foster works with a rapid-fire delivery and lots of throw-away lines.—*Bert McCord in the Herald Tribune.*

What's Barry? An Irish Pat Rooney?

•

Dear Mrs. Bruce: I am ashamed of my husband. When we are out he uses such profound language that I am enbarrassed. How can I stop this? T.R.
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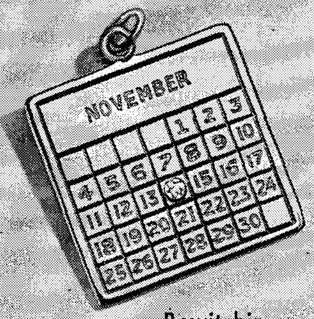

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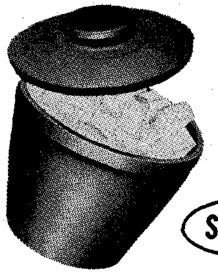

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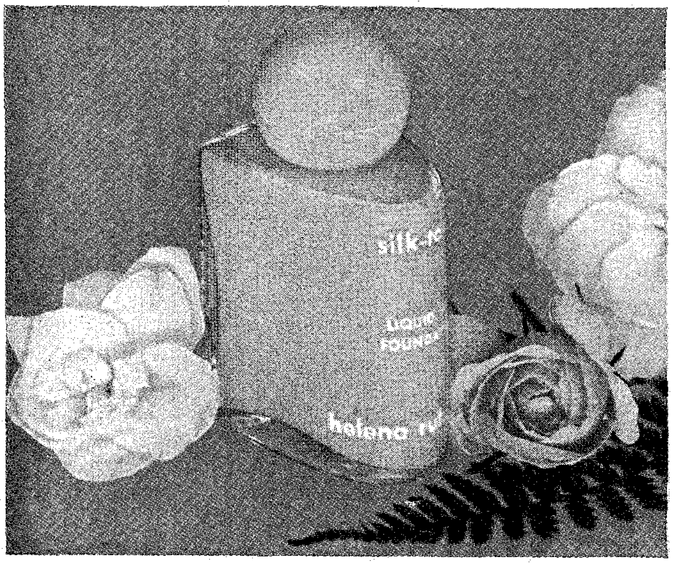

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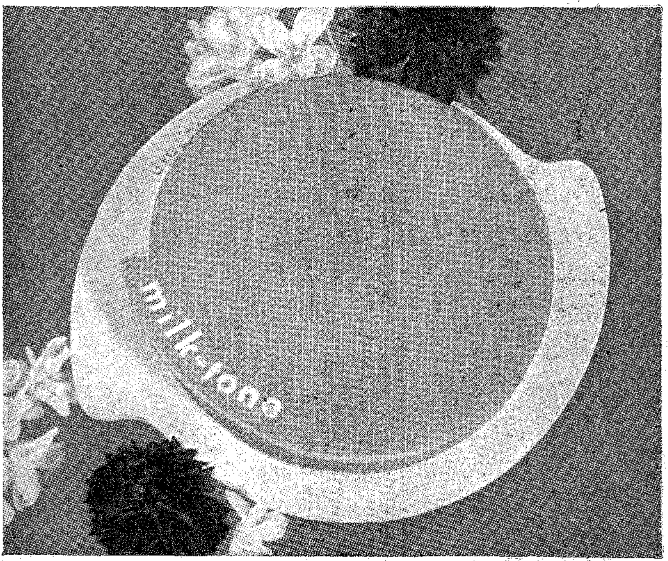

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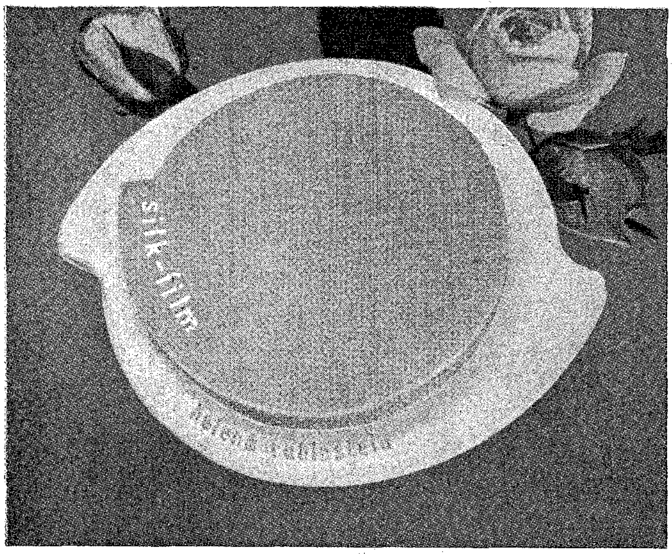

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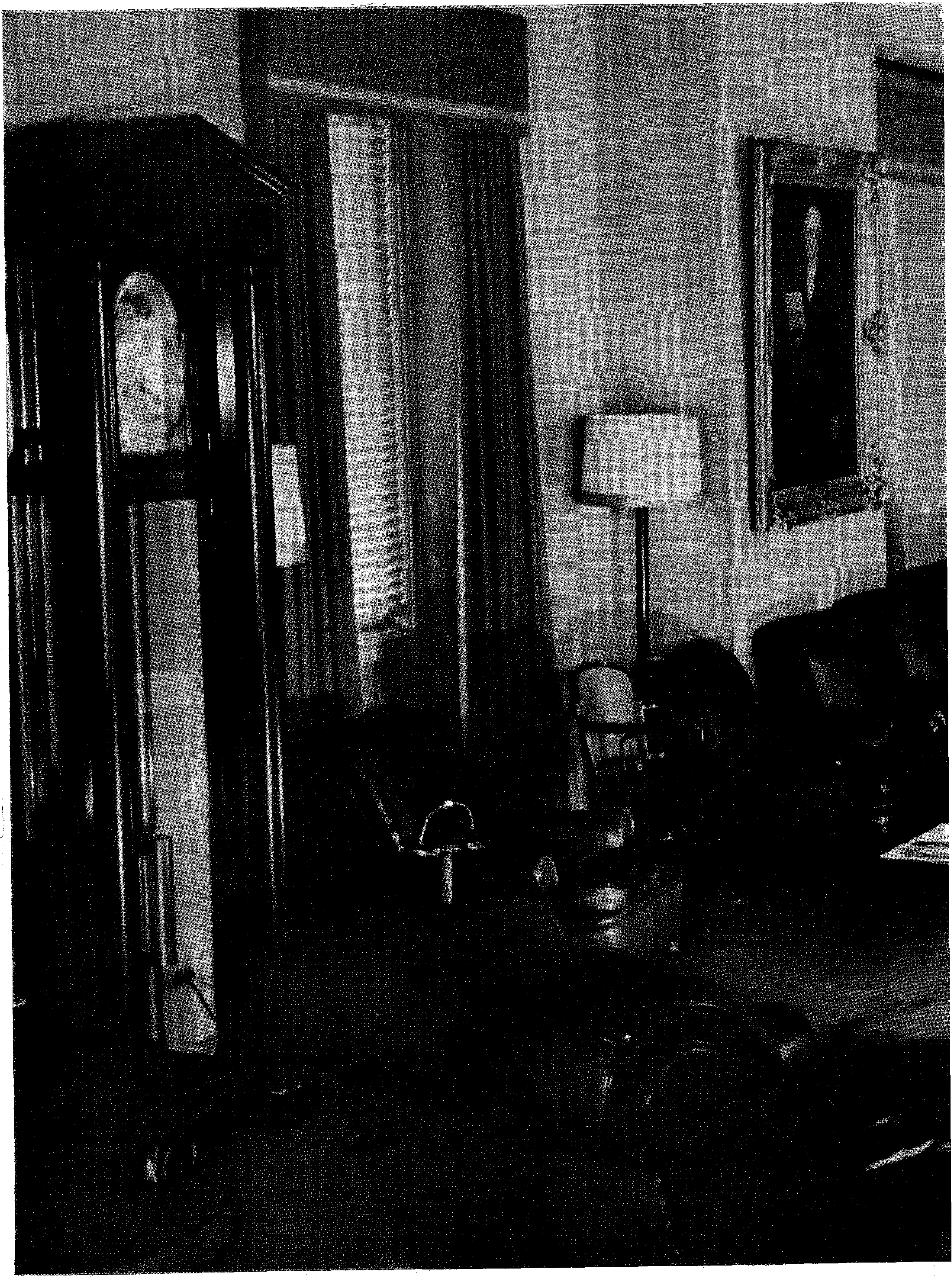

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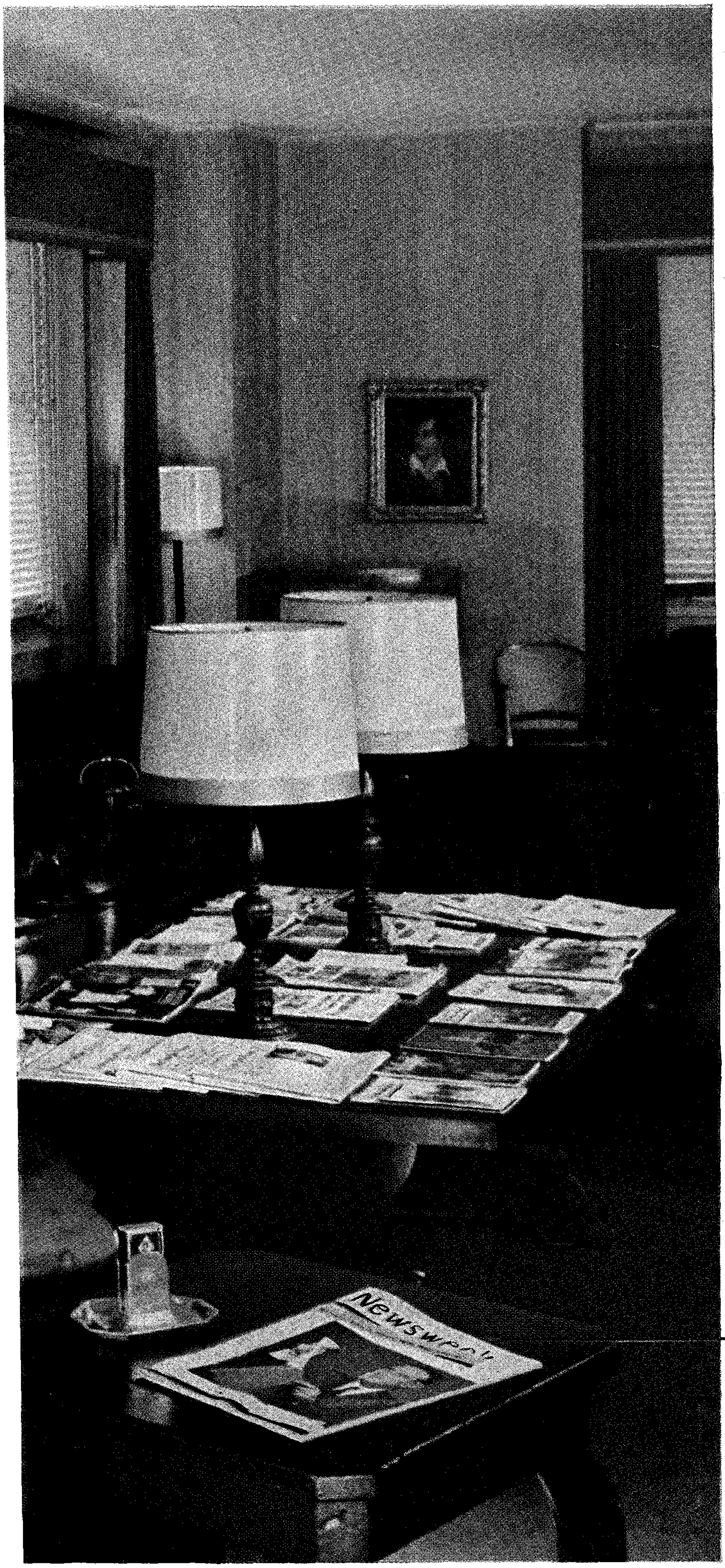

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BROKEN FIGHTER ARRIVES

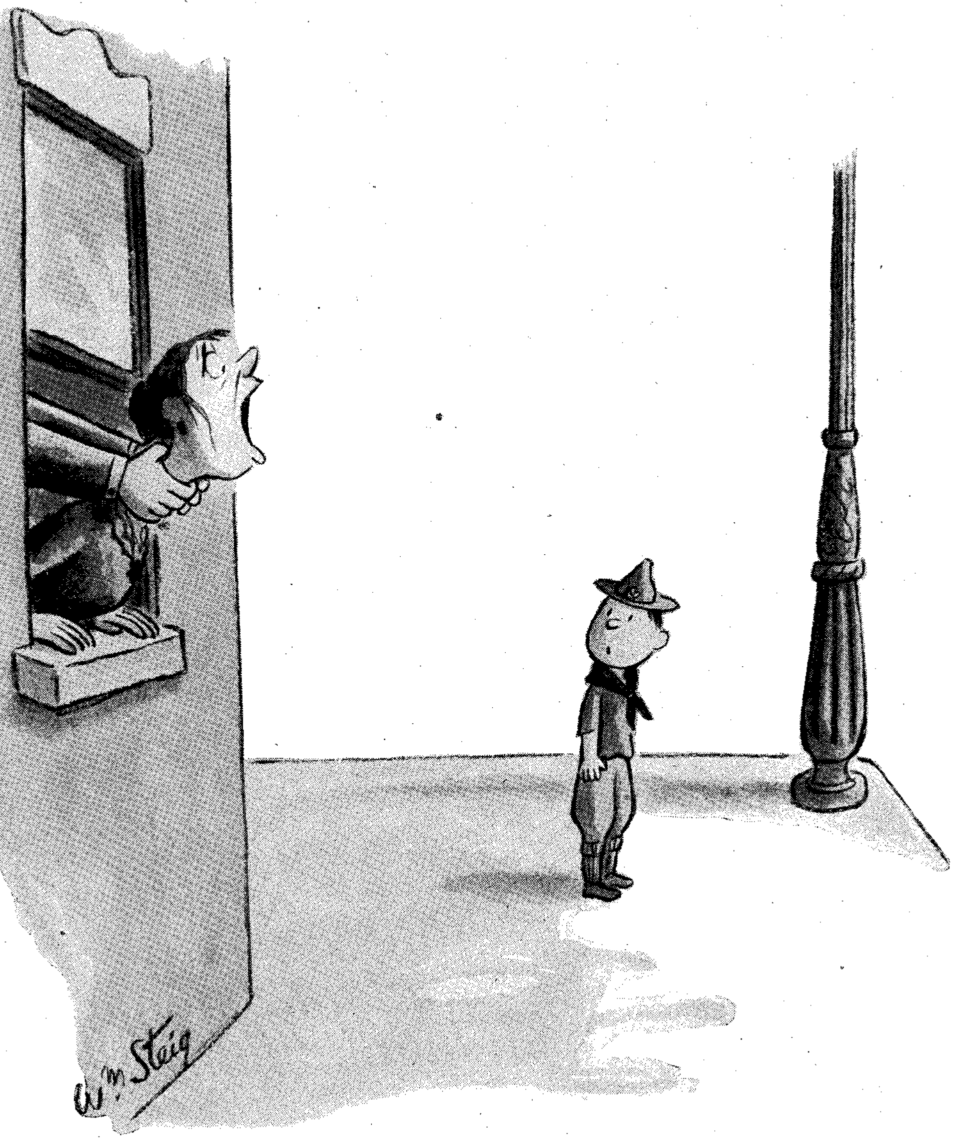
LAST June, I went to Madison Square Garden to see Joe Louis fight a man named Lee Savold, and when Louis knocked him out, I came away singularly revived—as if I, rather than Louis, had demonstrated resistance to the erosion of time. As long as Joe could get by, I felt, I had a link with an era when we were both a lot younger. Only the great champions give their fellow-citizens time to feel that way about them, because only the great ones win the title young and hold on to it. There have been three like that among the heavyweights in this century—Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, and Louis. Jeffries won the championship in 1899, when my father was a footloose young sport, and was beaten, after a period of retirement, by Jack Johnson in 1910, when Father was a solemn burgher with a wife, two children, and three twelve-story loft buildings with second mortgages on them. Dempsey beat Jess Willard in 1919, when I was in short pants. He lost the second decision to Gene Tunney in 1927 (I had believed that the first was an accident, and so I had continued to think of him as champion), and by that time I had written half a novel, spent a year at the Sorbonne, and worked on two newspapers.

Louis was the champion, in the public mind, from 1935, when he slaughtered Primo Carnera and Max Baer, until a couple of weeks ago. Technically, his span was slightly shorter, because he didn't beat Jim Braddock for the title until 1937, but everybody knew from 1935 on that he would beat Braddock whenever he got the match. And he lost the championship by a decision to Ezzard Charles in 1950, but Charles was subsequently knocked out by old Jersey Joe Walcott, whom Louis had flattened a while back. When the three were introduced from the ring before the bout between Sugar Ray Robinson and Randy Turpin last September, the crowd left no doubt that it still considered Louis the leading heavyweight.

At about that same time, I learned that Louis, who was thirty-seven, had been "made" with a new heavyweight, Rocky Marciano, who was twenty-seven and a puncher. I didn't think much about it then, but as October 26th, the date set for the fight, approached, I began to feel uneasy. Marciano, to be sure, had never had a professional fight until shortly after Louis first announced his retirement, in 1948. (Joe had subsequently, of course, recanted.) In addition, Marciano had beaten only two opponents of any note, both young heavyweights like himself, who were rated as no better than promising. He was not big for a heavyweight, and was supposed to be rather crude. What bothered me, though, about the impending affair was that Marciano was, as he still is, steered by a man I know, named Al Weill, who is one of the most realistic fellows in a milieu where illusions are few. Marciano was already a good drawing card and would continue to be as long as he was unbeaten, and Weill, I was sure, would never risk the depreciation of an asset unless he felt he had a good bet.

Weill is at present the matchmaker of the International Boxing Club, which controls boxing here in New York and in a dozen other large cities, and his son, Marty Weill, is Marciano's manager "of record," which means he signs the contracts. The younger Weill has a job-lot commission business in Dayton, Ohio, and isn't properly a boxing man at all. When the elder Weill became matchmaker, he "gave" his son the fighter, much as a lawyer, upon becoming a public official, turns over his private practice to a partner. Marciano is, in effect, a kind of family enterprise, like Rockefeller Center. As the fight date drew near, I decided to go around to the headquarters of the International, above the Iceland Skating Rink in the Madison Square Garden building, and ask the elder Weill what was doing. I could have accomplished this less formally by giving him what he calls a bang on the telephone, but I wished to compare his facial expressions with his asseverations.

THE matchmaker is of the build referred to in ready-made-clothing stores as a portly, which means not quite a stout. There is an implication of at least one kind of recklessness about a



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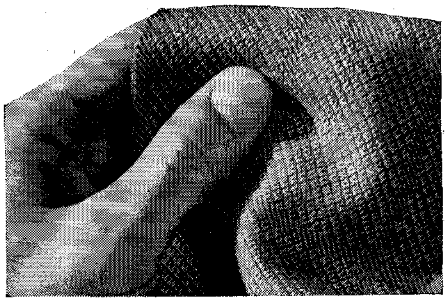
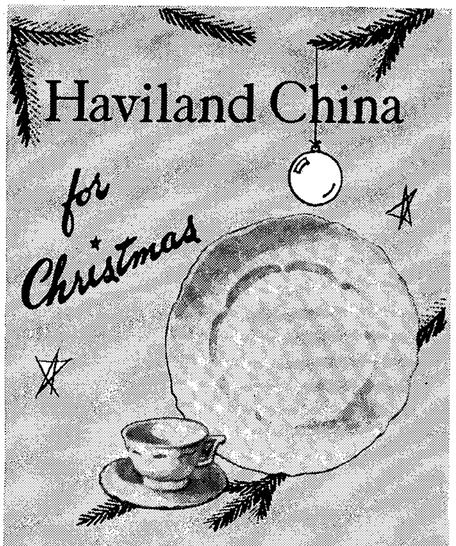


fat man; he lets himself go when he eats. A portly man, on the other hand, is a man who would like to be fat but restrains himself—a calculator. Weill has a Roman nose of the short, or budgerigar, variety, and an over-all grayish coloration that is complemented by the suits he generally wears and the cigar ashes he frequently spills on them. On his home block—Eighty-sixth Street between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive—he blends perfectly with the tired 1910 grandeur of the apartment houses; he looks like one more garment manufacturer worried by a swollen inventory. This does not stop him from knowing more about the fight business than any of the flashier types who wear long beige jackets and stay downtown after dark.

Weill is a frugal man, and he likes frugal fighters. Every kind of serious trouble a fighter can get into, he says, has its origin in the disbursement of currency—rich food, liquor, women, horse-race betting, and fast automobiles. Once a fighter starts gambling, Weill doesn't want him. "A gambler thinks he can get money without working for it," he says. Weill had a big string of fighters before the war, and used to quarter them all in a lodging house near Central Park West, where the housemaster would issue to each boy a weekly meal ticket with a face value of five dollars and fifty cents, redeemable in trade at a coffeepot on Columbus Avenue. The tickets cost Weill five dollars each, cash. A fighter could get a second ticket before the week was out, but only if he showed that the first one had been punched out to the last nickel. None of those fighters ever suffered a defeat that could be attributed to high living. Mere frugality, however, may prove a boomerang, for the fighter sometimes gets to like it. There was once an old colored heavyweight named Bob Armstrong, who, when asked his utmost ambition, said, "To wake up every morning and find a dollar under my pillow." Naturally, he never got to be champion. Weill wouldn't want a fighter like that. What he really loves is an avaricious fighter.

When I asked Weill about Marciano, he looked happy. "He is a nice boy," he said. "The dollar is his God. That is to say, he is a poor Italian boy from a large, poor family, and he appreciates the buck more than almost anybody else. Them type guys is hard to get outa there. You want to look out for them young broken fighters." By "broken fighter," Weill, who is a purist, meant a fighter who is broke. "He only got two halfway



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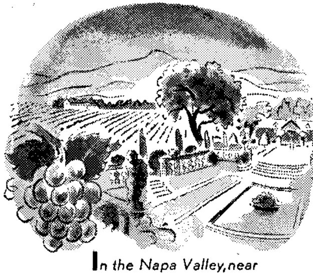

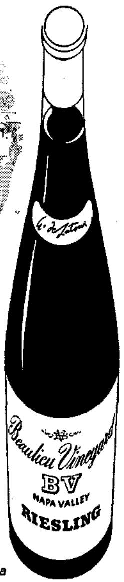

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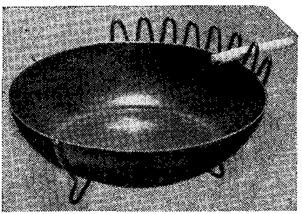

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decent purses—with LaStarza and Layne—and it was like a tiger tasting blood," Weill went on. "So you know how confident he is when he will take a fight like this for fifteen per cent of the gate. Louis gets forty-five. Why, Marciano will bring more money into the Garden than Louis. Connecticut, Rhode Island, and half of Massachusetts will be empty that night." Marciano hails from Brockton, Massachusetts.

Having considered the morale factor, which with him always comes first, Weill passed to the tactical level. He said Marciano would never be a clever boxer; he wasn't made for it, anyway, being short for a heavyweight, and wide, with short, thick arms. "But he knows what he has to do," Weill said. "Get in close enough to hit and then keep on hitting. And he don't come walking in straight, like Savold. Anybody would look good punching a punching bag that comes straight to you. This kid will fight out of a crouch. How I got him"—he changed the subject abruptly—"is three years ago a fellow I know used to promote around Boston wrote me there was a hell of an amateur he would like me to take. So I sent up the carfare for them to come down. They come, and we took Rocky to the C.Y.O. gym and put him in with a young heavyweight from Staten Island, a big blond guy belonged to a friend of mine. We had to stop him or he'd killed that Staten Island guy. I seen right then Rocky had the beginning of it. So I sent him up to Manny Almeida, a friend of mine promotes in Providence, which is near where he is out of Brockton, but Brockton is too small to have fights. And I asked Manny to put him in with the same kind he was, but no setups. Because you got a guy knocking over setups, you don't know what you got. He come along good. When I come over here, I give him to Marty. Who should I give him to if not my own flesh and blood?"

A DAY or two after my talk with Weill, I went out to Louis's training quarters at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, and it was like going back to the first administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. There is about all Louis's habits a majestic continuity, as there is about his style in the ring, which is basically classical. His style has diminished in speed of execution but has never varied in concept. Pompton was his lucky camp; he trained there for his first New York fight, against Carnera, in 1935, when he was twenty-one, and he trained there for all his succeeding

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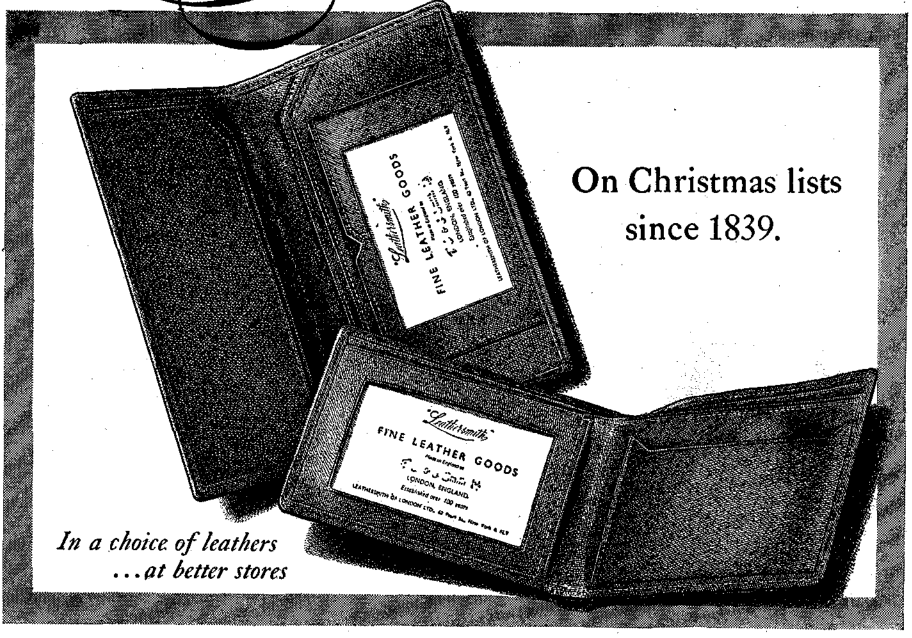

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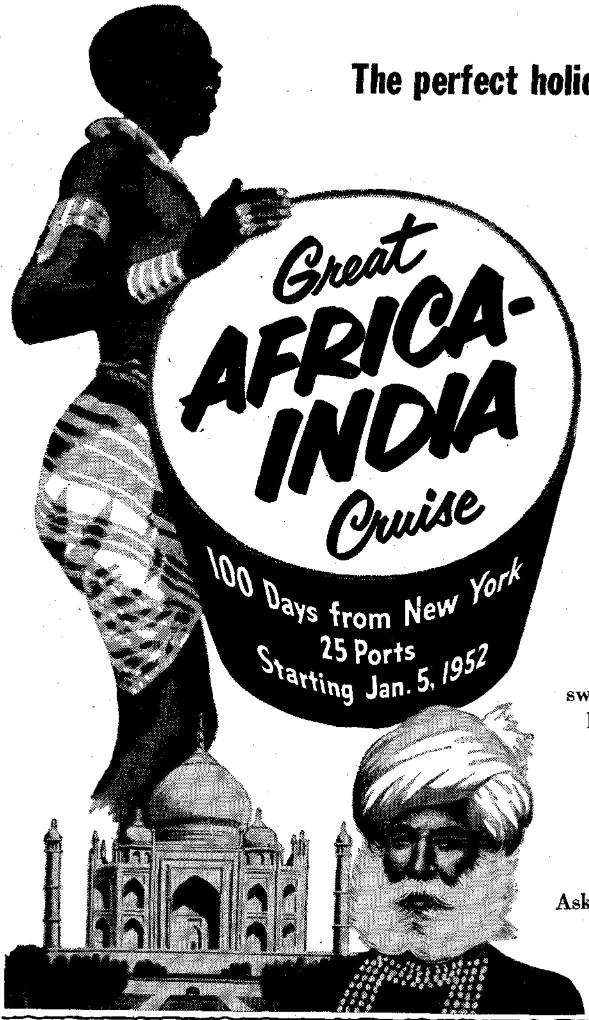

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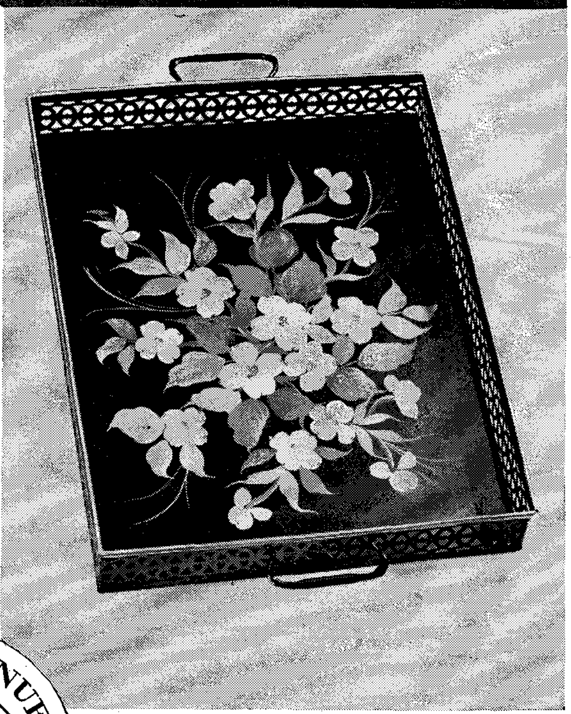

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fights but four—"way more than twenty," he told me when I talked with him later that day. I hadn't been out there since the summer of 1938, when Louis was preparing for his return fight with Max Schmeling, the only man who had up to that time knocked him out. (That return fight was his happiest victory; he destroyed the German in less than a round.) Incidentally, Louis has knocked out six men who at one time or another held the heavyweight championship—Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock, and Walcott—a record possible because the championship changed hands so often in the short period between 1930 and 1937, leaving so many mediocre ex-champions simultaneously extant.

The camp, like Louis himself, was essentially the same but much older-looking. Part of the difference, I suppose, was due to the fact that the Schmeling fight had been in the summer, and now the leaves were turning on the sides of the Ramapos, and the air was chill. But that wasn't all of it. Before the war, the camp was operated by a bright and energetic couple named Dr. and Mrs. Bier, who had ambitions about turning it into a health farm for millionaires. On days when Louis was to spar, the grounds were always packed with charabancs from Harlem bringing people to see him work. The money pouring in at the gate, at a dollar a head, made training actually a profitable activity, and the hot-dog concession alone—there was also a bar—brought in enough to pay the sparring partners. The place has since been bought by a man by the name of Baumgartner, and there is no longer a bar, or even a hot dog, on the premises, although I heard that Coca-Cola can be bought on Sundays. The day I was there, there were perhaps a dozen automobiles on the grounds when sparring was scheduled to begin, and no more than twenty-five paying customers, at

sixty cents a head, despite the fact that the fight was only a week off. And, except for me, the press was represented only by Colonel John R. Stingo, who writes a column called "Yea Verily" for the New York *Enquirer*, a newspaper always dated Monday but published only on Sunday afternoon. Colonel Stingo is a small, agile man who helped cover the Corbett-Sullivan fight for the New Orleans *Item* in 1892. A Boston newspaperman named Gilhooley had ridden out with us from New York in a car hired by the International Boxing Club, but had gone on to Marciano's training camp at Greenwood Lake, New York, seventeen miles farther along. The car was to wait there for him, and then pick us up after the workouts were over.

One of the first things I saw on getting out of the car was a familiar sweatered figure sprawled in a lawn chair in front of the red frame building that in livelier days housed the bar. It was Mannie Seamon, Louis's trainer, a white man who stepped into the job after the death of Jack Blackburn, the old colored fighter who formed Louis's style. Seamon is more of a conditioner than a boxing coach—a jovial, rosy-cheeked man who sometimes discourses learnedly on "bone juice" and keeping the air out of his charges' bones. He hadn't changed at all in the intervening years, I noted enviously, but I winced when I thought of how many thousand medicine balls he must have thrown at Louis's and other fighters' stomachs since 1938. All the sparring partners of thirteen years ago were gone—working on the docks, most of them, Seamon said—and so were Louis's managers then, John Roxborough and Julian Black, the two colored sporting men who brought Joe out of the Middle West, and Mike Jacobs, the quondam ticket scalper who once controlled boxing through his control of that great new favorite, Louis. Jacobs lives in Florida now, an invalid.

"Joe's looking the best he has in four years," Mannie said. (It was in 1947, in his first match against Walcott, that Louis first showed he was slipping badly.) We talked awhile about fellows we had known in the thirties, and I asked Mannie if the terrible monotony of training wasn't beginning to tell on Louis. Joe made his pro début in 1934, and he had boxed amateur before that, and the Army meant no letup, for his duty there consisted of boxing exhibitions for other soldiers. So he had been at it for nearly twenty years—light bag, heavy bag, pushups, belly bends, roadwork, and shadowboxing. It is hard to stay

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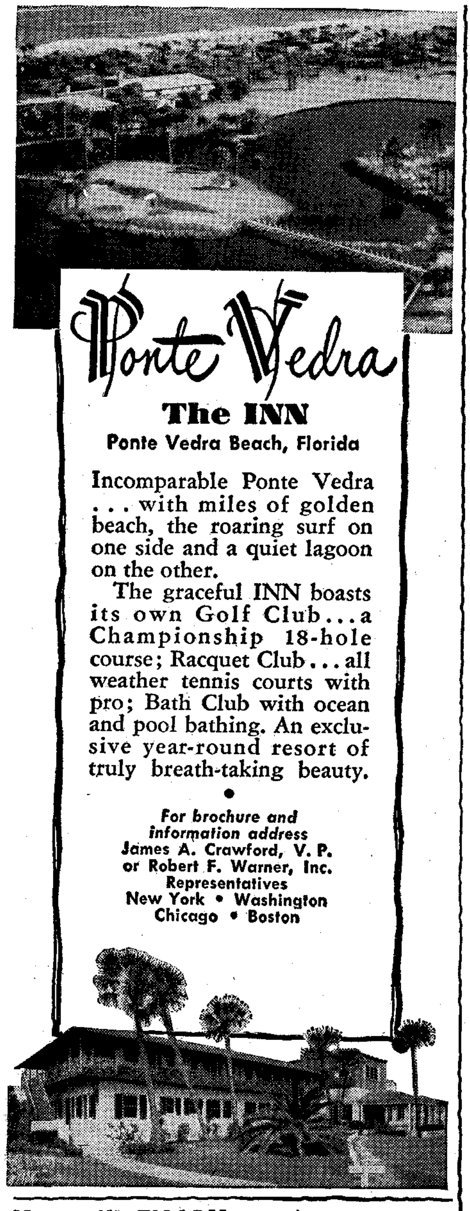

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"We keep his mind off it as much as we can," Seamon said. "We got a rule here, we never talk fight. Anything but that. We listen to phonograph records, or we play cards, or handicap horses. I tell him funny stories, and the best is different people come in and talk to him."

Seamon walked over to the gymnasium to get the fighter ready for his sparring exhibition, and after a while Colonel Stingo and I followed him. When we got to the dressing room, Louis was sitting on the rubbing table while Seamon prepared his hands—bandages, gauze, and flat sponge-rubber pads over the knuckles, and then adhesive tape to hold the structure in place. Seamon said, "Joe, this is Colonel Stingo. He is seventy-eight years old and he wants to work a couple of rounds with you." Louis looked down at the Colonel and couldn't at the moment think of anything to say except "Glad to meet you." I reminded Louis that he and I had last met in Frisco's, a drinking club on Sackville Street, in London, during the war, and he said, "That man once charged me sixteen dollars for a pint of gin." With us in the dressing room was a slender colored man named Reed, a friend of Louis's who had evidently been a patron of Frisco's at the same time, and he joined in the conversation to say he had once paid a cabby three pounds and six shillings to drive him to Frisco's from a few streets away. " 'Three-and-six,' the man said," Reed recalled. "So I gave him three *pounds* and six shillings, and then I reached in my pocket and all I had left was a ten-shilling note, so I gave it to him for a tip. I didn't know if it was enough. That was my first time on leave in London." Louis began to laugh. "That was a pretty good tip," he said. "Two dollars for a seventy-cent ride that you already paid him nearly fifteen bucks for."

Louis, Reed, and I began telling stories about prices we had paid in London, straining the elastic of credulity with each tale—a kind of auction. Louis stuck closest to plausibility; Reed and I were just trying to be funny. Fruit had been fantastically dear in London by American standards, and Louis said he had once paid thirty shillings for a pound of hothouse grapes, as a present for an English family he knew. "Then I saw just a small apple there for six shillings," he said. "So I bought that, and bit into it outside the store. Man, it was sour! I give the rest of it to an old dog that come along, and he took one bite and took off." Louis also told about going up on a roof to watch an air raid his first night in London. "The tracers was the most beautiful thing I ever saw," he said.

By the time Seamon had finished with his hands, Louis was in high good humor. "I'm sorry we got no boxing shoes to fit you, Colonel," he said to Stingo just before he went into the gymnasium. "So I guess I won't be able to work with you today. You worked with me wearing those shoes, you might step all over my feet and disable me."

There was nothing showy about the workout. Two of Louis's three partners were light heavyweights, much smaller than the old champion, and they worked fast, to speed up his reflexes. He didn't punch hard at either, since the idea wasn't to discourage them. One of them, a brown boy from Bermuda, hit Louis pretty freely, but it was reasonable to suppose the Bermudian was a lot faster than Marciano could possibly be. That's the point of working with a light, fast man. The only partner on hand of the big, rough type that used to staff Louis's camps was a heavyweight named Elkins Brothers, whom I had seen fight in the semifinal on the Robinson-Turpin card. Brothers, a squat, powerful fellow, played the part of Marciano when he sparred with Louis. He came in crouching, and threw overhand rights at Louis's jaw. The overhand right, thrown in a rising arc like an artillery shell, was supposed to be Marciano's best punch. Louis kept jabbing at Brothers' head, trying to hit him just as the right started coming and keep him off balance. When he succeeded, he stepped in with a right uppercut. It was a pattern of battle, but neither man pressed it to its ultimate implication. They were methodical rather than fierce. Louis's body looked good—leaner, if anything, than it had in 1938—and the jab was as sweet as ever.

Stingo and I were sitting out on the lawn after the workout, waiting for the car from Greenwood Lake to pick us up, when Louis came along, on his way from the gym to his living quarters. He looked younger with his snap-brim hat on. It hid the bald spot. And in street clothes, after all, a superbly conditioned man of thirty-seven is still young. It's when he gets into a ring that age comes on him. Louis hovered over us for a while, but none of us could think of much to say. It was no use asking him how he felt, or whether he thought he could win this one, because clearly he was as good as anybody could get him now, and he had never had a match in his life that he didn't think he was going to win, and sixty-nine times out of seventy-one he had been right. So why would he change his mind this time?

Louis gave a small shiver and said, "Well, I guess I better go in, or I might get a chill." We shook hands all around, and he went along to play cards with the sparring partners who belonged to a younger generation.

THE camp at Greenwood Lake, which I visited three days before the fight, was more lively. Marciano looked like the understander in the nine-man pyramid of a troupe of Arab acrobats. He is bull-necked and wide-shouldered, and even when he was merely walking around in the ring, he kept rippling the muscles of his arms and back, as if afraid that if he let them set, they would tie up. He looks as if he should be muscle-bound, but he isn't. He worked with a big, rangy young heavyweight named Jimmy DeLange, who had the Louis role, and they fought as if they wanted to transcend the limitations of the leather head guards and the huge sparring gloves and knock each other out. Marciano moved around briskly on his stubby legs and threw punches well, especially to the body, but DeLange had no trouble reaching his head with left jabs, and the sparmate's right uppercuts to the body came off well in close. Marciano was working in a head guard that was a cross between a gladiatorial helmet and race-horse blinkers, with long leather wings at the sides of his eyes. He wouldn't have that, at any rate, when he fought Louis, I told myself. He finished the third, and last, round with a big burst of punching.

During the workout, I sat alongside the ancient featherweight champion Abe Attell, and after it was over and the trainers had pulled Marciano's gloves off, Abe called up to the fighter, "Take it easy, Rocky! He's only a sparring partner!" The fighter held up three

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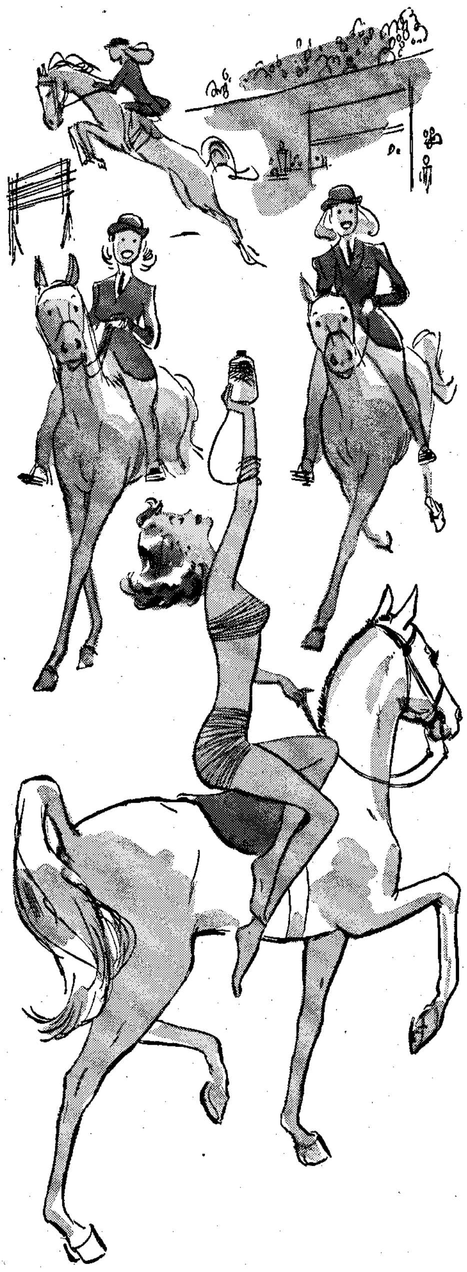

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fingers and called back apologetically, "Only tree days!"—signifying that, with but three days to go, he was in too good shape to restrain himself.

"I had five hundred on him," Attell said to me. "And after what I seen today I'm making it a thousand." Attell, who was himself one of the greatest of boxers, is a knowing man about fights, but he is famous for having an intricate mind. I consoled myself with the thought that he might, in fact, be betting on Louis and speaking favorably of Marciano only to get the odds up.

"Louis is all through," Attell went on, with what I considered a deplorable lack of sentiment in an old champion who had himself felt the sharp tooth of time. But Attell, who looks at you with cold eyes around his huge beak that is like a toucan's with a twisted septum, is not a sentimental man. "If they get a referee who don't let Louis hang on, the kid will knock him out," he said. He then put a handful of BB shot in his mouth and started to pick his teeth. He uses bamboo toothpicks, which he has tailored for him at a novelty shop on Broadway. From time to time, by means of his toothpick, he propels the pellets, *one by one, through* gaps between his teeth, hitting with perfect accuracy any object up to ten feet away. A nightclub hostess with a plunging neckline is his favorite target, but a busy bartender in a dimly lighted joint will keep him almost equally happy. *En villégiature*, however, he will take targets of opportunity, like the back of a stranger's neck. "I got hit with an automobile a couple years ago and got three new choppers on the right side, with no holes between them," he told me. "So now I developed a curve out the left."

Leaving the unfeeling Mr. Attell, I went over to wait outside the dressing room for Charlie Goldman, Marciano's trainer, an old bantamweight who has coached Weill's fighters for years. Goldman is a fine pedagogue, because of his way of bringing out his pupil's qualities instead of trying to change them. "The great thing about this kid is he's got leverage," he told me when he came out of the dressing room. "He takes a good punch and he's got the equalizers. He had leverage from the start, and when you teach a fellow like that, you have to go slow, because you might change the way he stands or the way he moves, and, by so doing, spoil his hitting. Everything new you show him, you have to ask him, 'Does it feel natural?' 'Can you hit from there?' So naturally he'll never be a flashy boxer. But he's in the improving

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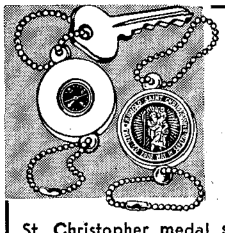

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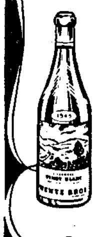

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Goldman is a soft-spoken, merry little man with a large head, buffed to a plane surface in front, and a pair of hands that look as if they had been trampled on. "Looka the bum, how many times he broke his hands!" Attell says loftily. His own magnificent fists carried him through three hundred and sixty-five fights with only one break. Goldman's more friable maulies prevented him from knocking out many of the four hundred opponents he fought, but they made him a thoughtful kind of boxer.

"Most fighters at twenty-seven have been boxing eight, nine years, and they are as good as they ever will be," Goldman told me. "But Rocky has only had about the equivalent of one year's experience. So he's still learning. Every time we made a fight for him up in New England, we would bring him down to New York for a week and get him a room at the C.Y.O., and then he would work out four or five afternoons at Stillman's," he said. "But he didn't do as much boxing in the three years as one of the boys who's at Stillman's every day would do in a year. So he's just beginning to come along. He'll knock them all out."

WHEN I entered Madison Square Garden on the night of the fight, I couldn't help hoping that Marciano was still too far away to demolish Louis. His day was bound to come anyway, if Goldman was right, and I wanted to see Louis get by once more. My seat was about where I had sat when I watched Louis beat Savold, a fight that put him back into a position to challenge for the championship. I was sitting well forward in the mezzanine on the Forty-ninth Street side, midway between the east and west ends of the ring, at a point where I could watch crowd as well as fighters. I got there in time to see the end of the semifinal. The loser, a boxer named Jimmy Gambino, was arrested later that night on a charge of selling narcotics. He had fought in a pre-occupied manner.

Then there were the usual introductions from the ring of white and colored men in knee-length jackets with flaring shoulders—rough, tough Paddy DeMarco, Philadelphia's undefeated Gil Turner, Sugar Ray Robinson, former heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles, and, finally, Jersey Joe Walcott, the reigning champion, as old as Louis by his own statement, several years older

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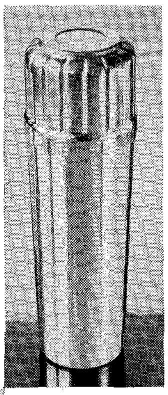

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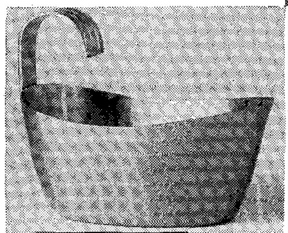

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by popular report. ("I'm not old," he told a sportswriter in 1947. "I'm just ugly.") The names of the judges and referee were announced: Joe Agnello, Harold Barnes, Ruby Goldstein—no surprises. And then the two factions were in the ring—Louis's in the northwest corner, Marciano's in the southeast. Mannie Seamon and a couple of fellows I didn't know were with Louis; Goldman and Marty Weill were with Marciano, together with a fellow New Englander named Al Columbo. Weill, a thin, pale young man with rumpled hair, seemed more awed than his fighter. Marciano was bouncing on his thick legs and punching the air to warm up. A tall, ash-blond woman near me was saying, "I hate him! I hate him! I think he's the most horrible thing I've ever seen." This struck me as being hard on Rocky; he didn't look particularly repulsive. Husky as he was, he looked slight compared to Louis, who was three inches taller and, according to the announced weights, twenty-five pounds heavier. When the fighters were introduced, it was evident that if Connecticut, Rhode Island, and half of Massachusetts were not completely empty, their populations were at least substantially depleted for the evening. The Marciano supporters were cheering him as if he were a high-school football team. But Louis got an even bigger welcome.

And then, as the immortal historian of the British ring, Pierce Egan, wrote of the third fight between Dan Mendoza and Dick Humphries, in 1789, "The awful set-to at length commenced—when every eye beamed with anxiety—the moment was interesting and attractive, and each party was lost in suspense." I had a pair of pocket binoculars, 6×15s, and I kept them trained on Louis for the first half minute. His face was impassive, as usual, but his actions showed that he wasn't taking the strong boy lightly. Instead of moving relentlessly forward, as in his great days, he seemed to be waiting to see what he was up against. In the first clinches, it was he who shifted Marciano, and not the other way about; Louis was stronger than the strong boy—at the beginning, anyway. He could outbox him at a distance, and if he could continue to smother him in close, I thought he would get by. Up to the last five seconds of the round, I noted, glancing at the ringside clock, neither of them had done anything remarkable, and that was all right with me. I had had a feeling that Marciano might rush out of his corner throwing punches and

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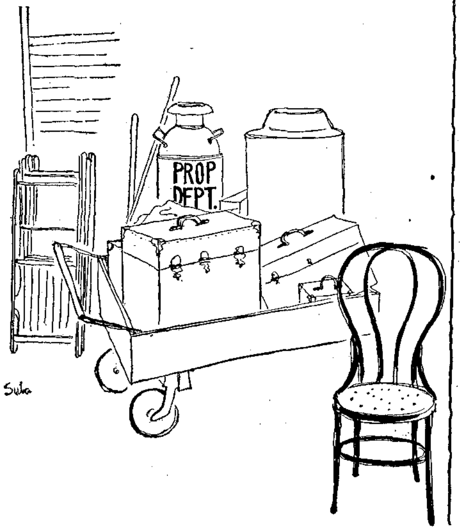
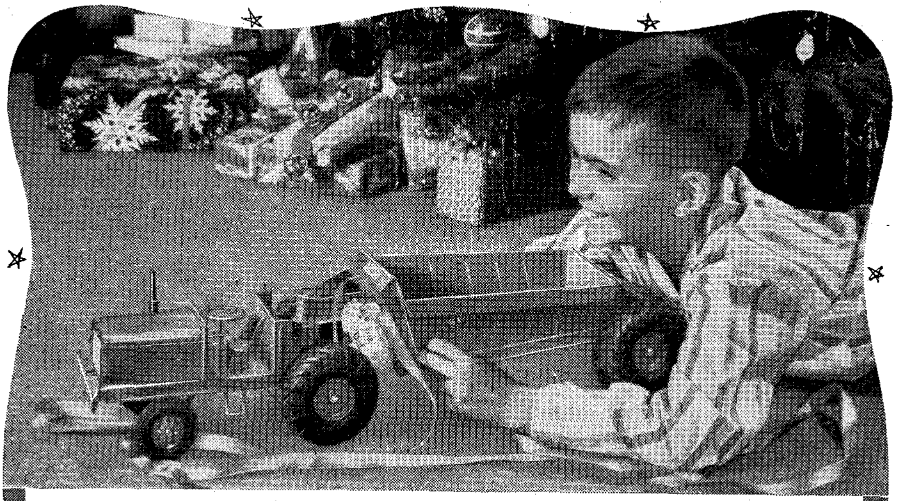
try to take Louis by storm. Then Marciano threw one of those rights, and it landed, it seemed to me, just under Louis's left ear. Louis had dropped his left shoulder after jabbing—an old fault, which brought about most of the bad moments of his career. This was the kind of punch that addles a man's brains, and if it had happened thirty seconds earlier and Marciano had pressed his advantage, he might have knocked Louis out in the first round.

I think that punch was the one that made Joe feel old. Between the rounds, I could see Seamon pressing an ice bag against the back of Louis's neck, and when I turned my binoculars on Charlie Goldman's face, he was grinning. Louis was apparently clearheaded when he came out for the second, but he didn't do much. I thought he won the next three rounds, jabbing Marciano's face and jolting him with rights in close. But the rights didn't sicken Marciano, as they had sickened Louis's opponents from 1935 to 1940; he reacted as if he were being hit by just an ordinary fighter. Marciano was missing almost all his own swings, and Goldman, between the rounds, was looking very serious as he talked to his pupil. Also, he was working on Rocky's brows with cotton-tipped toothpicks that had been steeped in some astringent solution. The jabs had cut. But Rocky came out for each new round very gay, as Egan would say, and went across to Louis as if to ask for a light.

When the fifth round ended, marking the halfway point of the fight, I felt that it would be a long way home but that Louis would make it. He had hardly used his left hook, which was now his best punch. Critics had been saying for years that his right had lost its authority, but the hook had existed in all its pristine glory as recently as the Savold bout, and he had had it in the training camp when





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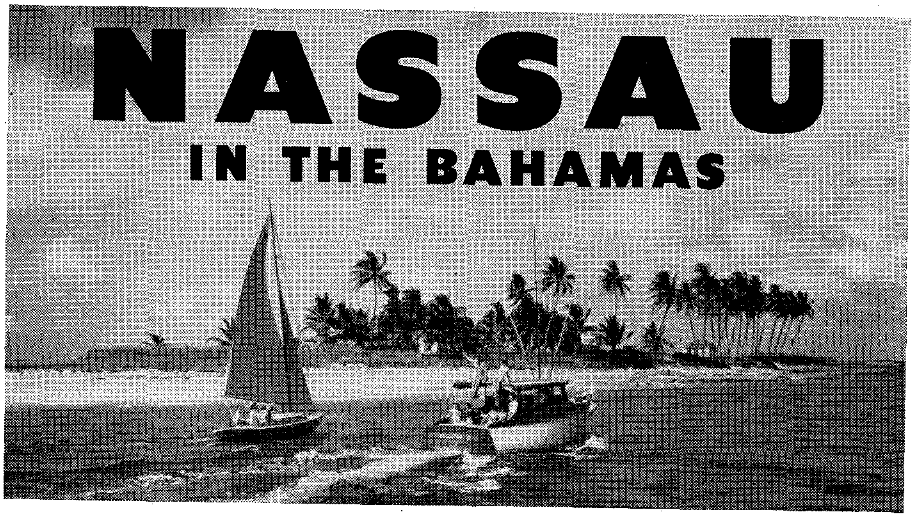

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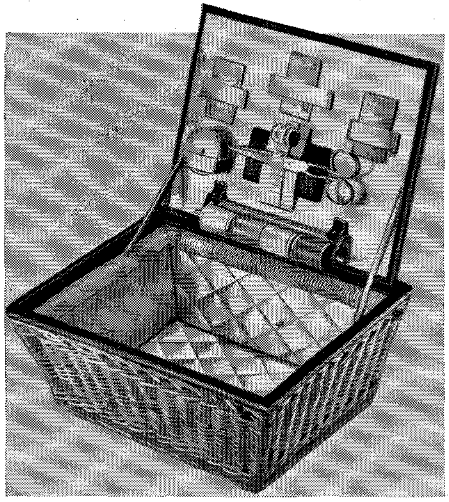

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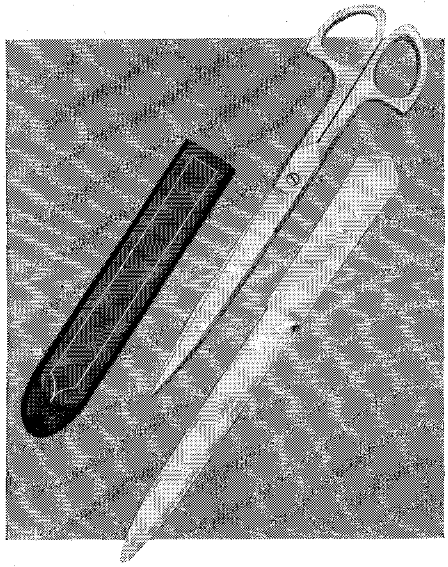

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I was watching him. ("It would take a Goliath to withstand a couple of those," old Colonel Stingo had said solemnly.) The way I figured it, Louis was being so careful about that crazy Marciano right that he was afraid to pull his own left back to hook. He would just jab and drop his forearm onto Rocky's right biceps, so he couldn't counter. Sooner or later, Joe would throw the hook, I thought, and that would end the fight. It looked like a fight between two men with one good hand apiece.

In the sixth, things started to go sour. It wasn't *that* Marciano grew better or stronger; it was that Louis seemed to get slower and weaker. The spring was gone from his legs—and it had been only a slight spring in the beginning—and in the clinches Marciano was shoving him around. A man can be as strong for tugging and hauling at thirty-seven, or for that matter at forty-seven, as he was in his twenties, but he can't keep on starting and stopping for as many minutes. And even grazing blows begin to hurt after a while. Near the end of the round, Marciano hit Louis another solid one.

The seventh was bad for Louis. Marciano didn't catch him with one big punch, but he was battering at his body and arms, and shoving him around, and Joe didn't seem to be able to do anything about it. Then, toward the end of the round, he threw the hook. It was beautiful. It hit Marciano flush on the right side of the jaw, but it didn't seem to faze him a bit. I knew then that Joe was beaten, but I thought that it might be only a decision. Three rounds don't seem forever, especially when you're just watching.

Then, in the eighth round, as you probably read in the daily press, Marciano, the right-hand specialist, knocked Louis down with a left hook that Goldman had not previously publicized. When Louis got up, Marciano hit him with two more left hooks, which set him up for the right and the pitiful finish.

Right after Marciano knocked Louis down the first time, Sugar Ray Robinson started working his way toward the ring, as if drawn by some horrid fascination, and by the time Rocky threw the final right, Robinson's hand was on the lowest rope of the ring, as if he meant to jump in. The punch knocked Joe through the ropes and he lay on the ring apron, only one leg inside.

The tall blonde was bawling, and pretty soon she began to boo. The fellow who had brought her was horrified. "Rocky didn't do anything wrong," he

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said. "He didn't foul him. What you booing?"

The blonde said, "You're so cold. I hate you, too."

LAST week, I stopped by the offices of the International Boxing Club to ask Al Weill how he felt about things now. "What did I tell you?" he said. "You want to look out for them broken fighters. The way things look now, the kid could make a fortune of money."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

D DAY

Last night we defrosted the deep freeze,
And, like a pair of Jack Horners,
Neglected things, dejected things
We pulled from crannies and corners:
Three trout I caught on the Batten Kill
Two years ago in May,
Along with the duck I shot, with luck,
On Merrymeeting Bay;
Two cartons of asparagus
(The year we had such a run of it).
How could we forget the crêpe Suzette
We froze one night for the fun of it?
The last of the steer we bought in the
war
(Tougher than all creation);
Dark-brown sludge that was labelled
"Fudge"
(By Alice in Easter vacation).

Last night we defrosted the deep freeze.
I wouldn't have held it a dream
If, wedged in tight, we had found Snow
White,
Surrounded by chocolate ice cream.

—FRANCIS W. HATCH

•

Asked for a biography, Mary Fitt says:

"It is, I think, the writer of fiction who is of interest to the public, not the person of whom the writer is a part. Therefore I do not propose to give details of where I was born, where educated, and so forth. In my character as Author, I was born some years later than Myself, in that part of the world which lies between classical Greece and Elizabethan England.

"In the present, the Author and I have identical interests. We live in the country, in what a friend recently described as 'your Italian-blue house.' It is not Italian, but it is blue—sky-blue. Our hobbies are—our hobby is—people, their pleasant or queer or sinister possibilities; for we have noticed that Character really is Destiny.

"Such a hobby involves travelling; so we travel, but not as Author: people see authors coming and they 'talk script;' we like to see and hear them as they are off the set..."—*Biographical note on the jacket of a Penguin book.*

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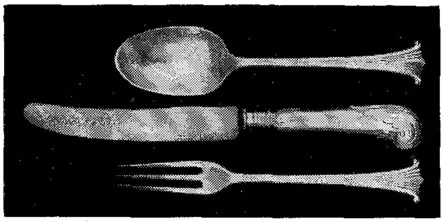

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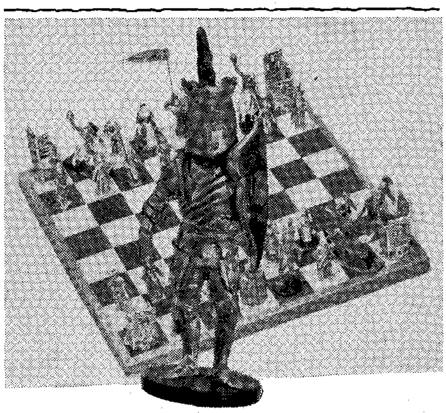

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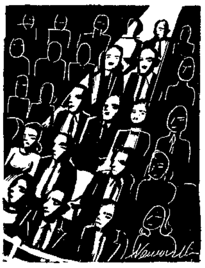

THERE is nothing small about the current version of "Quo Vadis." As you may know, the story has to do with the attempts of Nero to make the Apostles Peter and Paul look like mountebanks before the Roman populace and to stymie a love affair between a Roman commander and a Christian lass from Lygia. As presented here, the interplay of these characters is hardly enough to animate a FitzPatrick travelogue, but their elementary struggles are enveloped in such a gigantic Technicolor bubble that the picture can hardly be dismissed with a word. After all, statistics have been circulated to prove that Sam Zimbalist, the producer, and Mervyn LeRoy, the director, spent, exhausted, or dribbled away the amount of seven million dollars to make the thing. Furthermore, the research behind it went on for twelve years, and the number of actors hired adds up to better than thirty thousand, some of them visible in the finished product. If I have not staggered you by these figures, let me go on to say that thirty-two thousand costumes are worn, a lot of them by Robert Taylor, who plays the commander. But let us not loiter over discussing the human beings in this large and overstuffed Italian-American sausage. We have here an exercise in animal husbandry that is practically beyond compare. Of lions, admittedly under mild sedation, there are, we are told, sixty-three; of fighting bulls from Portugal, seven; of horses, four hundred and fifty; of cheetahs, two; of doves, eighty-five; of hogs, ten; and of oxen, five teams. As a pigeon fancier, I must point out that I saw only five doves in the whole production, but it is likely that some of the birds became discouraged waiting around for a call and took up another line of work. Just to make the wonderment more enthralling, the Messrs. Zimbalist and LeRoy threw in about fifty pounds of soup bones to represent the remains of an undetermined number of Christians eaten up by the sixty-three lions.

Since it is impossible for one screen to encompass as much of anything as Mr. LeRoy apparently would like, most of this spectacle becomes a colorful blur, like a vaseful of jellybeans. As for the persuasiveness of the piece, I can only quote the remark of the lady who accompanied me to it. "Our Vestal dramas at school were a lot more Roman than that," she said. The performance that most distressed this authority on the classics was that of Mr. Taylor. For my part, I thought no more highly of those around him. They include Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov—whose Nero, by the way, will probably move Orson Welles to new competitive prodigies—and Buddy Baer. The last chokes a bull to show that he loves the Lord.

"DETECTIVE STORY," adapted from the Sidney Kingsley play, entertained me just as much on the screen as it did on the stage, which is to say a great deal. It is Mr. Kingsley's notion that a precinct stationhouse is so full of smoldering romance, furious drama, and endless excitement that most of the patrolmen on duty might well sacrifice their pensions to get a little peace and quiet. He has put together such a slam-bang melodrama, though, that it is unkind indeed to complain that his concept of a police station is as remote from reality as "The Front Page" was from the average city room. One of the advantages of "Detective Story" is that half the time you can be amused by the author's brashness in introducing everything but bloodhounds into his plot to keep it moving along and the rest of the time you can be diverted by some first-rate salty dialogue.

Mr. Kingsley has invested his creation with all kinds of strange trappings, ranging from a caricature of a man who kills babies (he'd be an abortionist, as he was in the play, if the movies' Production Code didn't consider the occupation unrefined) to a detective who hates his crooked father so much that he has worked up an impossibly rigid system of moral values. When our Sherlock discovers that his wife's past includes a carnal romp with a gangster, all hell, of course, breaks loose. Among Mr. Kingsley's other preoccupations is a young lad who embezzles four hundred dollars to take his girl, a Caucasian, to the Stork Club and winds up in love with her sister; a kindly detective mourning a son killed in the war; a pair of wonderful burglars, long past any kind of redemption; and a newspaper reporter as understanding as Dorothy Dix. The cast of "Detective Story" is led by Kirk Douglas, who was never before so convincing, and Eleanor Parker, of whom the same can be said.

Among the others, all estimable in my book, are William Bendix, Joseph Wiseman, Lee Grant, and Horace McMahon.

GRAHAM GREENE, the philosopher with the penny-dreadful approach to his work, is responsible (with Terence Rattigan) for the script of "Young Scarface." Even apart from an attempt to capitalize titularly on Howard Hughes' saga of Al Capone, this English film labors under many, many handicaps, not the least of which is the mumbling cant that a number of the characters employ in lieu of English. The hero is an egregious and murderous adolescent; his girl, whom he marries to prevent her from testifying to his crimes, has the mental capacity of a Kallikak; and his *bête noire* (or the spirit of justice, if you're really with Mr. Greene) is a floozie. So were they all in Mr. Greene's book "Brighton Rock," on which this picture is based, but they all seemed much more convincing there. For the sad record, Richard Attenborough is the boy, Carol Marsh is the girl, and Hermione Baddeley the party who is crazy about justice.

ANOTHER English film I happened upon is called "Laughter in Paradise," which is all about a practical joker's will. A great misfortune. Alastair Sim is on hand, though, and he's a funny man. . . . "Across the Wide Missouri" is about trappers doing in our little furry friends, and arguing with the Indians of the Northwest Territory. Clark Gable, unshaven and dimpled, survives the violence. . . . "Behave Yourself" is a lengthy jest concerning a vagrant dog that gets a husband (Farley Granger) into all kinds of confusions. Shelley Winters plays the poor man's wife, but the dog is the fellow to watch in this one. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Due to a printer's error, *The Little Princesses* by Marion Crawford appeared in the George J. Mcleod Limited advertisement last month as *The Little* Leod Limited advertisement last month as *The Little* younger sister" for this singular mistake.—*Quill and Quire, Toronto.*

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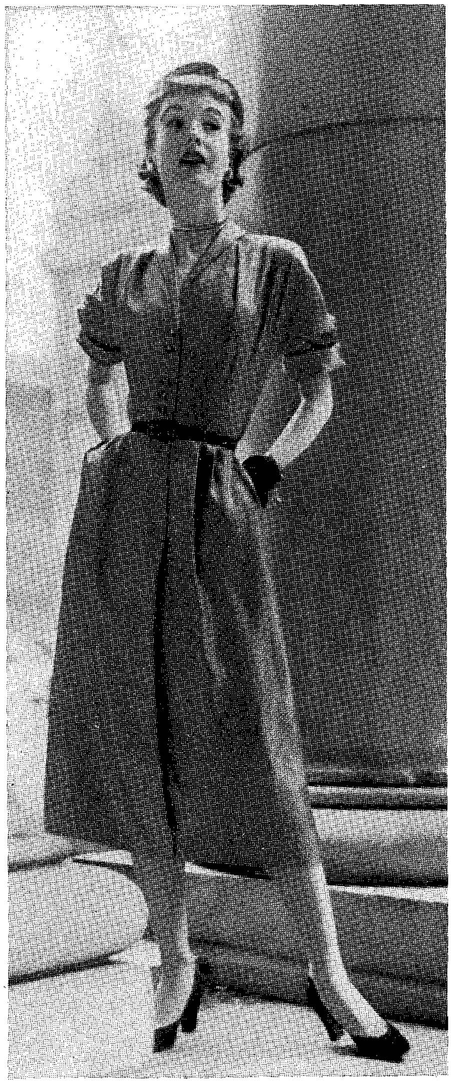

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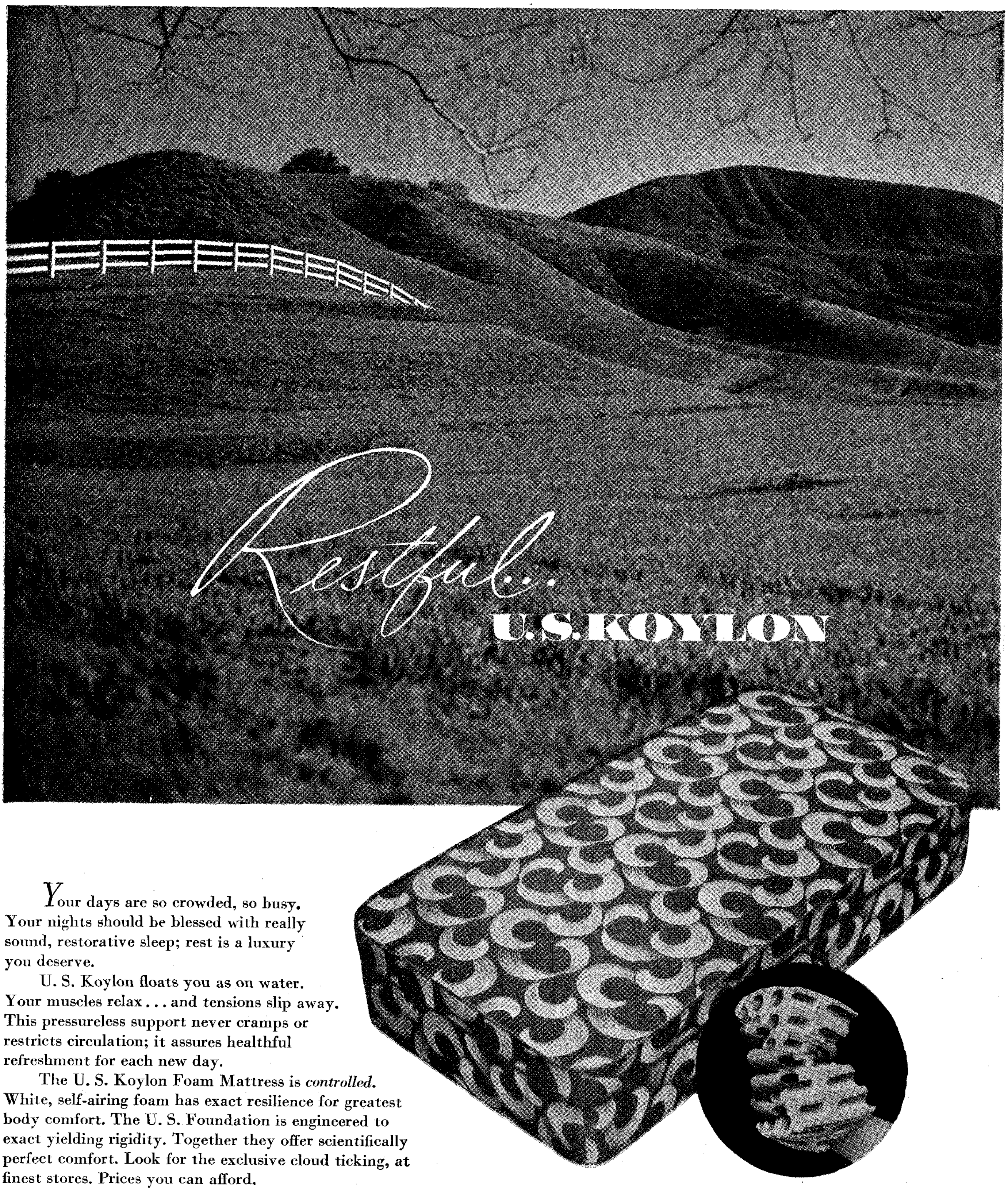
LETTER FROM MACAO

October 30

THIS Portuguese colony on the South China coast, made up of a three-mile peninsula and two small islands thirty-five miles below Hong Kong, is known throughout the East as the capital of sin and mischief, the place where girls, gambling, opium, and smuggling flourish with only token hindrance or none at all—the oldest-established permanent floating crap game in Asia. The picture is misleading, for it takes in only the surface of a deeply complex city, but it is true as far as it goes. The girls, the games, the opium, and the smuggling are all here, and plain to see. The smuggling is getting the most attention abroad right now, as it is linked with the Communist issue. The smugglers use fishing junks in their work—particularly for bringing oil and gasoline from Hong Kong to Macao, for later sale in Red China—and there are thousands in the waters off Macao, their design special to the region. Their sterns are high and straight and their bows low, their masts are cocked forward, and their sails are ribbed and have an odd shape that makes one think of a fan, a leaf, a bat's wing, or perhaps a dorsal fin. Most of the sails were originally rust-colored or burnt sienna, but owing to Chinese thrift, they have been patched over and over again, until they are now masses of rectangles, like Paul Klee paintings. Sometimes a burnt sienna will be patched in with off-white. Sometimes other combinations will appear—pink, white, and olive green, or black, tattletale gray, and lavender. Any seascape near Macao is bound to have scores of junks in it; I counted a hundred and nineteen in a view off the portside of a boat I was travelling on from Hong Kong to Macao the other day, and I must have missed quite a few. On a quiet sea, they look like silhouettes or pop-ups, and enhance one's sense of perspective, helped by the countless small islands that dot the water between here and Hong Kong. At one point on my trip, I looked forward along a vista of calm between two lines of islands. The islands, growing smaller and dimmer as they receded into the distance, were overhung by a series of flat cumulus clouds, and these, too, grew dimmer; the sky was grayish blue on the horizon, but it brightened to a real azure as it domed overhead. Astern, the sea-green ripples of our wake got fainter and more silvery as they spread out, and all around us the junks, moving slowly to and fro, were large and bright in the foreground, tiny and gray in the distance. Now and then, a flying fish—a little metallic flash—bounced over the water like a skipped stone, giving life to everything.

Many of the junks have engines, and these are the ones that are useful in oil smuggling. Hong Kong is a big port, with accommodations for the largest tankers, but it has agreed to deny fuel to Red China. Macao, which has been fantastically neutral in modern times, does not take this strong line, but it has only a pond-size harbor. Indeed, it has been out of the regular Far East trade network since the coming of steam; the biggest vessels calling here now are small passenger boats from Hong Kong, loaded with spree-bent tourists. Oil can be put ashore at Hong Kong easily, and it can be sent from Macao to Red China easily, but the Hong Kong-Macao leg takes thought, because Hong Kong patrols are always on the alert, chiefly to keep even more questionable traffic than oil from moving along it. It was quickly seen that junks would make good carriers. Junks can pull alongside a Hong Kong jetty and gas up as if for a fishing trip; this done, they can move to Macao, preferably under sail, and have their tanks pumped out; then they can return to Hong Kong, maybe pausing en route for some fishing if they want their maneuvers to seem realistic, and play out the act again. There is no counting the junks in this trade.

A good place to watch the junks discharge their cargo is at Ponte No. 31, a small pier in Macao, where they tie up while their fuel is pumped through a hose into drums. Many of the shops and ground-floor offices near the waterfront have been turned into warehouses for these drums, which are stacked there so thickly that they have crowded out other goods. Even so, the available space is so limited (or perhaps the fire hazard is so great) that the bulk of the drums are stored in dumps on Green Island, which is really just a small green hill at the tip of a piece of filled-in land on the west side of the peninsula. Thousands of drums can be seen there, in lots fenced off with barbed



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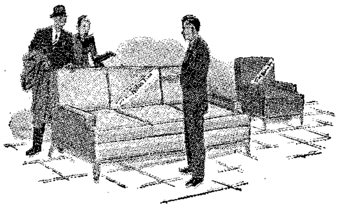

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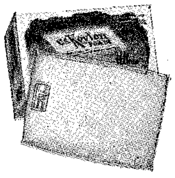

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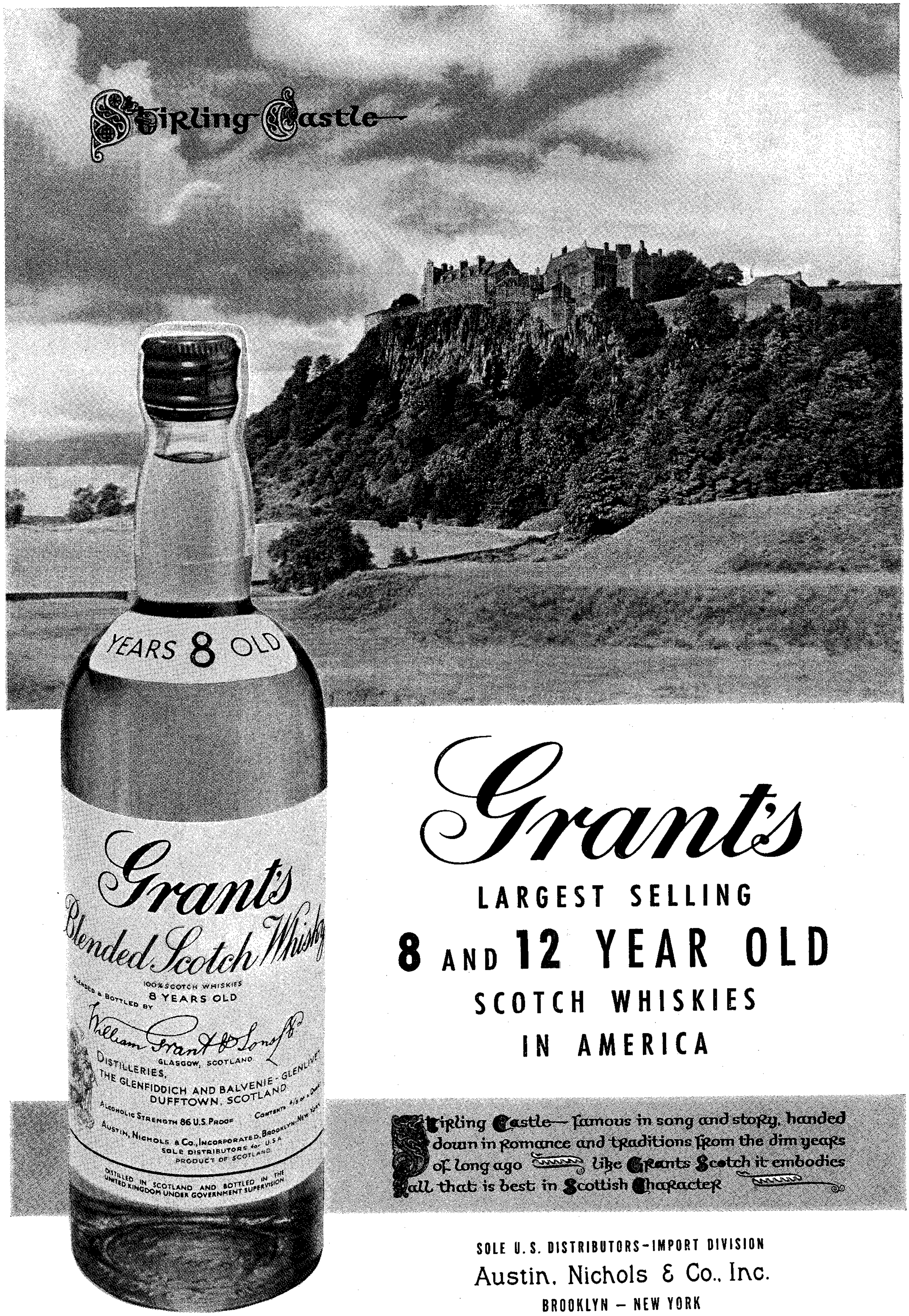
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wire. All of them are battered; some of them are empty, others are full and covered with a film of seepage and dust. The ground in some places is soaked and caked with oil, and people are always busy patching old drums with welding torches. To start their trip to Red China, the loaded drums are taken back to the same waterfront. One warm evening recently, I stood on the waterfront at high tide. The harbor was darkening, and behind me a near-full moon was rising. The shore was lit by the new street lights that have been installed everywhere in Macao, cutting the deep shadows with a bright glare. The Cantonese Chinese, who make up the major part of Macao's population, like to be out on warm evenings, and everyone, so to speak, was there—women; little children; venders of noodles, lotus root, pickled ginger, cakes, and other delicacies; and strong-looking coolies in trousers of the shiny black cloth that the poor here wear. Boats were unloading country produce from China—pigs, firewood, ducks—in covered baskets the size and shape of airplane tires, two feet deep and slightly wider than the height of a man, an easy dimension to estimate because the coolies roll empty ones along like hoops. Near one pier was an oblong stack of bags of cement, and atop them a clerk or straw boss sat self-importantly on a folding chair. Long, two-wheeled carts loaded with oil drums came and went in the shadows constantly, each pulled by five or six men and women bent low and straining at ropes over their shoulders, an unstartling enough sight in these parts, where human labor is the cheapest of commodities—much cheaper than oil, for instance. (Not long ago, I walked into a little park here and came up behind a row of women squatting on a lawn. I couldn't imagine what they were doing until I passed them; then I saw they were cutting the grass with scissors.) The movement of the carts was mysterious and without apparent system, and I felt that considerable generalship must be needed to keep the lines from tangling. I couldn't be at all sure how many drums left the waterfront for China, but I would guess the number averages a few hundred a day. In a way, this doesn't seem much to worry about, but I am told that a good deal more oil gets transferred from boat to boat in Macao waters, without touching shore. And, besides, any oil—even a single drum—must mean something to the Chinese, because they're so short of it; one might perhaps say that a drum is worth hauling on a man-pulled cart to

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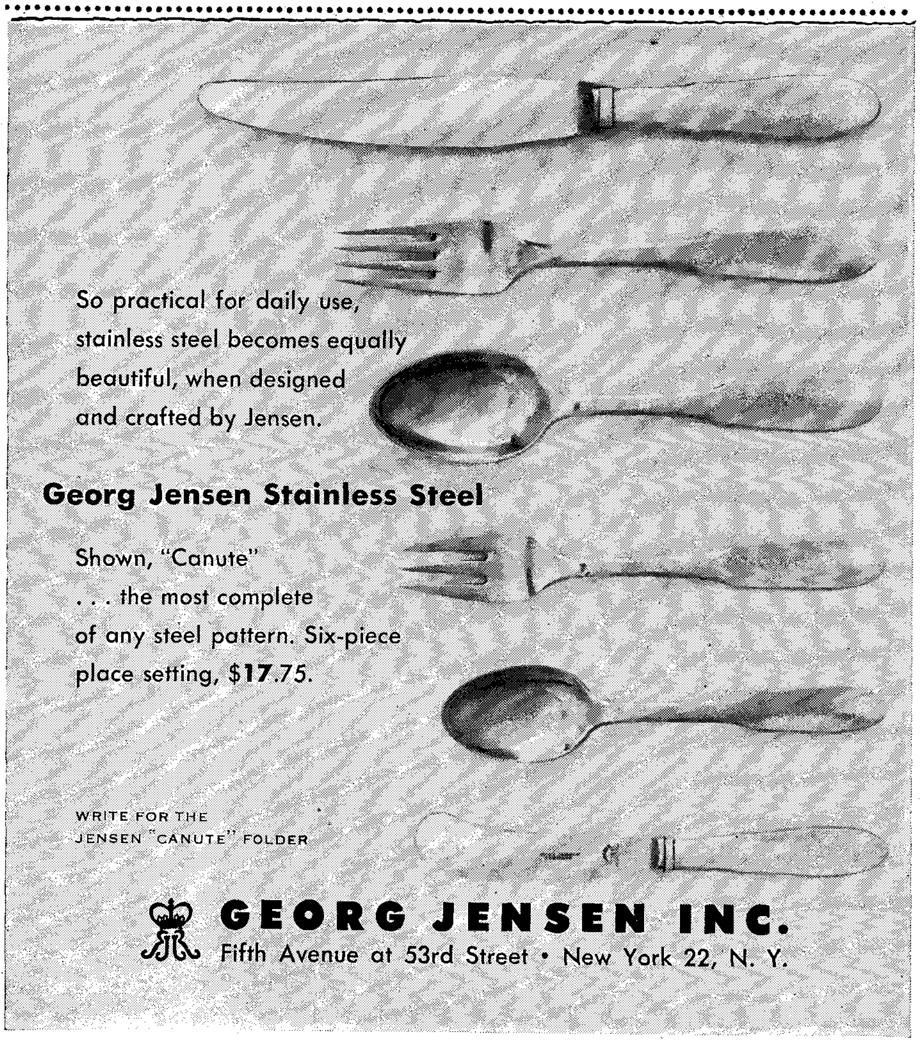

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Korea, eighteen hundred miles away. American opinion naturally objects to this trade, and to trade in other Chinese war necessities, such as tires and machine parts, which go through here in smaller volume, but American opinion isn't achieving much. The usual answer given by Macao officials, with a solemn face, is that the trade doesn't exist; it was invented by American newspapermen. A second answer, more frank, is given by those Portuguese one can approach on a basis of friendship: Portugal has avoided hostility toward China (as Britain, for example, has not) since she set up here in the middle of the sixteenth century; this policy is time-tested and must be strictly adhered to. A third answer, of course, is implicit but not spoken: The business is too lucrative to drop.

Macao's neutrality ties up with another sort of smuggling. During the last war, the colony and Portugal remained at peace, and neither is now a party to such approved postwar covenants as the International Monetary Fund. This means that Macao is not required to apply the Fund's restrictions on the flow of gold. Once or twice a week, a planeload of gold comes in from another city—say, Bangkok. It arrives in big bars, and it is made into little ones here, for retail sale. Very few of the little bars stay here. Once, most of them went to China, a chaotic place where gold was looked on as one of the few stable investments, but the Reds, who have ways of digging it out of the most stubborn hiding places, have changed that feeling, and Hong Kong, from which ships and planes take off in all directions, has become the usual destination. The Hong Kong police don't work too hard at searching out gold already inside their colony, but they do try to catch it entering, so the game is to get it safely to Hong Kong. Many, many Chinese are picked up at the Hong Kong border for having loose gold concealed on their persons, and many others are found to have sewn it into cuts they have made in the bodies of live ducks and chickens.

OSTENSIBLY, the smuggling is very remote from the group that basically controls it—Macao's Portuguese community, whose voting citizens number only twelve hundred. The community is fairly well cut off by a color line from the three hundred and fifty thousand Chinese and Macanese (Eurasians) of the city. "We're really just a village," a Portuguese said to me the other day. You can walk the length of the peninsula in less than an hour (the two islands don't count for much—they're rustic appendages, good places to go bathing on Sunday), and among the Portuguese you meet, everyone knows everyone else and much time is spent in gossip.

Macao was founded in an age when Spain and Portugal were the world's expanding powers. The date is vague but is usually given as 1557 (though it was not till 1887 that Portugal's position here was formalized by a treaty with China). One of the town's sights is a nice green bronze bust of Vasco da Gama in a flat Henry VIII hat; he never reached Macao, but his trip around the Cape of Good Hope opened Asia to the West, and he is looked on as part of Macao's history. Another sight is a grotto where, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Luis de Camoëns is said to have written part of "The Lusiads," his epic on Portuguese exploring. What one sees here now, as one walks about, is a record of the transition from that age to this one. Many of the streets are cobbled, narrow, and winding, but some are straight and of concrete. Here and there one comes upon "modern" buildings—flat, angular expanses of plaster, glass, tile, and such. They are showy and flavorless, and also transitory, because they crack and stain quickly in this climate, and they have far from shouldered out the old colonial-style varicolored houses, often ornamented with little baroque frills in white, and always with dark shutters. Some of the best of these, among them the governor's mansion, are on the Praya Grande, a piece of waterfront shaded by old banyan trees, across the peninsula from the docks. The houses here are in pastel tones—raspberry ice, custard, pale violet, pistachio, coral pink, sea green, ochre. The most prevalent color for shutters is a dull maroon, the next an Easter-egg chocolate, almost black. Macao's sun, in the open, is dazzling; its rays reflected from anything white hit one's eyes like a blow. But on the Praya Grande in the late afternoon there is a cool breeze that moves the banyan leaves, under which apple-green rickshaws are trotted past. Macao is gracious and unhurried, far less bustling than the modern port of Hong Kong, which, in turn, is less bustling than New York or London. Most of the British in Hong Kong plan to stay there only during their active years and have no intention of settling for good, but Portuguese families live in Macao for generations; their houses are homes and their servants old retainers,

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which is a rarity among Europeans in the East.

Macao isn't too docile about following Lisbon (indeed, the colony was independent between 1581 and 1640, when Portugal was under Spanish rule), and this makes for trouble between the home government and the local entrepreneurs. Not long ago, some of the latter built up a rice monopoly in the city. Lisbon, perhaps advised through the Church, the Army, or some other channel that the poor were being squeezed, didn't like this and ordered it stopped. The Macao government complied, but in the resulting open market the entrepreneurs used their capital and stocks so forcefully that they broke all their competitors and were able to shove the price of rice right out of reach. Lisbon had to give in, and the monopoly continued; it had been triumphantly shown that those on the spot should run things. In Macao, they run many things well. The city seems prosperous, and there is much expenditure on streets, street lighting, housing, swimming pools, first-class public markets, and the like.

Macao is the Church's beachhead in East Asia. In the early days, Catholic missionaries would wait here, sometimes for years, while trying to get into China or another Asiatic country, and they would retreat here when expelled. During the Japanese war, many priests and nuns from Hong Kong and the Chinese mainland took refuge in Macao. Now they are taking refuge from the mainland again. One often sees a European priest bicycling through the streets, his long black or white robe floating behind him, his long beard also floating, and a pith helmet topping all; he is apt to be a refugee, and there are certainly refugees among the black- or white-habited nuns one sees out walking, beneath black umbrellas, on Sundays. The Church's relations with Macao are fixed by the *patronado* system, a relic of earlier, more feudal times. Under it, the government has a say in choosing the local bishop and is generally involved in Church matters; sometimes it pays a sexton or is the authority that decides whether a church will be painted. In Macao life, the bishop is on a par with the Portuguese governor, or nearly so. The Church is in the background of everything, including the scenery. Churches dot every vista. One of the most striking views here is of a church on a steep green hill near the peninsula's tip; if the composition were slightly rearranged, it would look like El Greco's "View of Toledo." And along the inner streets

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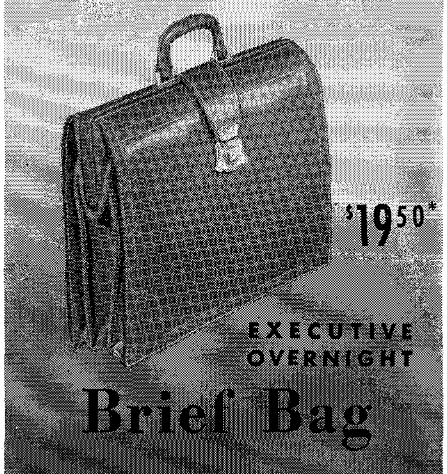

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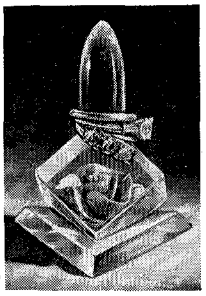

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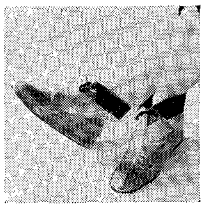

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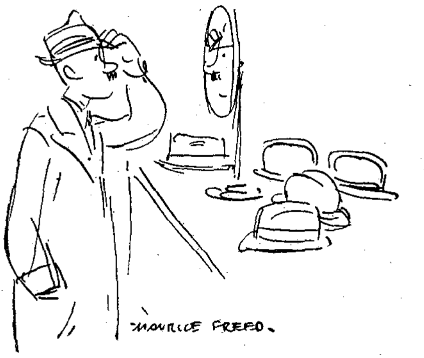
you often come on pale-yellow baroque churches with high-relief icings of white garlands.

The most significant deeds of Macao, apart from its founding, seem to have been done in the early seventeenth century, when five Dutch attempts to seize the colony were defeated. That was about the time our Atlantic coast was being explored and settled. Since then, everything has happened to us and almost nothing has happened to Macao, except a lessening of her power and a growth of the need to placate her neighbors. It is doubtful whether an American can get the same perspective on time as a Macao Portuguese, and it is doubtful whether any country in this age of doing things can fully understand neutrality as it exists here. Portugal hasn't left the neutral path since the First World War, when she had a token force with the British. (There is a monument to it in the Cemetery of St. Michael here, bearing the perhaps unneutral motto "*Dulce et Decorum Est pro Patria Mori.*") The Second World War was different; Portugal kept out of the European end of it, and Macao kept out of the Japanese end, though this was often a touchy business. Macao's population was more than doubled by refugees and spies, and by agents participating in the peace talks that went on throughout the war in the East—agents of the Japanese moderates, like Prince Konoye, and of the Right Wing Chinese, like the secret-police general Tai Li, these being the two factions that could get together. There is at least one Japanese politician who has lived here undisturbed since V-J Day—something unheard of in other parts of Asia. To all these disparate elements, Macao gave, and is giving, its wonted service. Macao was the summering place for British merchants in China before Hong Kong was founded, a century ago. The first American treaty with China was signed here on July 3, 1844, in the Temple of Kuan Yin (the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy). Indeed, Macao was the



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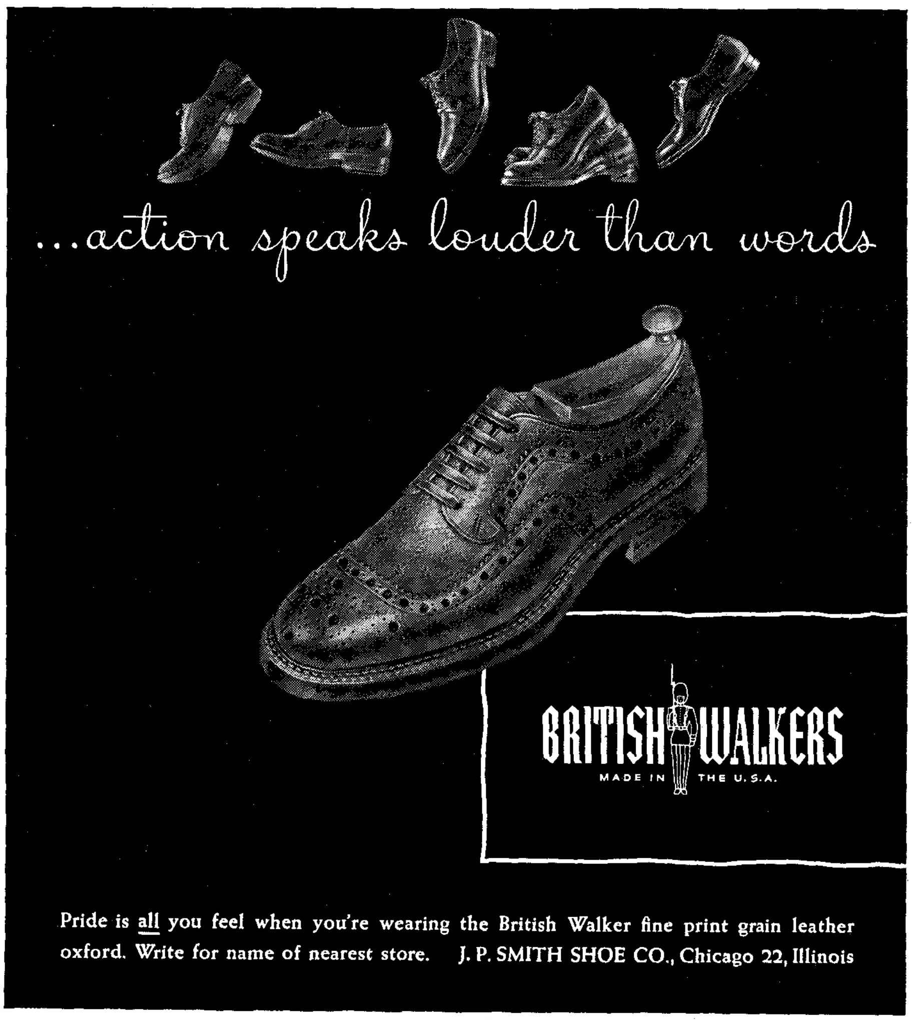
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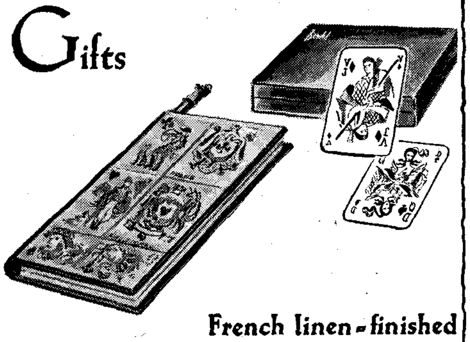

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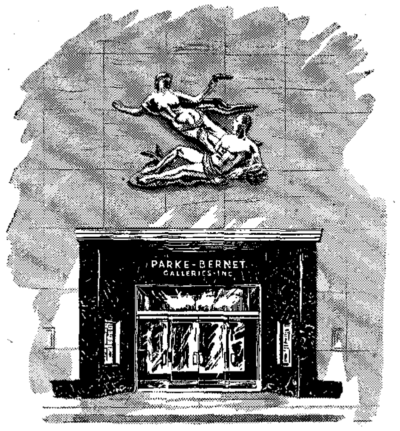
major base for America's and Britain's China trade before Hong Kong, and there is testimony to this in the Protestant Cemetery, a leafy place below street level, where old graves lie dark under the banyans and frangipanis, their dwellers out of the heat now for a hundred years. There are scores of gravestones of Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scandinavians, and Dutchmen, of men who "died by a fall from aloft" or who "died at Macao after a painful and lingering illness," and they bear such names and titles as "Hiram Tarbox, ordinary seaman" (an American) and "The Right Honble Lord H. J. Spencer Churchill, Captain of H.B.M. Ship Druid and Senior Officer in the China Seas" (a relative of Winston Churchill). The cemetery might be called a symbol of neutrality, and so might the old fort here, which is on a height that overlooks nearly all the colony, for the fort's gray walls have morning-glories climbing up them now, and in the embrasures sit useless old guns; two I looked at closely were dated 1860. Some guns are pointed outward, some inward at the fort, and some smack at the hearts of trees that have grown up against the walls.

Perhaps the most striking contemporary symbol of neutrality is the schedule on view at the post office, which lists the closing time of mails to Portugal by different routes—by sea, by air, and by rail across Siberia. To Macao the Trans-Siberian Railroad is a fact of life that one accepts. So is American salesmanship. Red Coca-Cola vending machines are everywhere in Macao. The provision shops are bursting with such things as Campbell's soup, Kleenex, and Miracle Whip salad dressing; if you order cheese in a restaurant, you are likely to get a slice of Kraft's. I have heard it debated whether oranges first came from China or the Iberian Peninsula (and I still don't know the answer), but in Macao one finds hardly any oranges except Sunkist. The Hotel Bela Vista has fixed up a dance floor on its lower terrace, and from the veranda above you can see it against a backdrop of moon on the harbor, with junks. Girls in slim, high-necked Chinese dresses jitterbug to American jazz with men in Hawaiian flowered shirts; it looks like a scene from a Pan American Airways brochure. There are people in Macao who sorely resent these invasions and feel they are threatening their style of life, but these people aren't doing anything to stop them. They just don't want to commit themselves publicly.

Macao has some pretensions as an



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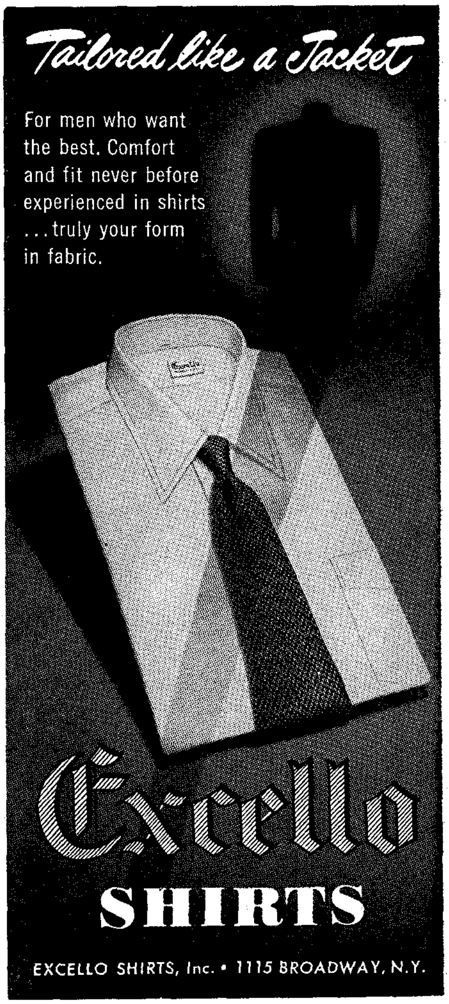

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industrial city. These are boasted of in tourist guidebooks but are taken lightly by the populace, being based on nothing more than the presence here of firecracker, incense, and match factories, which are responsible for welcome glimpses of bright paper wrappings in the streets but which in themselves are only small-scale, woman-and-child-labor, non-mechanized affairs. The real thing here is the rackets, the questionable trades and amusements. Fortunes are made in them, and they have developed their own class of Chinese, Portuguese, and mixed-race entrepreneurs, a class that in some ways overlaps the purely Portuguese community and in some ways is apart from it. One member of this class is a Chinese who controls much of the gambling here, including that in the Central Hotel, the town's main casino, and who runs a boat from Hong Kong to bring his customers over. Another is a Chinese doctor and philanthropist with strong Red leanings but also a taste for high life. By far the best known—though he is believed to be retiring from the scene and letting himself be supplanted by his subordinates—is P. J. Lobo, a Eurasian from Timor, a Portuguese colony in the Indies south of here. Lobo for a long time has been Macao's top economic force. He is a tiny man, with a background of deep poverty, and he evidently delights in his power and in showing it. (He is apt, in conversation, to call the Macao government "my" government.) He is also a man of parts and wide interests—a charming talker, a composer of rather saccharine music, and the conductor of an orchestra that plays the same sort of stuff. An American friend of mine, a doctor of philosophy and the holder of an important job with our government, told me of an incident that occurred while he was visiting the Temple of Kuan Yin. He had gone there because he likes temples and wanted to see where the treaty had been signed, and he stayed there for a bit. The monks of the temple were beating on gongs, telling their beads, and performing other devotions. Suddenly, from the temple's rear came the strains of "My Melancholy Baby." My friend made his way back there, against fairly stiff opposition from the monks, and found Lobo's orchestra practicing. Macao is really a small place.

GAMBLING is endemic in Macao. It goes on all the time, but most strenuously on weekends, which can be said to begin at four o'clock Saturday morning, when the night boat from

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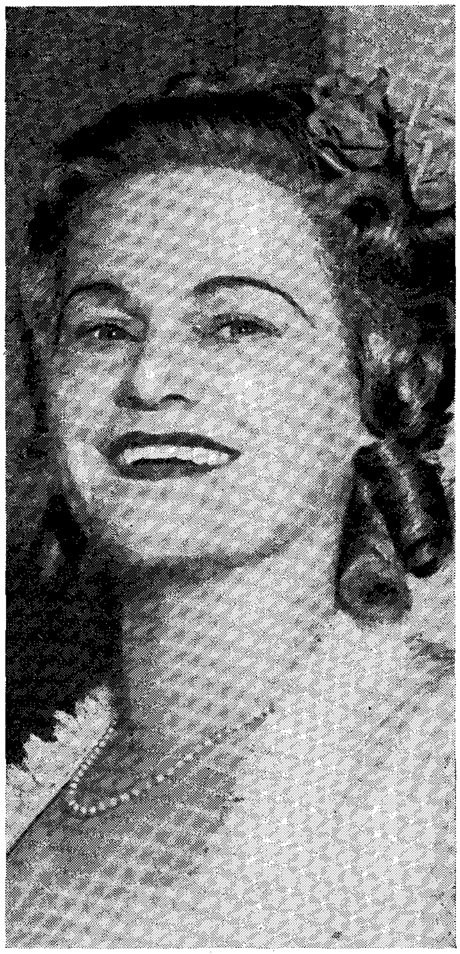

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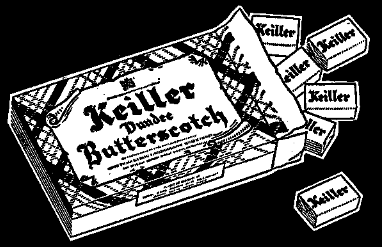

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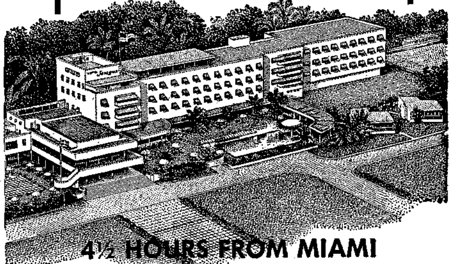
Hong Kong blows its horn off the point. A leading game is mah-jongg, which the Cantonese here and at home love and which they play with noisy gusto, whacking the tiles down smartly on the hard-topped table and rattling them when they shuffle. Every once in a while, including right now, gambling is outlawed, which prompts enterprising fellows to try to sell felt tablecloths as mah-jongg mufflers. The idea has always been resisted by the Cantonese here, who feel that mah-jongg is not itself when played in silence. In Macao, you can hear a game banging away in almost any street at any time. Another challenge of luck is the lottery, for which tickets are sold in many little shops and for which drawings are held publicly, with much ceremony, downtown in the evenings.

Most of the gambling is done along the Avenida Almeida Ribeiro, a modern, paved, arcaded street that crosses the peninsula and is less than half a mile long. This street—and much of the gambling in the rest of the city, for that matter—is dominated by the Central Hotel, a big, tawdry skyscraper without the graceful form that blesses so much of Macao. It has ten stories, and there is gambling on three of them, chiefly bird cage and fan-tan. The rooms are garish, brightly lighted, and crowded with poor Chinese of all sorts, among them, often as not, several women with sleeping babies on their backs, carried in the cloth slings the Cantonese use. The babies sleep so soundly they seem dead.

More pleasant than the Central Hotel are the smaller fan-tan houses on the side streets. Fan-tan is the only game I know of that is normally three stories high. There is a long table on the ground floor, surrounded by players, and directly above it is a hole in the ceiling; another, slightly smaller hole is in the second-floor ceiling. There are railings around the holes, and the upstairs players are seated at them, their bets being lowered and their winnings raised in baskets, on strings, about the size of deep finger bowls. Fan-tan is an almost shamefully simple game—pure gambling without alleviating frills. The dealer has a pile of small counters, customarily beans but in Macao usually white bone buttons; he cuts out an indeterminate mass of them by putting a bell-shaped brass cover down on them. After the betting, he raises the bell and draws the buttons away, four at a time, with a wand; the betting is on whether there will be one, two, three, or four buttons left at the end. The Cantonese

Pride of the West Indies



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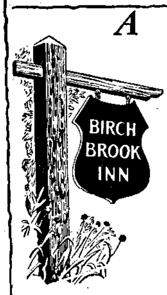

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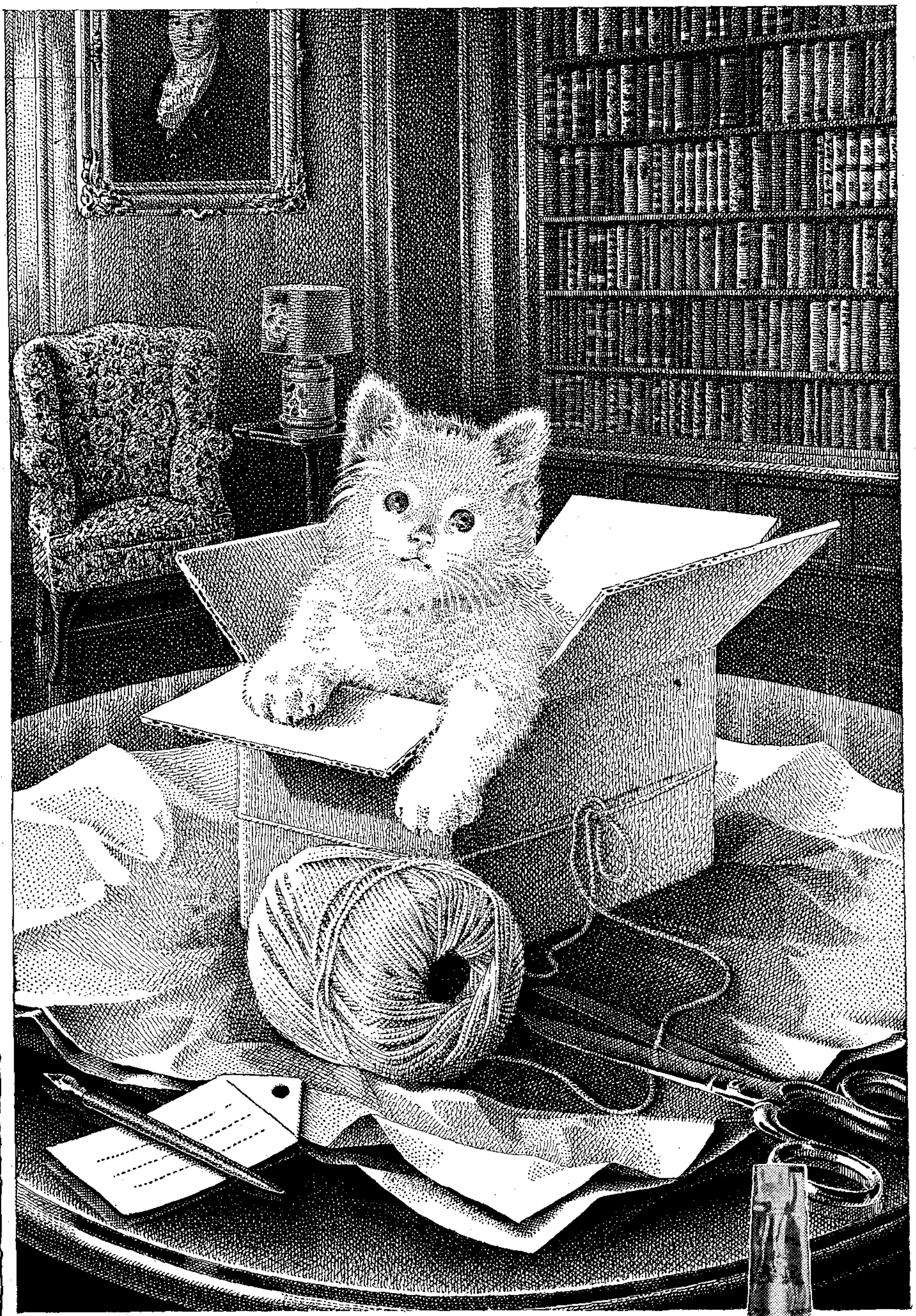
have a particular fondness for this game, and in the steerages of Pacific liners I have seen Cantonese fan-tan games in which a player would be operating with two thousand American dollars.

One of the better fan-tan houses is on a cobbled alley about two blocks from the Central. Its woodwork is green, and it goes in for Cantonese decoration, which involves huge mirrors and elaborately carved black wood furniture; slabs of marble are often set into the backs of the chairs. The fan-tan tables are about twenty feet long, high as a tavern bar, and surfaced with tan grass matting that glows in the strong light. You can look down on one from an upper railing and watch the dealer's helpers arrange the bets here and there on the mat with markers of metal and bright-colored paper. The baskets are raised and lowered with much shouting in musical Cantonese, the dealer moves his wand and bell gravely, and clustered around the table stand men in shiny black pajama suits, even the tops of their heads expressing concentration.

Nearby on this alley, which is named Rua da Felicidade, or Street of Happiness, are found the best-looking of the prostitutes who show themselves openly. In this section, rows of small two-story buildings face each other across the cobbles, and on stools or straight chairs before the front doors sit young, very pretty Chinese girls, painted like dolls and wearing bright-flowered dresses. They wait, perhaps for hours, and contrive to look animated all the while. Beside them sit their old, pigtailed amahs, and from time to time some passerby, maybe a Portuguese soldier, will stop to talk with them. Less fetching girls are everywhere downtown, in hotels and massage houses, or walking the streets. In the Grand Hotel, which, except for the Central, is the only really tall one here, they flow almost automatically into the rooms of bachelor guests. Most of them are said to be slaves, inextricably in debt or sold by their parents in childhood.

MACAO is the only place on China's fringes where opium can still be smoked without much trouble; both the mainland and Formosa have closed down on it, and a vigorous campaign put on by the British has very nearly routed it out of Hong Kong. Even in Macao, opium is illegal, but the law here doesn't seem to be the final word on the subject. Macao is not only the last refuge of opium-smoking but—so I am told, anyway—the last refuge of a refined cuisine for opium smokers, called Sai Kuan *choy*



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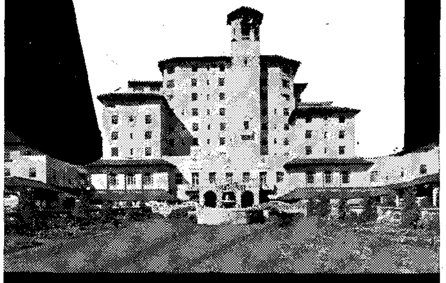
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(food), after the old Sai Kuan, or West Gate, district in Canton, where the city's first families, officials, rich merchants, and ne'er-do-well sons used to live in prerevolutionary times. Sai Kuan *choy* was developed for the addicts of the upper classes; it features bland food with delicate seasoning, because opium makes for a tricky palate. Fried or curdled water-buffalo milk flavored with a few drops of ginger and other spices is one dish. The Lung Chi (Sign of the Dragon) restaurant here is believed to be the last survivor of the school, now that the Communists have reformed Canton; it is also ranked by connoisseurs as among the best Chinese restaurants anywhere.

There are various kinds of opium places in Macao, differentiated by price. The other evening, I visited one that my guide told me belonged to a former Chinese Nationalist general from Canton; the general's payoff to the Macao government, the guide assured me, was large and regular, and there was no chance that the place would be raided. Indeed, it was on a main street and wide open; we just walked through a door and climbed some stairs, and there we were. One has to be more furtive getting into the poorer places—following a guide at some distance through winding cobbled streets, waiting while he climbs the stairs and makes arrangements, and finally being let in through a heavy door. In these places, the smokers lie on wooden benches (in the poorest, the ones that coolies use, they lie on the floor), but at the general's there are mattressed couches over which woven-grass sheets have been spread for coolness. All the opium rooms I have seen in Macao use small green porcelain blocks, about six inches high, for pillows, which the clients seem to consider comfortable and which fit in with their mood. (Smokers don't "sleep" or "dream" in the way imagined by adventure-story writers, but they do get a feeling of calmness and harmony.) In all the places here, the paraphernalia is basically the same—for each smoker, a tray with little pots of opium, a pipe, a lamp, wick-trimming scissors, needles for making and manipulating opium pills, and so on—but the quality varies; the pipes in the general's place have inlaid bowls, and stems of rare woods mounted in silver. The best opium in Macao now is said to come from Dairen, in Manchuria, and from Calcutta. It is often mixed with cruder stuff from the West China provinces of Yünnan and Sikang, or with plain mud. (Persian opium, which is reported to be very

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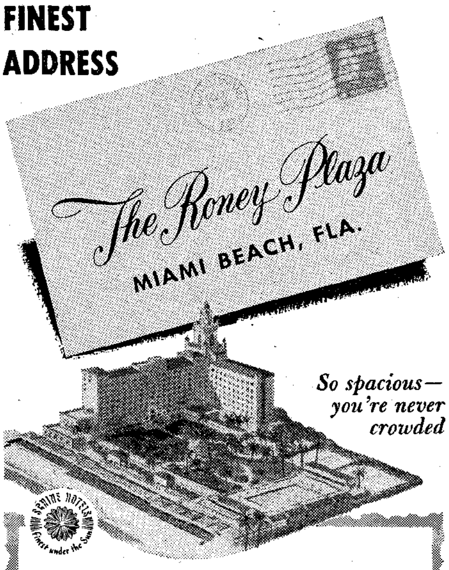
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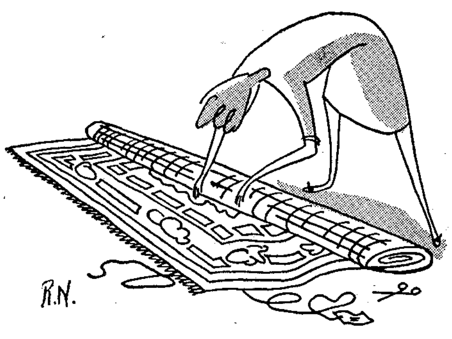
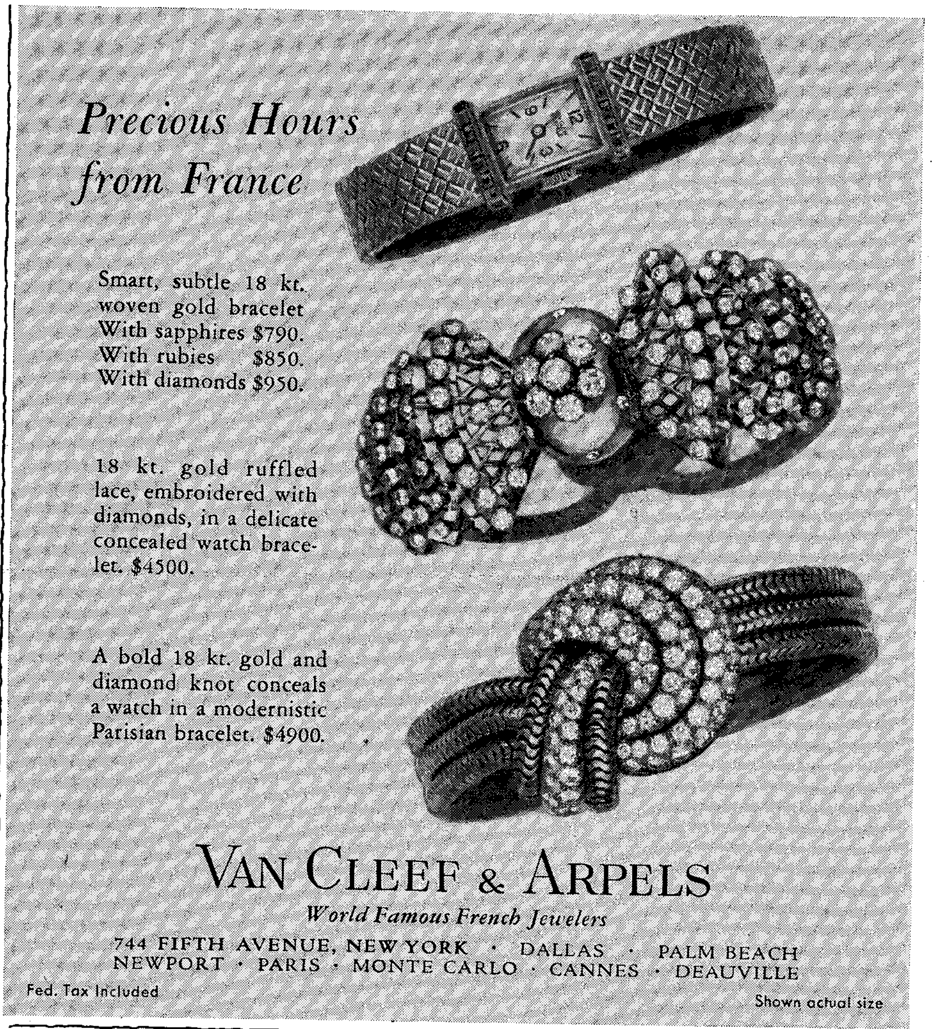
Dash — fortified with liver!

strong, apparently doesn't get this far east.) A little pot of Dairen opium—so-called, at least—which will make six good pipefuls and satisfy a temperate man for a day, can be bought at the general's place for ten Macao patacas, or about a dollar and eighty cents. The same amount of poorer stuff can be bought elsewhere for half the price, or less.

There is a lot of opium-smoking in Macao, and time and again, in the streets or on the waterfront, one is arrested by the smell of it—a bit like incense, but actually most distinctive—coming from a house or a boat. The marks of opium are on many faces here, too. Real addiction makes people sallow and gives their eyes a clouded look. There are all degrees of opium-smoking, of course, here and elsewhere. I have been told of a rich Chinese girl, a Shanghai refugee, who spends most of her time at the general's. She is said to smoke fifty, and sometimes a hundred, patacas' worth of the drug a day. On the other hand, there are men and women here who smoke a few pipes a day, or on special occasions, and have done so for years without being noticeably the worse for it. Among rich Chinese in the past few decades, smoking has often been a sociable party habit, like drinking, and thought to be no more dangerous.

One frequently hears that the Chinese Reds are selling opium in Macao (and in Hong Kong when they can) for foreign exchange. This is no doubt true; they need the exchange, and huge poppy acreage was maintained in West China under the war lords, who fell less than two years ago. There is no sign, however, that the Reds are using narcotics as the Japanese did—promoting them with intent to debase the people. In fact, the Reds, though practical in matters of trade and economics, have a strong puritanical attitude toward opium-smoking by the Chinese—an attitude shared by the Nationalists before them, as well as by most of the better Chinese leaders ever since the country was laid open to the drug by the British in the

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Opium War of 1840. After V-J Day, the Nationalists made menacing objections to Macao about opium-smoking in the colony, saying that they couldn't reform their country while vice ran so wild next door, and this is one reason opium was outlawed here. The opium issue has had a symbolic, and perhaps also a functional, importance in the rise and fall of imperialism in and around China—something that the fate of Macao is closely tied to. The Chinese got opium and foreign rule together, and ever since they have been trying to throw them off together.

It might be said that there are four powers now felt in Macao: Lisbon, the Vatican, the pataca, and Peiping. Peiping's power is based on the fact that Macao—traditional Portuguese imperialism and neutrality to one side—*cannot* stay aloof from the course of Chinese history. Macao bends like a bamboo to the wind that blows from China. There are many signs of this bending now. A wealth of Communist flags, slogans, and pictures of Mao Tse-tung can be seen in the city. Many Chinese businessmen in town are pro-Red; they have a pliable attitude—"they give to live," in the words of a missionary here. The unions call periodic strikes and demonstrations, which are thought to be Red-inspired. A Red training school for the youth of Macao is countenanced. One Catholic girls' school is said to have been permeated by Red cells until a while ago. A recent athletic meet broke up in a dispute over whether the Red flag should be flown. The education problem is an index to the whole situation. There are promising Chinese children here who have a choice of futures—in Macao, where the Chinese community, except for those in the rackets, is stagnant, or in China, where, in theory, great things are under way. Many teachers feel that they must supply a bridge to China for possible use by their pupils, which means advocating Communism, or at least not opposing it.

The face of China toward Macao is enigmatic. The place to see it most clearly is at the Barrier Gate at the border, on the neck of the peninsula. The gate is a handsome arch of masonry and plaster, about thirty feet from ground to keystone. Portuguese officers and customs men sit in its shade. Away from it to the north, a sandy road, lined with flame trees, leads into China. The actual border is a few score yards beyond the gate, and in the intervening space a huge Negro soldier from Angola, in Portuguese Africa, is always either

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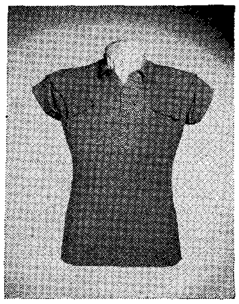

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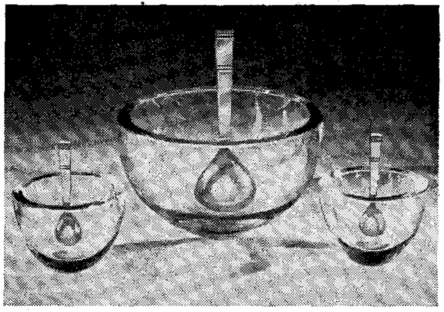

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standing at attention or marching back and forth with drill-ground show. Two or three depths beyond in the scene's perspective, a knot of Chinese are likely to be lounging in a flame tree's shade, their parked bicycles ranged beside them. This is the transfer point, where goods change hands between Macao and China merchants. Farther depths beyond are some Red Chinese soldiers and a young girl functionary, the central figure in the composition. She is about twenty years old and wears a soft, visored cap over straight, lustreless bobbed hair, and a very loose uniform of faded yellow, the trousers cut off inches above the ankles. On her feet are dark-blue sneakers. She pads around slowly and easily on the sand, asking travellers for their papers, moving with the assurance of a young person launched in a young persons' world. One hears that most of the important red-tape jobs in China now are held by members of her generation. And they are extremely serious about it; the Portuguese say that the Chinese on the border never smile, and never speak except on business.

Not many travellers cross in either direction. In an hour the other afternoon, I saw, going north, four women with babies and umbrellas, a sparsely loaded bus (five passengers), and a mysterious sedan bearing two young Chinese in business clothes, whom nobody stopped or spoke to. The traffic coming south was mainly vegetables and ducks, which changed hands at the knot of people under the flame tree. The ducks arrived at the flame tree in clusters of a few dozen, tied together by the feet, one cluster at each end of a Chinese carrying pole. At the knot of people, they would be thrown on the ground and haggled over. Some time later, they would be loaded on bicycles for the last leg of their trip—still in two clusters, tied together by a string slung over the bundle racks on the rear fenders. They would then be whizzed off to the center of Macao, their feet hanging high but their heads not hanging straight down, because they would crook their necks up gracefully in a useless effort to find out what was going on.

A HUMAN being in Macao looks pityingly at the ducks and their bewilderment, but may be in the same fix. The pattern of imperialism's dissolution in this neighborhood is supposed to be set by Hong Kong, a place the Chinese want back but seem prepared to wait for; almost everyone hereabouts expects them to take it in due time. Most people think Macao will go then, too, but there

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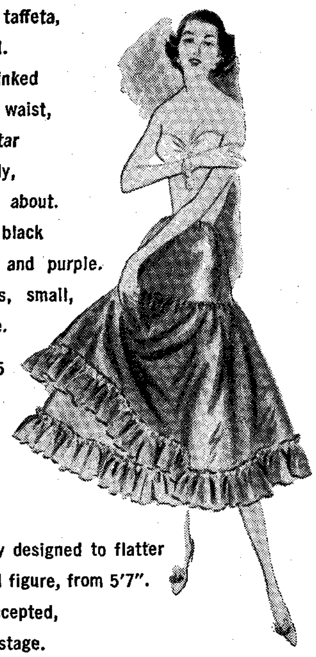

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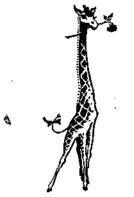

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are those who disagree. Many apartments here are empty now but not for rent; they are being held, it is believed, for the Hong Kong Chinese who will come here when the going gets tough. One reason for these people to come is that there may not be much fighting here whatever happens; there are a few thousand Portuguese and colonial troops in Macao, but they aren't expected to go in for breakage, as the British in Hong Kong are. There is also a good deal of faith in the durability of Macao's neutrality. Two months ago, a rumor that the United Nations would make Macao a neutral area sent local land prices shooting up; the rumor, though absurd, fitted people's dreams. In 1943, the Japanese threat to Macao looked bad; the Japanese were trying to get "advisers" into the government, trying to get the right of search within the colony, and so on. In that year, on May 13th—the day of Our Lady of Fatima, as the Virgin is most commonly addressed by the Portuguese—a prayer was put on the wall of the cathedral here, and it is still there: "*Rainha do Mundo, Mãe de Portugal, Amparai Macau*" ("Queen of the World, Mother of Portugal, Protect Macao"). She did protect it then, and it is possible She will protect it in the future. Tiny as the colony is, and often threatened, there is no other place in the East that has been so long under one rule. Macao has always been special, is special now, and hopes to remain so. The mortals here pray for this, but they have no way of telling. The Virgin, like the Chinese, looks on their city and says nothing. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

STANFORD UNIVERSITY—Higher education is getting higher and higher.

Forty per cent of this year's male frosh at Stanford will be 6 feet or taller, the university learned today.

Last year university authorities had to go into emergency action to provide extra seven-foot beds for an unusually tall class, but this year's beginners are even nearer the rafters. Four of them are 6 feet 6.

Stanford's new head basketball coach is Bob Burnett.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Well, strike us dead!

•

WHAT TRADE PAPER D'YA READ?

On the wedding-wreathed door of the Virginia Field-Willard Parker liquor store this weekend was the lipsticked scrawl: "Getting married. Off on a four-day honeymoon."—*Hollywood Variety.*

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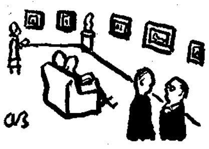


The Whitney Museum, in its current Painting Annual, seems to have settled down to a soberer outlook on contemporary American art. No longer does it feel that the more extreme styles are exhilarating for their own sake; the binge is over, and the present showing is much better balanced than the last couple were. It's still true that the strictly representational is very much in the minority. But to be frank about it, except when a sort of surface realism is used as a cover for Surrealist motivations, little that's new or exciting is being done at the moment in that category. The trend is in another direction, and I think that this show presents a fairly accurate summary of the varied artistic activities around us today.

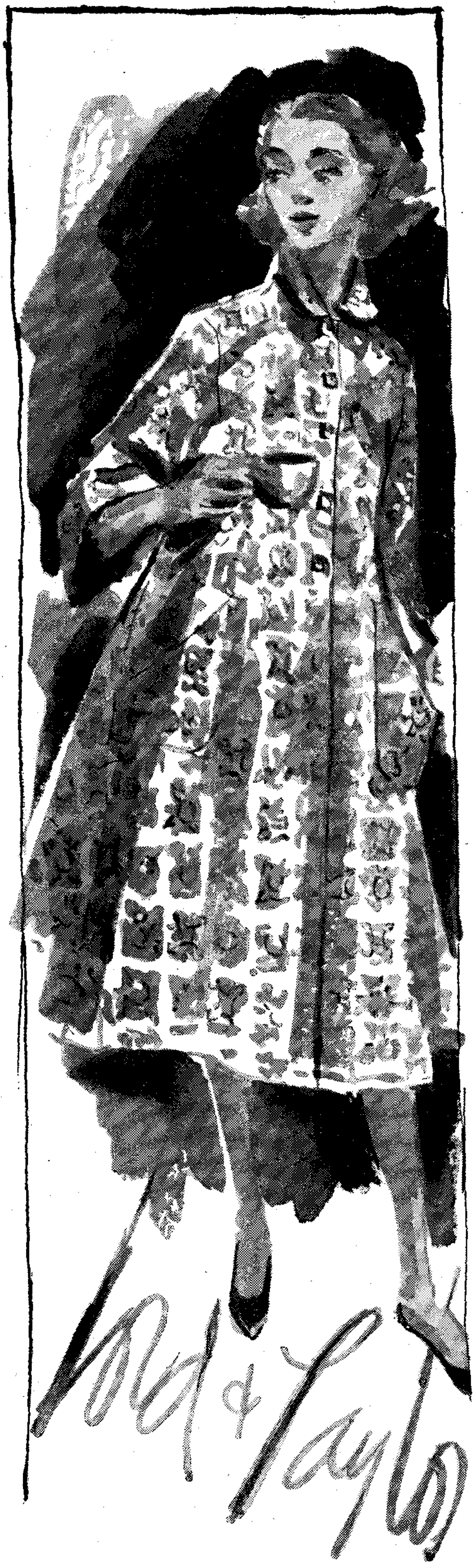
There is a fine Bernard Karfiol ("Two Figures Against Red Cloth," done with all his feeling for serene yet sensuous design), for those old-fashioned enough to want to know straight off what they're looking at, as well as a strong and straightforward seascape, "Sakonnet Rocks," by Audrey Buller, and a study by Edward Hopper, of a theatre interior just before curtain time, called "First Row Orchestra," which, though it hasn't quite all the magic of some of his other pieces, captures accurately the odd atmosphere of comfortably tranquil expectancy that goes with such a setting. More on the Surrealist side, there are a tenuous but amazingly skillful "Table with Glasses and Napkin," by Carlyle Brown; Walter Murch's enigmatic "The Motor;" an airy and precise "Onions and Potatoes," by Bernard Perlin; and a meticulously painted and curiously effective study, by Andrew Wyeth, of the legs of a booted man, walking, called "Trodden Weed."

It's the modern styles that predominate, though, with the constantly growing school of abstract Expressionists outnumbering both the traditional abstractionists and the non-objectivists by a considerable margin. In the last section I saw only a handful of pieces worth noting, of which I. Rice Pereira's almost faultlessly handled "Sunrise, Sunset" and the intricately patterned "Transition," by William Millarc, were by far the most successful. The abstract section, however, contains a number of excellent pieces—with Stuart Davis's big, explosively brilliant "Owh! in San Paó" leading, closely followed by Sara Provan's large, calm "Lustrum," John Beauchamp's handsome gray-and-white "Painting," and the lively, small "White, Antitactic and Hot," by Vincent John Longo. Among the Expressionists, I'd cite especially Keith Finch's big and extraordinarily powerful "Still Life," Serge Chermayeff's "Storm Warning," Robert Conover's bold, broadly patterned "Construction in Red and Black," and the dark, adroitly conceived "Carousel," by Richard Bove.

There are some surprises in the show, and a few disappointments. As the names I have mentioned may suggest, the best-known artists don't come off as well as they might. I've already noted a couple of exceptions, though, and there are others. Kuniyoshi, for one, seems to be finding his way at last in his new, rather flat mat style, and his high-keyed still life "Oriental Presents" is an exciting piece of painting, while Peter Blume's picture of a Mexican votive figure, called "Man of Sorrows," is a striking mingling of irony and pity. But the ordinarily admirable Ben Shahn is represented by a hesitant and ineffectual composition, as are Philip Evergood, Jack Levine, and Kenneth Hayes Miller. I yield to no one in my admiration for Loren MacIver, but "The Circus" seems to me more of a tour de force than a real penetration of the problem she undertook.

Perhaps inevitably, a number of the Expressionist pieces appear remarkable more for their splashily colorful surface effect than for anything else, and a few others, like Tom Cavanaugh's huge "Death of an Artist" (choked with money, he was), Louis Grebenak's almost too alcoholically hazed "Of the Drinker," and Charles Heaney's "Cave Painting, No. 5" (which is actually painted on a slab of plaster), have a slightly fey quality that seems odd for the usually decorous Whitney. But such extravagances are quite healthy, on the whole, and they add, if anything, to what's essentially a very lively showing.

At the Wildenstein, for the benefit of St. Faith's House—and to celebrate the gallery's fiftieth year—there's a loan exhibition of masterpieces of all schools and periods from the fourteenth-century Italian up to and including the French Impressionists of the nineteenth. "Masterpieces," for once, is not too strong a word, for of the sixty-two items hardly one is not outstanding. I'd like



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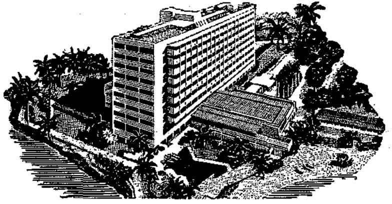

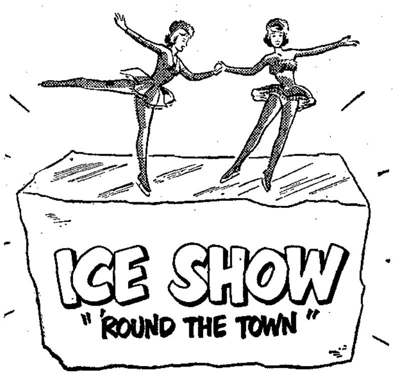

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to deal lovingly with them, one by one. But I'll just mention the Lorenzo Monaco "Virgin and Child," Titian's handsome "Man with the Falcon," Watteau's "The Mezzetin," Ingres's "Portrait of Monsieur Marcotte," and the peculiarly poignant "In Front of the Wardrobe Mirror," by Toulouse-Lautrec, and urge you to go see the show.

AT the Sidney Janis Gallery, another loan showing, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society of New York, brings the Douanier, Henri Rousseau, back to attention in the first big exhibition of his works here in twenty-one years. Once again we are confronted with a fine selection of pictures, capped by such big major pieces as "Le Rêve," "La Carriole de Père Juniet," and the smaller but wonderfully winning "Joueurs de Football." I was interested, too, in his seldom seen earlier paintings, like "Paysage avec Ruines," "La Passerelle de Passy," and "La Fabrique de Chaises"—little, Sunday-painter efforts, inconsiderable in themselves but valuable for the way they reveal his efforts to find expression for his real poetic vision within the limits of his primitive technique.

WITH all the riches we have before us at the moment, it should still be remembered that there are always younger artists waiting for recognition, and there are a couple of shows worth mentioning for that reason. At the Arthur Brown, Artists Equity is holding a series of exhibitions by its younger or less-well-known members, and at the Downtown there's a sort of rotating, continuous group showing, also of works by unknowns. Carroll Cloar, with his "Abandoned Railroad Station," Herbert Katzman ("London"), and Charles Oscar ("Night Forest") seemed to me to be the standouts at the latter emporium. Except for the amazingly fluent and accurate finger paintings by a blind artist named Minna Blau, the current group at the Brown, I'm afraid, is fairly unexciting. But the series as a whole, like the one at the Downtown, is worth watching, for one never knows what will turn up at either.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Hedy LaMarr, who vowed she was through with Hollywood films, will play Salome in "Pilot's Wife" for RKO. —*Danton Walker in the News.*

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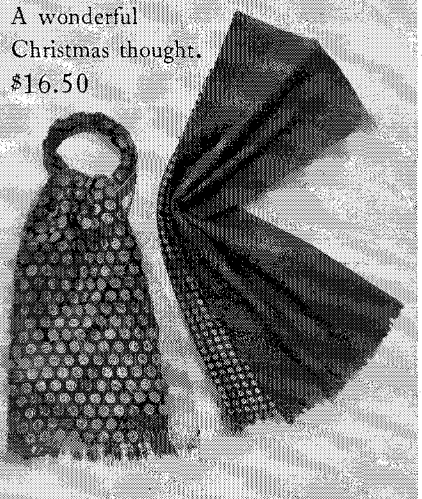

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HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From a recent English-language broadcast beamed to the United Kingdom from Moscow*]

"MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT RETURNS TO AMERICA"

Martin Chuzzlewit was running down the street for all he was worth. Mark Tapley and I were doing our best to keep up with him, and the ever-cheerful Mark could be heard muttering, "What a country! The jolliest time as ever I have spent in my life! Full speed ahead." But although we were running as fast as we could, our pursuers were overtaking us. . . . Shrill police whistles were being blown, and there were loud cries of "Stop them! Hold them! They are Reds!" Suddenly, we almost ran into three armed men holding submachine guns, who were blocking our path. We realized that resistance was useless.

Martin Chuzzlewit was pushed into a big, black touring car drawn up at the curb. Mark and I followed. What was our surprise when our captors suddenly opened fire with their machine guns on our pursuers. We heard agonizing cries behind us. Several pedestrians—chance passers-by—had been shot down. Our captors jumped into the car and we were off. . . .

Shortly after, our car turned off the main road and we heard the sound of gravel under the wheels. In another minute we pulled up in front of a magnificent country house. . . . We were ushered into a big hall, which struck me as being something like a cross between a businessman's office and a pub. There were several telephones on the desk; in the background I could see a bar, with its array of bottles of all shapes, colors, and sizes. Two men stood at the bar, holding their glasses. One of them was a middle-aged gentleman, very respectable-looking, but with an eye missing. The other was a younger man, portly and in every respect the prosperous businessman. One of our saviors immediately addressed this gentleman.

"Here they are, boss," he said. "We were in the nick of time. They were about to grab them."

But, darting a quick glance in our direction, the young man yelled out, "Holy smoke, you have got the wrong ones!" And, turning to us, he angrily demanded, "Where have you come from?"

"From England," calmly replied Martin Chuzzlewit. He thereupon introduced himself, and briefly recounted the developments that had led up to our appearance at the country house. He ended by politely asking to whom we were indebted for our deliverance.

The answer was a roar of laughter.

"I always said that you in England were backward," said the one-eyed man when the laughter had subsided. "Why, everyone in our country would recognize him." Here he made a motion with his head in the direction of the young, prosperous-looking gentleman. "His picture is in the papers—and on the front pages, mind you—practically every day. Man, it's Luciano, one of the most remarkable men of our great country." So we learned that we were the guests of a famous gangster. . . . At this point, another gentleman appeared on the scene, and announced that the bank raid had been a success. Having cleared

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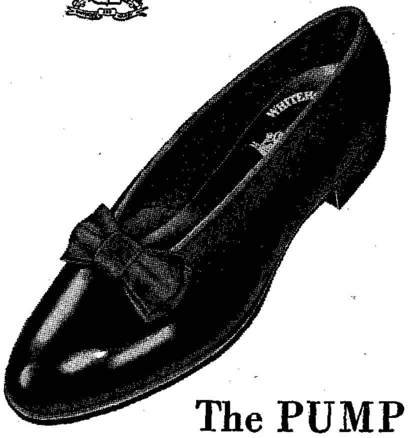

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No. 1 Deluxe Box (10 to 14 pears)	$ 3.35
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the safe, the gangsters departed without being disturbed. . . . We realized that Luciano's men had taken us to be the raiders. On learning of the successful outcome of this undertaking, Luciano became much more cordial. . . . and when [Luciano] learned that all three of us were anxious to find out everything we could about America, and that we were connected with the press, he became even more friendly.

"Publicity is essential to every undertaking, my concern included," he remarked. "Gentlemen, I am at your service. . . ."

True to his intention of taking every opportunity to study American life, Martin Chuzzlewit at once began questioning our host about the principles and methods of gangsterism. Mr. Luciano was quite eager to furnish the required information. "You see," he explained, "concerns like mine further the great national institutions of this great country. I give people the opportunity to display to the fullest extent such true American traits as enterprise, daring, and the ability to stand up for oneself. A gangster . . . [is] a true son of our free hemisphere, a true son of freedom."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Martin, "that this institution enjoys general recognition in your country?"

"Certainly," replied Luciano. "Why here, I will prove it to you." And he immediately ordered a trunk call put through to Washington, giving the telephone number of one of the most prominent men in Congress.

"Hello, Fred, is that you?" he shouted a minute later. "How are you, old man? Still storming at the Reds in your speeches? . . . Now, see here, Fred. About that bill on gambling houses. I want you to remember that that is an un-American bill, nor is it in America's interests. As a matter of fact, it is not in your interest either, for if that bill were to be passed, your proceeds from that little plot in Santa Barbara would fall drastically. You understand me, Fred, do you not? I hope that you will devote one of those brilliant speeches of yours to this bill. Tell them it would be un-American to curtail freedom of enterprise, and so on. . . ." Luciano hung up. "I assure you," he remarked, "that the boys in Washington need us just as much as we need them."

At this moment another telephone rang. It was answered by the one-eyed gentle-

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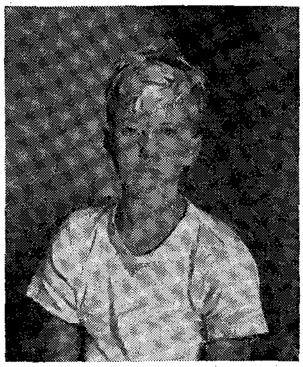

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man. "I do not know," he said doubtfully. "I will find out if he is in or not. Boss, it is Hoover, from the F.B.I. He wants to speak to you. It may be connected with these English guys. Perhaps I had better tell him you are out."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Luciano. "Why, Edgar and I are old friends. Nothing could make us quarrel. Give me that receiver. Hello, Mr. Hoover. What can I do for you? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Yes, of course. We will show them how to call strikes. Do not worry. My boys will give them a sound thrashing all right." And putting the receiver back into place Luciano cast a look of triumph at it. "See," he said, "how useful we are to society. Edgar Hoover asked me to send about a hundred boys or so down to Alvinstown, where the workers at Mr. Sum's place have gone on strike. Mr. Hoover knows whom he can rely on in such cases. . . ."

"But tell me," rejoined Martin, "what are the principles on which the relations of your concern with society are based?"

"The principles?" Luciano pondered over this for a moment. "I would say that they are the best principles. Mr. Morgan makes money one way. I make it another way. Business, that is the cornerstone of our great and free country. My business is not worse than any other. It yields dollars. I pay income tax. In short, everything is in order. Surely there is nothing unclear to you about it, gentlemen, eh? But then I realize that you Europeans are not quick at grasping things."

"Do you imply," asked Martin, with some doubt, "that your undertaking does not differ from any Wall Street concern?"

"Well, perhaps you would like someone on Wall Street to confirm it," suggested the famous gangster. "I can give you a letter of introduction to my friend Mr. Rockefeller." He sat down at the desk, wrote a few words on his card, and inserted it in an envelope.

"Thank you," said Martin, receiving the envelope. "We are much obliged to you for your information and hospitality."

"Oh, we Americans are very hospitable," confirmed Luciano.

"Most certainly," murmured Mark Tapley, rubbing his ankle, which he had sprained during our recent flight.

•

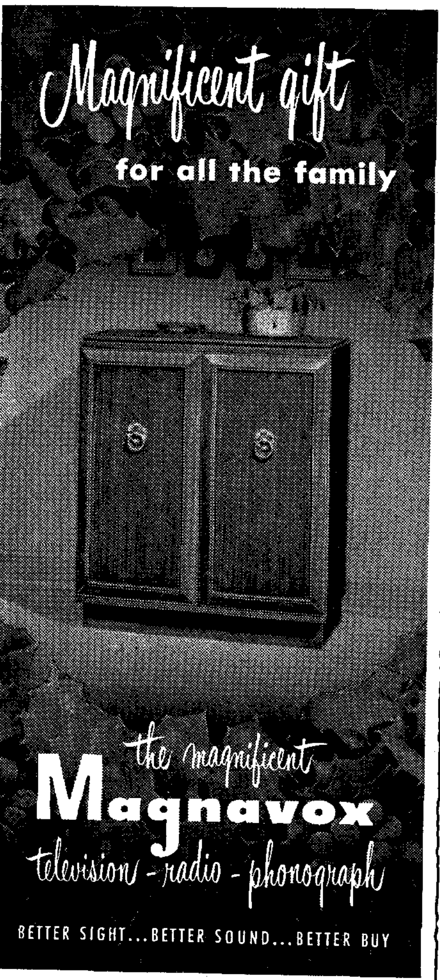
CLIFF-DWELLER BLUES

The couple below me
Are old and gray.
They never throw parties
Wild and gay.

The couple above me
Are young and smart.
When I go to bed,
Their parties start.

And I, in the middle,
Would so dearly love
Being below those below
Or above those above!

—Elizabeth Lee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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR

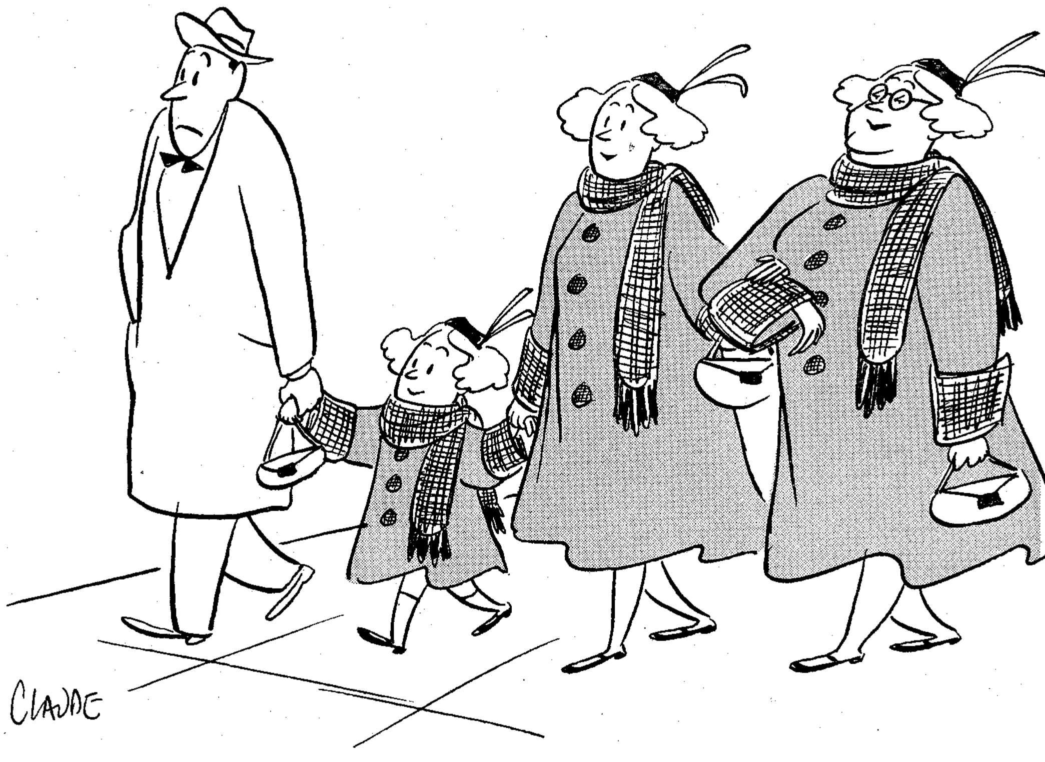
WE have set this week aside for a sweeping survey of Christmas decorations, beginning with sparkly bits of this and that to twinkle brightly on trees and over doorways and on Christmas tables, and moving on—in the same general direction, but light-years beyond—to an inspection of the diamonds and rubies and emeralds the jewellers have arrayed on their black velvet pads to tempt customers who have a weakness for scattering such things around at Yuletide. Last week, we checked off on our shopping list the Christmas presents that have to be ordered in advance, and next week we'll discuss gifts for the house. On to the stores, now, and don't forget that the prices we mention include luxury taxes—and in some cases this may be the only consolation the prices have to offer.

Wrappings and Trimmings

THE days ahead are bound to tap your reserves of seasonal cheer, and the best restorative we can think of is an afternoon devoted to picking out Christmas ornaments for the tree, the mantel, and the hearth. We aren't bothering this year with basic things like trees and wreaths—it won't be long before you can hardly get home at night through the stacks of them on the sidewalks. What we have tried to do is search out arresting trappings that, without outraging tradition, contribute something to the gaiety of the season.

In recent years, up-and-coming florists have been finding Christmas uses for plants that, as far as Christmas is concerned, are a long way from being conventional. For example, Judith Garden, at 53 East 55th Street, twines strings of glittering glass jewels among the shiny green leaves of a spiralling, three-foot-tall tropical wax plant—a *Hoya carnosa*, that is. Plant and jewels come to $35. A jaunty two-foot spray of flocked evergreen branches to hang on a wall is dressed up with red ribbon and—ah, Christmas!—a silver-sprayed ukulele, which may come in handy on New Year's Eve; $12.50. The main ingredient of a mobile, to hang in a doorway, is a sort of two-dimensional bird cage, made of brass wire; in it, or on it, perches a fat bird—about the size of a robin—whose head and body are Christmas-tree balls but whose tail feathers are real. The cage is suspended from a chunk of driftwood, and on each side of it are candles in brass-wire holders; all for $25. . . . Constance Spry, 322 Park Avenue (50th), gladdens the season with a twenty-inch, twelve-dollar peppergrass Christmas tree, sprayed white and decorated with tiny Christmas-tree balls; smaller trees are $10 and $7.50. . . . For enlivening a window or a chandelier, a shop called Flowers by Konstantin, at 50 East End Avenue (82nd), offers artificial snowballs and giant snowflakes that have mistletoe, holly, or bright strawflowers popping out all over them. A riotous three-and-a-half-inch snowball is $7 and a three-inch snowflake is $1.75. Chunks of gnarled tree roots or limbs—it's no use asking us what kind of tree—burnished to a rich, deep brown, conceal containers for flowers or greens, provide a nice, bosky accent for an occasional table, and are among the most charming and original decorations we've seen around; $7.50 and up, and by "up" we mean $150.

Mistletoe, the Good-Time Charlie of the botanical world, gets a great deal of attention from Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th), who puts it inside a bell made of gilded wire, with a tinsel bow at the top and a fringe of small Christmas-tree balls dangling from the bottom; $12. . . . Jack Kelly, at 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), has red and green Christmas bells of woven straw, three, four, or five inches high. You get one of each size, tied together with a red or green satin bow, for $3.50. A wire lettuce basket filled with red geraniums and ready to be hung up like a lantern is $7.50. This shop also has some Chinese wrapping paper, covered with mottled or pebbly designs in handsome purples and dull greens; two sheets, twenty-two inches by fifty-one, for $1. . . . And speaking of wrapping paper, we call your attention, as we do every year at this time, to the well-laden shop of the Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation, at 109 East 31st Street. Consider first a great big batch of hand-printed Japanese papers on which scores of different designs—butterflies, sorrowful Oriental trees, and such—appear against off-white backgrounds. The size is twenty by twenty-five inches, and the cost from fifty cents to $1.50 a sheet. Silver or gold Chinese tea-box papers are still to be found here, too (sixty cents for a sheet nineteen by forty inches), and there is a nice array of colorful hand-printed domestic pa-



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1. **THAT "WEATHERED" LOOK** *calls for a cream that coaxes off make-up, smooths and softens at the same time. So Rule 1 is CLEANSE . . . with Dry-Skin Cleanser . . . $1.25 to $4.*
2. **DRAB, DULL SKIN** *needs local stimulation. So Rule 2 is STIMULATE . . . brighten and freshen, without drying effects. Pat gently with Orange Flower Skin Lotion . . . $1 to $3.75.*
3. **TINY LINES** *and roughness respond to a smoothing, softening overnight treatment. Rule 3 is LUBRICATE . . . with Special Dry-Skin Mixture . . . $2.25 and $4.*

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pers—big white snowflakes on a gold background, angular bronze angels romping around on an olive-green ground, and red-clad children skating across a chartreuse ground, for instance. These are a quarter for a sheet twenty inches by twenty-six.

Ethel Rogers, at 860 Madison Avenue (70th), has elevated a lowly dustpan to the status of a door decoration by painting it red and white, standing it on end, filling it with lightly flocked greens and roses made of eucalyptus leaves, and finishing it off with two red and white candy-striped ribbon bows; $10. A gilded bird cage, suitable for hanging on a chandelier, contains a gilded pot full of Pyracantha, or what is sometimes known as Christmas berries. Mistletoe and a price tag that reads "$15" dangle from the bottom of the cage. An Italian basket of white straw with a cover that is hinged in the middle and open at each end overflows with fresh spruce branches and red geraniums. The handle is festooned with gilded grapes; $20. . . . People who are looking for exotic flora to put a little zip into their decorative arrangements can find big rush baskets filled with dyed imported rushes and grasses at Anne Hagan, 671 Second Avenue (36th). They cost $10.50 and the contents include plumed marsh grass from Africa, trembling cone-bearing grasses from Italy, and sheaves of tufted Eurasian grass that look like so many sable paintbrushes. The grasses come in such colors as red, blue, pink, chartreuse, and turquoise. Baskets made in France and filled with frosted and jewelled Christmas-tree balls, strawflowers, and—for a change—fresh flowers are $15 and $25. White wire stands that are meant for cocktail bars—they have accommodations for nine Old-Fashioned glasses and six hors-d'oeuvre pots—are lavishly decorated with flowers, fruits, and Christmas greenery and reddery. These are $15 or $25 each, the price depending on the size and on the contents before the Old-Fashioneds are laid in.

LEAVING the flower markets behind, we arrive now at 9 West 57th Street, where Alice H. Marks has worked out some charming Christmas-table decorations. Transparent plastic hurricane lamps about a foot high are trimmed with twisted gold rope, Christmas bells, and sequins; $12.50 each. To hang on the tree, there are plastic hemispheres, each containing a portrait bust of an angel mounted on black velvet and the whole thing bound around with gold braid. The angels portrayed

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must come from a pretty rakish heaven, for they have sequin hair and sequined silver-foil wings; $1.50 each. . . . Swarms of angels, designed to inhabit trees or stand on tables, are in residence now at America House, 32 East 52nd Street. Those for the table have demure, hand-painted wooden faces, gold-metal halos, and glistening, multicolored paper wings. A set of three costs $7.50; one of them, seven and a half inches tall, holds a flower-laden basket, and the two others, who are smaller, hold pots of flowers. Two-inch ceramic angels of less angelic nature, for the tree, have clear plastic wings. One has buck teeth and fondles a black cat, and another is dressed as a Gay Nineties belle and carries a black sequin necklace; $1.85 each. Some of the Christmas candles at America House are practically cubic, being four inches square at the base and three inches high. They are set on black wooden bases and are translucent, so that when the center burns down, the light glimmers through the sides; in green, red, white, lime, and other colors at $1.50 each. A more orthodox cylindrical candle, fifteen inches high and four in diameter, is painted all over with a gold and silver frieze design; $10.

For $7.50, the Atelier Chic, 50 East 64th Street, will produce a wire-frame Madonna in a pleated gold paper dress and a gold lace halo, whose outstretched hands can hold candles. She is fifteen inches high and folds into practically nothing, which makes her easy to mail as a present or store for next season. . . . Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd), trims tall red candles with clusters of frosted white bells and red or chartreuse ribbons, all attached by Scotch Tape, so they can be removed before the flame gets to them; $4.10 and $4.60 per candle. A ceramic Santa Claus medallion, to pin on a napkin, a dress, a curtain, or a tree, has a red sequin cap, mouth, and nose, and one blue sequin eye. The other is closed in a wink, which saves sequins for national defense; $1.25. A white ceramic sleigh with painted holly trimming and a real red ribbon can

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Noted here are some of the most gratifying taste-discoveries of recent years. These are *varietal wines* of California — a group bearing on their bottle labels the names of the *grape varieties* from which they are made.

These grapes are producers of some of the world's most distinguished red table wines. Grapes differ, however, in those particular qualities which the soil and climate bestow upon the vine. And from California's favored vineyards these great grapes have taken unusually pleasing character.

Their wines, you will find, offer especially delightful taste experiences for your palate.

Delightful with any red meat or spaghetti

Among the finest Clarets of California are those made from the **CABERNET** grapes — *Cabernet* and *Cabernet Sauvignon.* Often bottled under their grape names, these California Clarets are medium-bodied with characteristic flavor, provocative bouquet, suave, lingering taste and a notable keenness of balance.

Excellent for regular use

ZINFANDEL is the one wine grape exclusive to California, and its wines provide interesting new experiences in finesse and charm. Wine of the Zinfandel is vivacious, brilliant and clear. When grown in the cooler Northern regions of California, it is moderately heavy in body and keynoted by florid bouquet and fruity flavor. Zinfandel from California's warmer valleys is somewhat heavier.

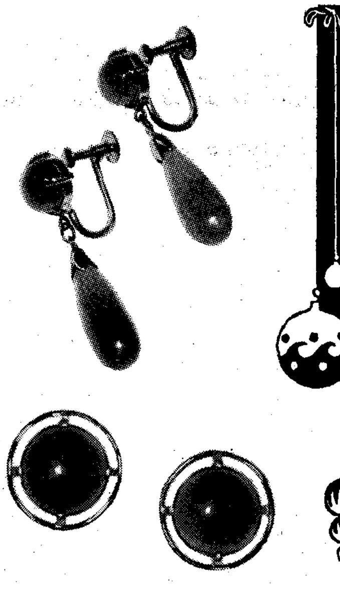
Choice for steak dinners

THE PINOTS are another superlative group of California wine grapes. Here they father some of California's finest Burgundies. The red table wine varieties, *Pinot Noir* and *Red Pinot,* find a perfect home on California's sunny hillsides. Their wines are generous, robust and velvety — with aristocratic bouquet and unsurpassed fragrance.

Perfect for roasts

GAMAY, as grown on California's coastal hillsides, produces a light and sprightly wine that is utterly delightful when young. Lusciously soft in tone, delicate and fine, yet well-rounded in body, Gamay has a glorious and classical aftertaste.

The winegrowers of California take pride and pleasure in offering such *red table wine varietals.* Exploring those mentioned here, you will find, is an enticing invitation to venture further into the discovery of the *white table wine varietals* and still other of the many fine wines of California. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.



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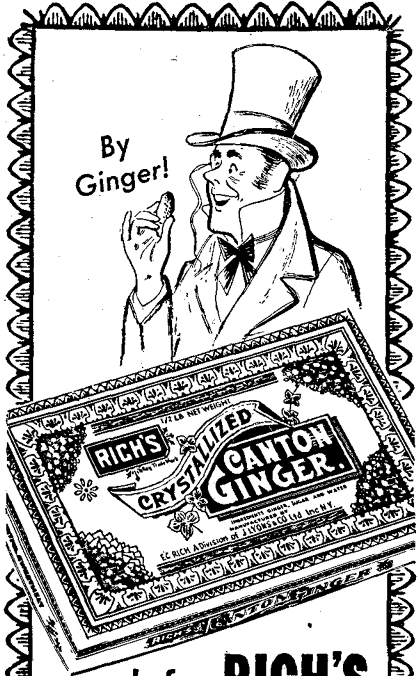

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hold cigarettes or place cards, or dangle from a tree; $1.10. Other table ornaments include a number of waggish ceramic angels—most of them playing musical instruments and some of them (pickaninnies) eating watermelon—who float around on star-spangled clouds; $6.25 each. White or green plastic fir trees (which have it all over real trees, because it didn't occur to Nature to grow hers with dismountable boughs in the interests of mailing and storing) stand seventeen inches high and cost $6. Billiard-table-green felt place-mats are studded with sequins and imitation pearls and appliquéd with felt Christmas motifs; $2.50 each. And a silvery tablecloth that is made of something known as jewel cloth, which shimmers like sunlit snow, is stencilled with green pine cones and boughs; three yards square and $22.50.

Alfred Orlik, at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), has wooden angels that were hand-carved in Oberammergau. There are twelve models, two and a half inches high (a new size this year), robed in pink or blue and playing various instruments; $6.50 each. . . . A lot of the bright-colored Latin-American wares at Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street, fit in nicely with the seasonal spirit, even though most of them aren't especially intended for Christmas. Long strands of violent-colored palm-straw beads, which could be draped like strings of popcorn over a Christmas tree, are $1.25, and sixty-five cents takes a miniature bamboo bird cage with a feathered bird inside. A brightly jewelled Madonna enthroned in a tin niche nine inches high is $10; in a seven-inch niche, $7.50. A hand-painted wooden crèche, imported from Portugal, is $18. Doll-size papier-mâché Mexican masks, which hold place cards or grimace through the branches of a tree with equal facility, are a quarter apiece.

Dennison, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), is, of course, the bellwether in the field of Christmas trimmings. This year, the shop has some wrapping paper that shines and sparkles, thanks to metallic particles scattered through it; a pale-blue coated paper glitters with huge fuchsia stars, a black one with fuchsia snowflakes, and so on. Two sheets, twenty by thirty inches each, are $1. A cardboard freight train, whose principal purpose is to sit on a mantelpiece and hold Christmas cards, is more than a yard long and about six inches high. It costs $1, and with it comes an envelope into which it will fold flat, so that it can be mailed out as a Christmas card itself. Small, brilliant-colored Christmas-tree

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Antique white jade Mandarin buckles and sterling silver handles.

Magnifying glass, 3 inch diameter.

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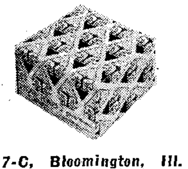

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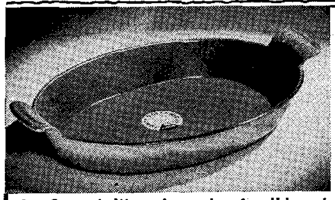

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balls are nineteen cents each and are distinguished from other generations of brilliant-colored Christmas-tree balls by the fact that they have ribbon bows instead of string for attaching them to the tree or to packages. The widest strips of silver tinsel you're likely to see anywhere—they're a good three inches across—are $1.50 for a three-yard length; big silver-tinsel pompons are forty-nine cents and still bigger ones are sixty-nine cents. A holly wreath from Italy, sixteen inches in diameter and decorated with minute colored balls, is lacquered and will survive a good many seasons; $3.50. Dennison is represented in the angel orchestra by some shiny plastic instrumentalists hand-painted in West Germany; $3.50 gets you six of them. Old-fashioned sleigh bells are here, too—gilded, of course, and priced at from a quarter to a dollar each, according to size. A red tallow rose nestled in green tallow leaves turns out to be a candle, and is meant to float about, lit, in a bowl of water in the middle of a Christmas dinner table; $1.25 buys a pair, without oars.

Dennison's is only one of a number of places around town where you will come upon Glo-Sno, a phosphorescent plastic snow that glows in the dark; thirty-nine cents pays for a three-ounce box, enough to bank around a fairly large tree. Make It Snow is a liquid-plastic substance that, when squirted on a tree, a wreath, a centerpiece, or whatever, solidifies and looks like snow. It is easily washed off, and is, in the happy phrase, non-toxic. It comes in cans like aerosol bombs for $1 and $1.95. . . . Tregreen is a crystalline chemical invented to keep an honest Christmas tree green and reduce the danger of its catching fire by supplying moisture to the branches and the needles. You add water to the crystals and let the tree stand in a bowlful of the mixture, or you can soak the base of the tree in the solution for four days before you set it up, and it will keep fresh-looking for several weeks. A dollar for a twelve-ounce can from the Tregreen Division of Griffin Brothers, Box 4511, Portland 2, Oregon.

Jewelry for Women

WE'VE had our noses pressed against the windows of some of the first-magnitude jewelry stores lately and can hardly wait to tell you what we've seen; the visions of sugarplums that are supposed to dance in your head at this season will be crowded out by visions of things a great deal more substantial. For instance, a tiara at Cartier that is made of enormous, perfectly

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matched diamonds and costs $150,000. Does that help you plan your Christmas shopping? If not, there's a nice old-fashioned gold thimble for $16.80 at Ross Pennell. In between these extremes, we have, we hope, assembled enough jewelry to take care of any conceivable situation. If you blanch when you read the prices of some of them, please remember that we didn't set them; we only record them.

Cartier, an old hand with pear-shaped diamonds (and what a fine kind of old hand to be!), likes to set them as teardrops suspended from necklaces and earrings. One magnificent pair of earrings has two diamond hearts interlocked on the lobe, from which dangle two platinum strands of different lengths, one supporting two small pear-shaped diamonds, the other three; $4,400. A Cartier staple, the formalized flower, also appears in earrings, these being constructed of three daisy-like blossoms of round diamonds grouped in a dome shape; $5,800. From France come whopping big pins and clips that use both precious and semi-precious stones. For instance, a forty-two-carat amethyst makes the body of a duck who is favored with a turquoise-studded gold head ($975); similar combinations are embodied in owls, parrots, turtles, and squirrels. Chalcedony, a milk-white stone that is a remote cousin of agate, is the nucleus of a number of small lapel pins, such as a chalcedony duck who sports a gold crown and a gold-and-diamond lei, and tramps along on coral feet ($265); a garnet-eyed gold duckling emerging from a chalcedony egg ($98); and a snowman with a gold broom, a gold hat, and a ruby eye ($120). In many jewellers' showcases this year are very small clips to wear on a beret or to use for anchoring a band of grosgrain ribbon around the neck. Cartier's contribution is a gold park bench, at one end of which two coral hearts, surrounded by diamonds, are cuddled together; $240. A new kind of flexible gold bracelet is called the Palm Tree, because it looks like the trunk of one. A double strand of this holds a round-faced watch that is caught between double parentheses of precious stones; with diamonds, all this comes to $875; with rubies, to $650; with sapphires, to $550.

Tiffany has some exquisite small drop earrings—grape clusters of rubies, say, with diamond danglers ($1,800), or pear-shaped clusters of diamonds with pear-shaped diamond drops ($1,625). Here, too, is a bracelet made of diamond-and-sapphire figure eights separated by diamond rosettes. All yours to give away for $3,450. The asymmetrical brooch that divides (like an amoeba, only much more expensively) into two clips is still in high favor. One brooch, all complicated swirls fenced in with round diamonds in invisible settings, comes apart into two pins that bear a family resemblance to the parent; $6,100. Another involves sapphire flowers on diamond stems planted in a row of sapphire baguettes. This one forms two bouquets and costs $4,300. Among the shoals of wrist-watches here is one whose simple, truthful face is shielded by a domed gold lid studded with rubies and diamonds. On a gold snake-chain bracelet with a diamond at each end, it's $900. Apparently, all jewellers are sentimentalists, if the way they go in for hearts of all sizes and substances is any indication. Among Tiffany's romantic outbursts is a pair of gold button earrings from each of which dangles a heart outlined in gold rope. An arrow pierces each heart, and there's a diamond in the middle of the arrow; $140. Then, there's a chaste dahlia-like brooch with overlapping heart-shaped, engine-turned gold petals; it's an inch and a half in diameter and costs $160. Matching earrings are $90. The marine life here includes a starfish brooch ($745), made of gold with a cluster of eleven diamonds at the center and a diamond at the end of each tentacle. It can be accompanied in its Christmas box by matching earrings ($700).

Harry Winston, whose shop is the dilatory domicile of the Hope diamond, can't work up much enthusiasm over any stone you couldn't use for a door stop. He has some ear clips that seem, once your eyes are accustomed to the glare, to be piercing the wearer's ears—not just the lobes, mind you, but the *ears*. A floral rosette of round diamonds, say, peeping out from behind the ear near the top is seemingly connected to another rosette below the ear

in front; this pretty deceit is $13,500. One end of the newest flexible diamond bracelet in this establishment is a lariat loop, through which the other end is poked; once through the loop, this end unravels into four flexible sprays of baguette diamonds with round-diamond tips. That will be $20,000, please.

THE first thing to catch our eye at Van Cleef & Arpels was a massive gold bracelet with an indentation running around its center. Through this valley runs a river of diamonds, and the outer edges of the bracelet are whipped with gold ribbon; $2,300. A chipper pair of gold earrings has a round diamond in each center, each diamond surrounded by five square-cut sapphire petals set at an angle; tiny diamonds are tamped down in the spaces between the sapphires, and the whole thing has a sort of blossoming-flower effect. This is $4,900. The latest flexible bracelet *here* is a half-round rope, almost an inch in diameter, made of diagonal rows of sapphires interrupted every inch with a double diagonal row of diamonds; $12,500. Rings with settings that tower to a considerable height are in favor at V.C. & A. A raised cabochon ruby that looks like a bursting rocket is held in place by alternating streamers of rubies and diamonds that arch downward from the central stone ($6,200). A gold watch ring has its face buried in a pile of eight diamonds, or so it seems; the stones are actually set in the lid. It costs $950. A tiny clip pin that is a half globe of gold sprinkled with diamonds (or other gems) set in star-shaped indentations costs $500 (or less). A miniature gold cigarette lighter, about an inch and a half high, engraved with prim flowers, is $275, and a tiny travelling clock to match it, except that diamonds and sapphires are set in the centers of the flowers, is $425.

RAYMOND C. YARD, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), has a predilection for yellow sapphires and for diamonds that range in hue from pale yellow to bronze. Delicate sprays of canary-yellow diamonds mixed with white ones constitute a brooch that separates into double clips ($7,600), and a whacking big yellow emerald-cut sapphire is set in a ring and flanked with a ruby or a blue sapphire and a batch of small diamonds ($1,920). An impressive collection of jewelled wristwatches, with movements by Patek-Philippe and other masters, ranges from $450 to $4,000. . . . Wedderien, 485 Madison Avenue (51st), is noted as a good man for opals

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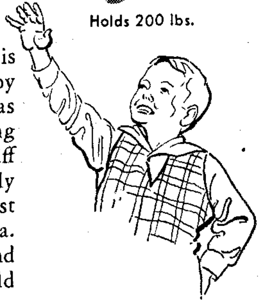

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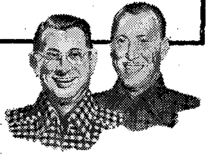

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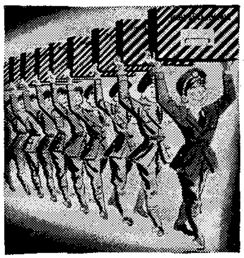

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and jade. A dainty narrow bracelet ($4,500) is made up of six round pieces of jade connected with diamond links; the jade is very clear and translucent, which makes the bracelet blend beautifully with whatever color is worn beneath it. Jade is also used in splendid rings, circled with white or canary-yellow diamonds, that cost $5,500. . . . Verdura, at 712 Fifth Avenue (55th), has taken a tiny Egyptian carving, more than three thousand years old, of a woman's head, studded it with emeralds and sapphires, and made it into a striking clip; the mounting, while modern, is authentically ancient-Egyptian in design, and the price—$2,850—is modern, too. Antique ivory unicorns from England, an inch and a half high, with twisted gold-wire horns, have been given diamond-studded manes and tiny necklaces of rubies and diamonds, and converted into clips, which cost $1,750. Other clips, at from $500 to $5,000, are caparisoned with turquoise, gold, and diamonds; one is a formidable Italian eagle, with a baroque-pearl body and pinions of sapphires and diamonds, who holds cultured pearls in his claws. The price tag reads $4,500. A specialty here is a clip in the form of a bouquet of amethyst violets with diamond centers and cabochon-emerald leaves; $8,500. Among Verdura's stupendous cigarette cases is a relatively plain one made of black pinseal overlaid with gold in a cane-bottomed-chair pattern; $975. . . . Schlumberger, at 21 East 63rd Street, has an array of pillboxes that should put a little cheer into pill-taking—two cherries of fluted gold on a gold branch, for instance ($225). For $100, there's a ball-shaped box of tortoise shell with gold polka dots or gold plus signs or gold stars all over it. Gold wire twisted like rope makes an eighteen-inch necklace that has a lariat loop at one end and a fat topaz ball at the other. The lower half of the ball is caged in more gold wire; $850. A bracelet of the same gold rope fastens with a loop-and-bar arrangement, like an old-fashioned watch chain. The bar has a small cabochon sapphire or ruby at each end; $395. A heavy gold bracelet consists of a series of double links and a swivel clasp that resembles the clasp on a dog leash; $725. In more elaborate jewelry, Schlumberger uses a lot of gold latticework with small diamonds in the interstices. A gold-latticework clip that looks like— well, like some sort of starfish—has small cultured pearls strewn about on it; each point of the star is folded up at the end, showing an underside paved with diamonds, and pearls and

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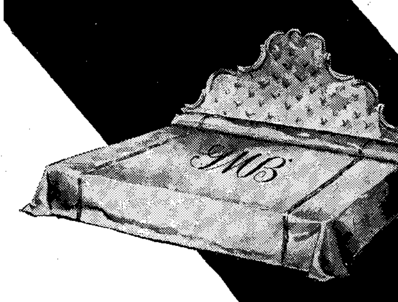

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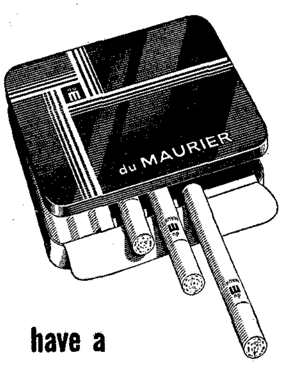

have a
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diamonds are clustered in the center of the whole business; $5,600. And a wide flexible bracelet is composed of rows of cultured pearls separated by rows of small diamonds; all this for $3,500.

OLGA TRITT, 18 East 57th Street, is a great one for beads. Grape clusters of sapphire beads interspersed with diamonds make up a pair of earrings that cost $650. A dazzling necklace of ruby and sapphire beads, twisted together with four strands of cultured pearls, is $1,850, and large ruby-bead ear clips, with diamond centers and pear-shaped ruby drops (each accented with a diamond), are $2,450. Handsomely executed work in plain gold includes stirrup-shaped earrings ($45), big round bangle bracelets, either engraved with a tiny scroll design ($190) or plain ($155), and a forty-inch twisted-rope necklace ($500). One-of-a-kind gold pillboxes are spangled with rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones; $190 to $500. A gold pin in the form of a wheel has a sapphire-and-diamond hub; $200.

AT Georg Jensen's, Nadja Buckley has devised some formal flowers, half an inch across, with a single ruby, diamond, or sapphire in the middle and petals of lacy gold openwork. Scatter pins of this family are $30; an enormous ring, made up of five flowers, is $240. As earrings, the flowers appear singly ($72), in dangling pairs ($150), or in clusters of three ($198). Miss Buckley's well-known life-size gold-winged ladybugs with enamel bodies ($25.20) have been joined by a swarm of tiny May flies in precious and semiprecious stones; one with an opal body is $60. A flat, flexible gold bracelet that looks something like a caterpillar tread is $300. The diamond necklaces here are mostly in multiple strands that lie around the neck like a collar. One such necklace, a blinding swathe of princely stones, is caught up at one side by a huge domed clip encrusted with diamonds and trailing six gold drops that end in sapphires and diamonds; this assembly is ticketed at $24,000. A whopper of an aquamarine dangles from a necklace of oblong aquamarines, each crowned with a triangular diamond. They are all set in platinum (which scarcely shows, though) and the works costs $15,000. Earrings that look like pinwheels have a round diamond core, with kite-shaped sapphires swirling around it; $1,980.

A SUNFLOWER pin whose petals are pear-shaped diamonds and whose center is one vast blue sapphire

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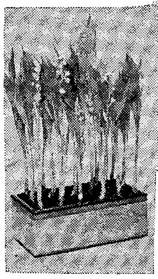
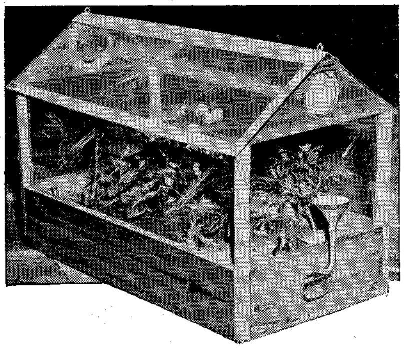


(Above) Square container, 4" x 4" with 9 pips, **$5.25**

(Left) Oblong container, 8" x 4" with 18 pips, **$8.95**



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turns up in a platinum setting at Black, Starr & Gorham; $5,750. Among other formalized flower designs here is a pansy done in sapphire baguettes and *pavé* diamonds; $2,750. A necklace that comes apart to make two bracelets consists of a double strand of cultured pearls, strung on a platinum chain, with a diamond between each pearl, and a big diamond clasp, which is worn in front, of course. It's $5,650. Another versatile necklace, this one a $12,450 job of round and baguette diamonds, incorporates two heart-shaped diamond-and-sapphire clips, which can also be worn independently or united in a brooch. A simpler necklace consists of a platinum rope fastened with a bow-knot of diamonds that hangs down in front like a lavaliere; $1,000. Gold bobby pins, three-eighths of an inch wide, are $17, and big barrettes, for women who wear chignons, are from $45 to $68.

AMONG the many gold bracelet charms at Lambert Brothers is a calendar, a little over an inch square, on which the owner's birthday or some particularly well-thought-of anniversary can be marked with a small Oriental sapphire or ruby. Ordinary days are marked in ordinary gold; $40. Then there's a wristwatch whose strap is three strands of gold-linked cultured pearls is camouflaged beneath a dome of seven larger cultured pearls; $500. A two-inch gold-and-cultured-pearl safety pin for a scarf or lapel is $23, and leaf-shaped ear clips of lacy gold, each with a diamond vein up the center and tiny rubies around its edge, are $725. A pin in the form of an open fan, sprinkled with tiny rubies at the top, has gold spokes, a pleated gold body, and a ruby-and-diamond base; it costs $350. Earrings to match, which cover most of the ear, are $675. And, oh, yes— a smoky-black star sapphire in a good-looking plain ring with a small diamond at each side is $200. . . . Bangle bracelets, revived from the twenties, are all around, and Ross Pennell makes them in platinum, a quarter of an inch wide, striped with baguette diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, or rubies, for from $1,200 to $3,500. Flat gold bangle bracelets, a half inch to two inches wide, are $150 to $200, and there are diamond charms to hang on them—a sea horse, say, for $270. Among the gold charms are stableboy hitching posts ($33), the three blind mice ($19.80), and infinitesimal playing cards ($16.20 each). Pennell also shows a lacy platinum brooch shaped like a tree, with

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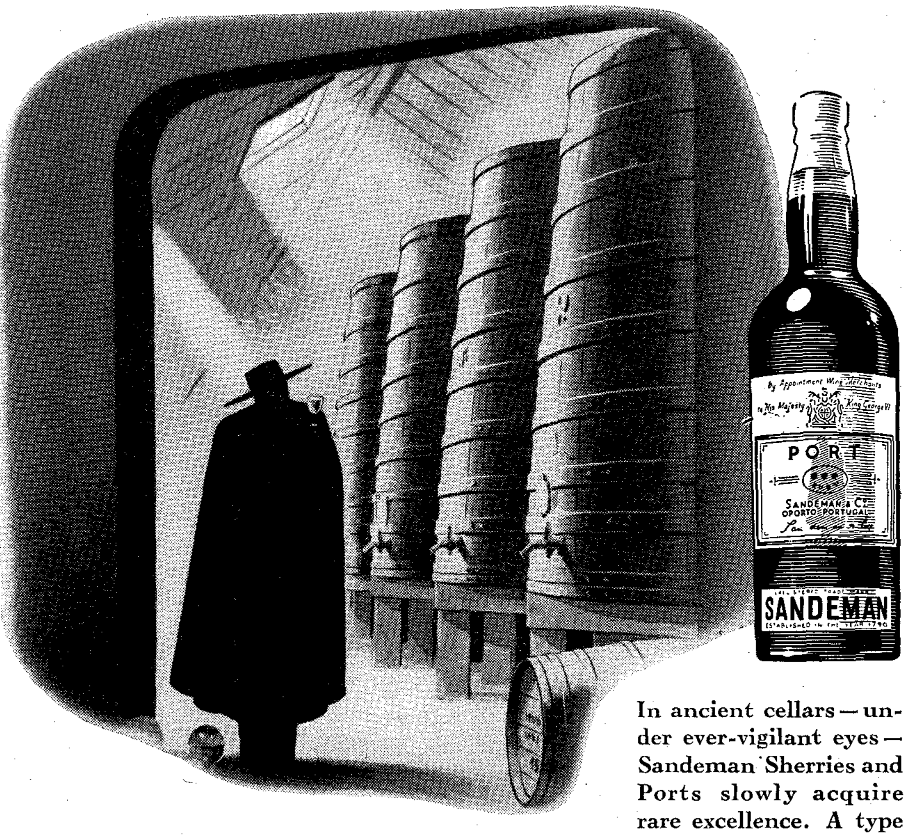
twenty-eight marquise diamonds glittering in the branches; $4,200. Snowflakes of pearls, diamonds, and platinum—these are earrings—cost $1,500. A massive, old-fashioned ring with diamond bands ascending to a large garnet, tourmaline, amethyst, or topaz is $360.

Jewelry for Men

AND now, if you will bear with us, we will undertake a slight change of perspective. However, to show that jewelry for men can sometimes be as giddy as jewelry for women, we direct your gaze to a gold pocket watch at Jensen. It's about the size and weight of a silver dollar, and how it escaped the attention of the Kefauver Committee is beyond us, because it not only tells time but constitutes a pocket gambling hell, having a roulette wheel that spins around its circumference; $365. Black, Starr & Gorham, to come partway down to earth, have a pocket watch, made by Movado, that operates inside either a gold ($320) or silver ($175) Saint Christopher medal an inch and five-sixteenths in diameter. At Cartier, a wristwatch whose works are contained in a minute gold disc is embedded in transparent lucite framed in gold. The hours are marked in enamel on the gold; $220. Cartier also has a gold wrist alarm watch that will wake a man up or help one who works on a split-second schedule to split seconds; $250. At Tiffany, there's a square, remarkably thin platinum wristwatch that doesn't do anything except tell time, look extremely elegant, and cost $960. One of those wristwatches that inform you what time it is in any capital of the world, as well as wherever *you* happen to be, is on hand in gold at Tourneau; $350. A waterproof, shockproof gold wristwatch with a sweep second hand, put out by the Swiss firm of Omega, is tagged a "chronometer," a word the Swiss government permits to appear only on watches of supreme merit. This one is as handsome as it is efficient, and costs $400 at Time Mart, 425 Madison Avenue (49th). Ross Pennell's seventeen-jewel gold wristwatch made by Concord is shockproof, nonmagnetic, and self-

GIFT WRAPPINGS



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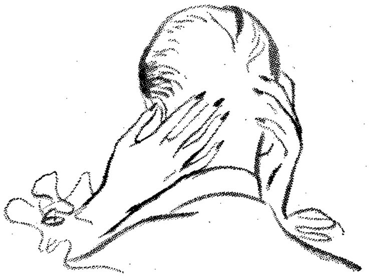

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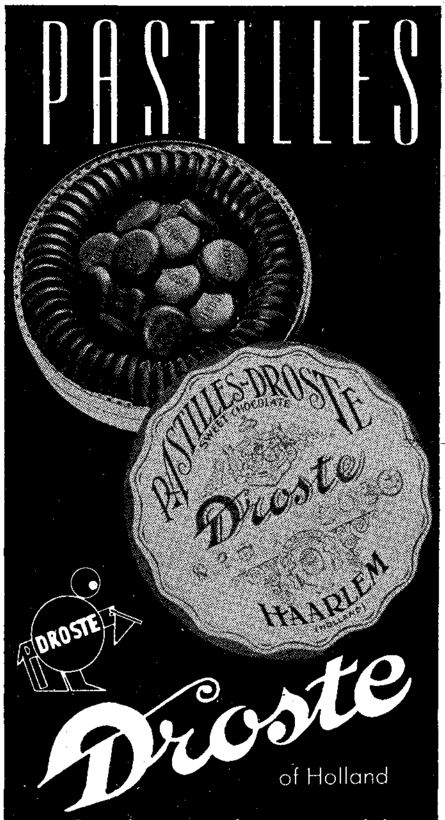

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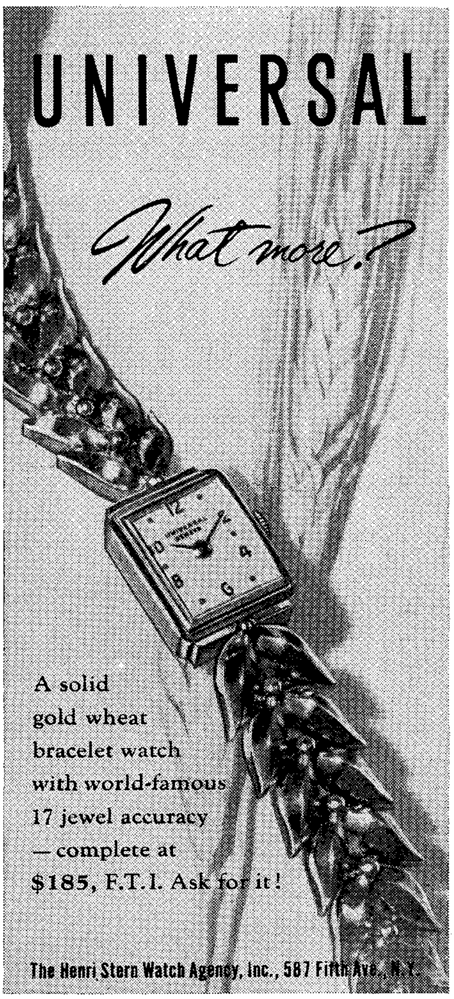
winding. With either phosphorescent or gold numerals, it is $160.

Of the overwhelming number of cuff links, new and perennial, that we have looked over in preparation for this essay, there were a dozen or so that we admired particularly. We'll start with a gold item at Verdura. Actually, it's not a cuff *link* at all but a simple horseshoe that snakes easily through buttonholes and locks with a gold bar across the open end of the horseshoe; the bar lifts up when you want to put the thing in or take it out. Set with cabochon rubies, sapphires, or hematite, a pair of these are $175; with emeralds, they're $250. Links that work in the conventional way have a gold acorn at one end and a gold bar in the shape of an oak twig at the other; $185. For $95 and up, Wedderien will fix you up with gold cuff links set with almost any semiprecious stuff you think a man might want—jade, jasper, ivory, onyx, moss agate, hematite, rock crystal, green amazonite, and so on, all cabochon cut. At Cartier, gold cuff buttons the shape and approximately the size of ordinary shirt buttons are set with minute square-cut sapphires where you would expect to see sewing thread; $200 a pair. A set of waistcoat buttons to go with them are $200, and a pair of matching studs are $135. Schlumberger has round buttons of tortoise shell dotted with gold, to be clipped (prong and catch) onto an evening shirt—or any shirt, for that matter—in place of the usual mother-of-pearl buttons ($100 a pair), and cuff buttons of oxidized silver set with tiny gold moons, stars, suns, or crosses ($58 a pair). Lambert will turn out a pair of good-looking gold cuff links consisting of the prospective owner's monogram for $65. Gerry Higgins, 665 Fifth Avenue (53rd), shows gold cuff buttons that look like newly mined nuggets. Four of them weigh an ounce, and a set costs $102, which will make prospectors wonder why they should do business with the government. Nadja Buckley, at Jensen's, puts domes of Italian oxblood coral, which is fairly rare, onto handsome gold cuff links for $120. And that should take care of cuff links for a while.

MISCELLANY: Tiffany has some superior English sporting crystals mounted on gold tie clips. Crystals enclosing miniature fox masks are $62 and $78; dog masks are $54 and $68; pheasants are $63; and trout are $48. A gold fishing rod and reel, plus a gold fish in a gold creel, decorate a gold tie clip that costs $82. An admirable gold collar



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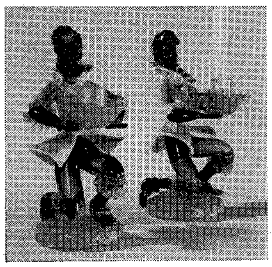

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clasp, the ends of which are set with sporting crystals not much bigger than a good-sized pinhead, is $46.... At Ross Pennell, three key blanks in a gold case that resembles a pocketknife cost $54; the keys open out like blades.... Cartier combines an engine-turned gold key blank with a pocket bottle opener and corkscrew ($60), and this reminds us that Lambert has a gold corkscrew tie clasp that a man can take off and open a bottle with ($45).... And Black, Starr & Gorham, outdoing everybody, has keys for a Cadillac nestling in a case of gold that *looks* like a Cadillac, with diamond headlights, ruby tail lights, and wheels that spin. It costs $137, and a real sport will provide the Cadillac to go with it.... This seems to be a good place to note that Schlumberger has a money clip with three divisions, so a man can keep bills of different denominations separate; it is made of gold, looks like a paper clip, is embellished with a cabochon ruby or a sapphire, and sells for $125.... At Cartier, a gold slipcase for Parliament cigarette boxes is decorated with an engine-turned nailhead pattern, which means that it won't fingerprint; it's $240.... At Verdura, gold mesh makes a magnificent cigarette case (it holds sixteen) with sides that are almost as pliable as the packages the cigarettes came out of. It has polished gold edges, and it costs $1,200.... Van Cleef & Arpels put out a gold cigarette case three-eighths of an inch thick (it holds fifteen) and almost as *light* as the package the cigarettes came out of; $750.... Olga Tritt will make a pair of superb black pearls, with a total weight of twenty grains, into a pair of shirt studs for $1,000.

•

BIOLOGY LESSON

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Brought Robert Edward Lee,
Pocahontas, Nehru,
Graham MacNamee,
Bill McFee, Beerbohm Tree,
Susan Anthony,
Chiang Kai-shek and Winchell,
And even you and me.
And Sherman Billingsley.

—Howard Cushman

•

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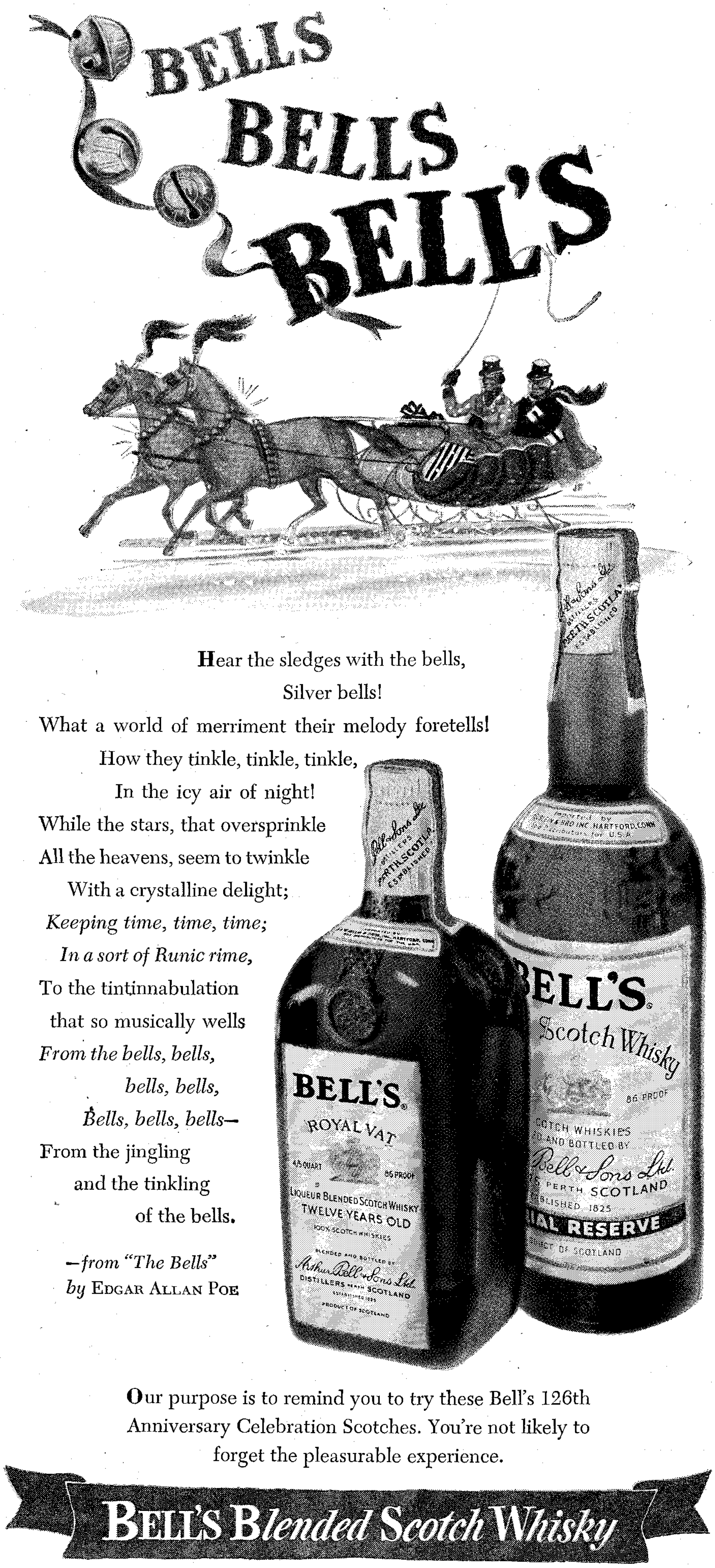

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time;
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation
that so musically wells
From the bells, bells,
bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling
and the tinkling
of the bells.

—from "The Bells"
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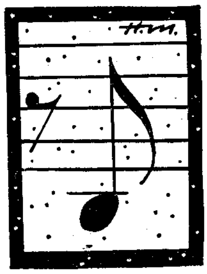
MUSICAL EVENTS

First Performances



THREE of the four works the Little Orchestra Society presented at Town Hall on Monday of last week were being performed in New York for the first time. Two were modern compositions. The third, the one I was most taken with, was a concerto for string orchestra, by Antonio Vivaldi, that is well over two hundred years old. Throughout its three movements (fast, slow, fast), one solo violin chases another, the pair of them pausing every now and then to let the main body of the orchestra get in some exercise, too. The program notes described the concerto as having been written for orchestra "with principal violin and another violin as echo from a distance."

The fact that this lovely and graceful music hadn't been heard around here before isn't strange, for Vivaldi, although his reputation as an innovator in violin technique and in the composition of string music has always been secure, has only lately come into vogue locally. Vivaldi, a priest, was a contemporary of Bach's, and the German composer undeniably picked up a lot of the Italian's ideas. They were first-rate ideas, too, and even today Vivaldi's music has a delightful freshness.

This concerto couldn't have had a more appealing local introduction. The soloists were nineteen-year-old twins, Gerald and Wilfred Beal, who were on leave from the United States Air Force Orchestra, in Washington, D. C. Both are well-trained, enthusiastic violinists, and they made a handsome showing the other evening. One—I don't know which—stood downstage, next to the conductor, Thomas Scherman; the other, playing the echoing part, stood upstage. The one with the echoing violin was, I felt, a shade the more sensitive player. He took the lead part in one of the other compositions not previously heard here, the more demanding "Concerto for Two Violins," by Bohuslav Martinu, which followed Vivaldi's work and brought the concert to a close. Martinu, having heard the Beals and liked their playing, composed the concerto "to make them happy," as he put it, according to the program. It's a vigorous piece of music in two movements, filled with Martinu's characteristic ebullience and piquant musical comments. Sometimes the two violins play together, at other times against each other. They are kept exceptionally busy, and so is the orchestra. I'd like to hear this jaunty, folklike composition again, if only to make sure about one thing—a feeling I had that in places it worked itself up into a violence that was at odds with its lightness elsewhere.

The third newcomer on the program was "Summer Scenes," for flute, oboe, and strings, by Frank Wigglesworth, Jr. This was its first performance anywhere. It is in four parts, each of them relatively brief; the third, a largo, is only a fragment, really. Wigglesworth, who wrote the work this past summer, has said that all he had in mind was recording two impressions of the season—heat and birds. He's done that; the shimmering strings take care of the heat and the two solo instruments sound birdlike enough, but perhaps the dullness of the scenes is caught *too* accurately. It struck me that "Summer Scenes" might make a good piece of background music for Hollywood.

The first half of the concert was given over to Mozart's Serenade in B Flat Major, for two oboes, two clarinets, two basset horns, two bassoons, four French horns, and a double bass. (A contra bassoon is sometimes substituted for the bass fiddle in this piece, to make the ensemble all wind, but Scherman used the string instrument.) The serenade has seven parts, neatly varied, and tosses up charming melodies all along the way. In the fourth part, a minuetto, an entrancing little waltz darts in for a moment and darts right out again. I wished it would stay around a while.

AN excellent young violinist named Frances Magnes came to Carnegie Hall one night last week and did some vibrant playing. Her piano accompanist, David Garvey, was superb, too, performing with so much zest and so much interest in his part that the passages in which he was heard alone were often just as compelling as Miss Magnes's solo work. In the first half, she devoted herself to Vivaldi's Little Suite in A Major, Schubert's violin-and-piano duo (Opus 162), and Brahms' Sonata in D Minor (Opus 108). In each case, her playing was alive and full of meaning. The one novelty on her program was "Chamber Folk Music," by Tibor Serly. It is a loosely constructed piece for violin, piano, and an instrument called the tarogato. The tarogato, a woodwind that is used mostly in Hungary—it was played on this occasion by a Hungarian, Francis Lantos—makes a mournful sound, not always too reliably, that is suggestive of both the clarinet and the saxophone. With this ululating through the sounds made by the violin and piano, and with the numerous jazzy rhythms set up by Serly, "Chamber Folk Music" frequently came out like a rather thoughtful and not very stimulating piece of Dixieland music. Miss Magnes wound up her program with two Paganini caprices.

CHARLES MILLS' "Theme and Variations," an orchestral work commissioned by Dimitri Mitropoulos, was given its first performances in last week's Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Carnegie Hall, with Mitropoulos conducting. It is a long, substantial composition with a grave, attractive theme, and it was beautifully played. The program, a varied and entertaining one, also contained Rossini's short, frolicsome overture to "La Scala di Seta," Haydn's sturdy "London" Symphony, and Rachmaninoff's lacklustre Third Piano Concerto. In the last, the solo part, whose strenuous activity provides, for my money, the only interest, was effectively taken by Gina Bachauer.

—DOUGLAS WATT

POPULAR RECORDS

Cool Jazz

THE George Shearing Quintet, a jazz group that goes about its business gracefully and unheatedly, has turned out a set of eight new recordings for M-G-M. Five of them are reworkings of popular songs of the past, and the others are instrumental novelties. All of them fall pleasantly on the ears. The quintet's most distinctive tonal device is the use of a vibraphone in close teamwork with Shearing's piano. The light, chimelike tones of the vibraphone give added lift to the piano, and seem, without making much of a to-do about it, to goad Shearing into flights of improvisation. The music moves forward constantly, even a little breathlessly. This drive is, of course, characteristic of all good jazz playing, so I suppose it is the particular combination of instruments and the delicacy with which they are used that distinguish the Shearing quintet. An electric guitar, a bass, and drums fill out the sound. When Shearing is dealing with a popular song, his custom is to state the theme first, then glide away from it in a long series of spiralling adornments, and go back and

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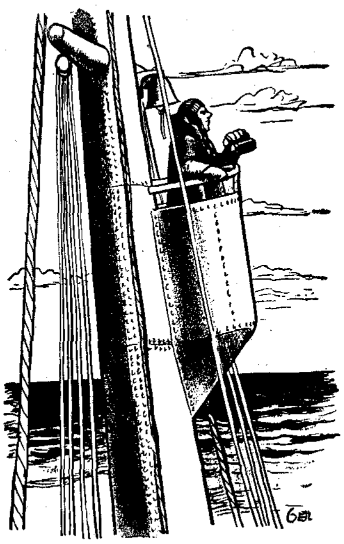
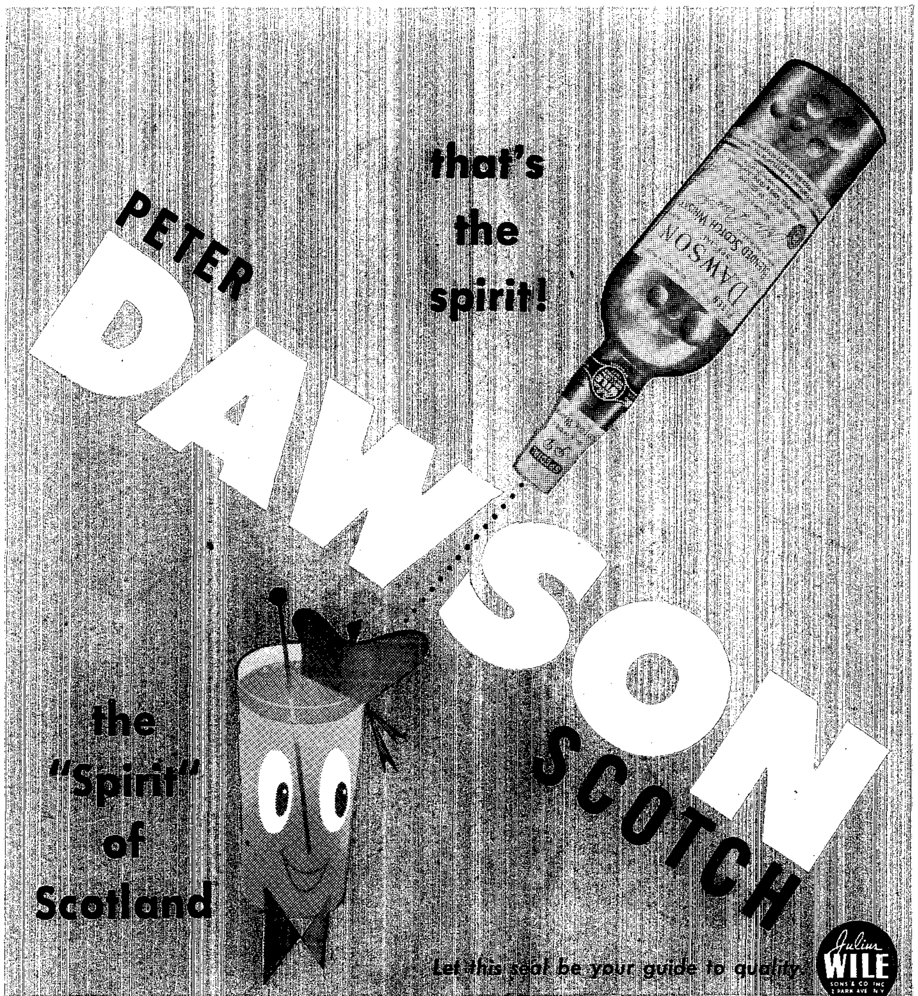
pick it up again briefly at the end. The songs, all of which receive this treatment to a greater or lesser degree, are "My Silent Love," "I'll Never Smile Again," "If You Were the Only Girl in the World," "They All Laughed," and "We'll Be Together Again." Two of the instrumental numbers, "Minoration" and "Loose Leaf," are swift renditions, and the third, "Midnight Mood," is slow and atmospheric.

THE restrained jazz offered by John Kirby's six-piece orchestra, a combination that was one of the better features of the night-club scene a decade or more ago, can be heard again in a dozen old recordings brought together by Columbia in a new set. In addition to Kirby's fleet bass work, there is some fine trumpet playing by Charlie Shavers, some sensitive clarinet playing by Buster Bailey, and able contributions by pianist Billy Kyle and alto-saxophonist Russell Procope; the light drum work is done by O'Neil Spencer. The Kirby orchestra never achieved the popularity of several of the high-powered name bands of the same period, but its tasteful and imaginative performances were appreciated by just about everybody who heard them. A few of the more provocative examples in this collection—they are all short pieces—are "Beethoven Riffs On," "Zooming at the Zombie," and "Blues Petite." They're still very enjoyable.

IF, at this season, you aren't fed up to here with old school songs, you may find some entertainment, as I did, in a Capitol album of Ivy League favorites sung by an unaccompanied mixed chorus under the direction of Walter Schumann. I don't know whether any of the singers ever got beyond grade school, but that's beside the point,





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because the chorus work is clearer than any handed out from the steps of the arts building on a spring evening, and just as expressive. If you don't mind the thought of a bunch of paid choristers working under union conditions in a tomblike recording studio, this set might conceivably arouse a few tribal memories. Columbia comes out on top, this time, with three songs; Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, Dartmouth, and Pennsylvania are represented by two apiece. Good job.

Leonid Hambro, a concert pianist, tackles eighteen of George Gershwin's popular songs on a long-playing Walden record, and is thrown for a severe loss. Hambro is a piano player who can also *read* music, and his present difficulty comes about as a result of his being able to read it too well. "George Gershwin's Song Book," published some years back by Simon & Schuster, contains, in addition to simple sheet-music arrangements of these eighteen songs, the composer's own pet piano arrangements of them. Well, Hambro has set himself the job (or it was set for him) of performing the Gershwin versions, note for note. His strict application to the task, a natural tendency in a concert musician, has robbed the project of spontaneity, so the pieces—"The Man I Love," "That Certain Feeling," "Fascinating Rhythm," and the rest—all sound like rather dull piano exercises. Once Hambro had learned them, he should have thrown the book away.

André Kostelanetz, having previously given his attention in albums to the music of Berlin, Rodgers, Kern, Porter, Gershwin, and Youmans, has turned back to Victor Herbert for a new Columbia set of slick performances by the large Kostelanetz orchestra. The sweeping melodies lend themselves extremely well to the expansive Kostelanetz style, so this is both one of the more successful Herbert sets and one of the more telling presentations of this particular orchestra. Besides excerpts from eleven Herbert operettas, there are a pair of instrumental pieces, "Indian Summer" and "Sunset—for Strings," that were not in shows.

I'VE combed a few new singles of some merit out of the piles of popular records and I'll get to them now:

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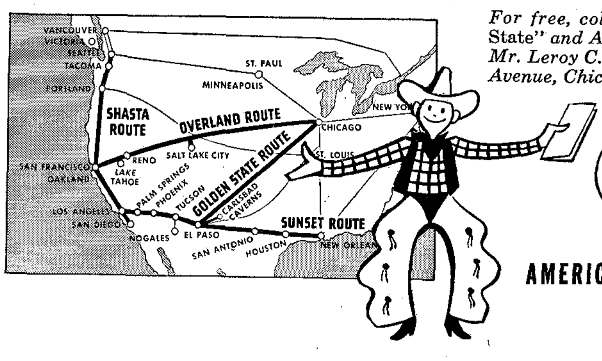
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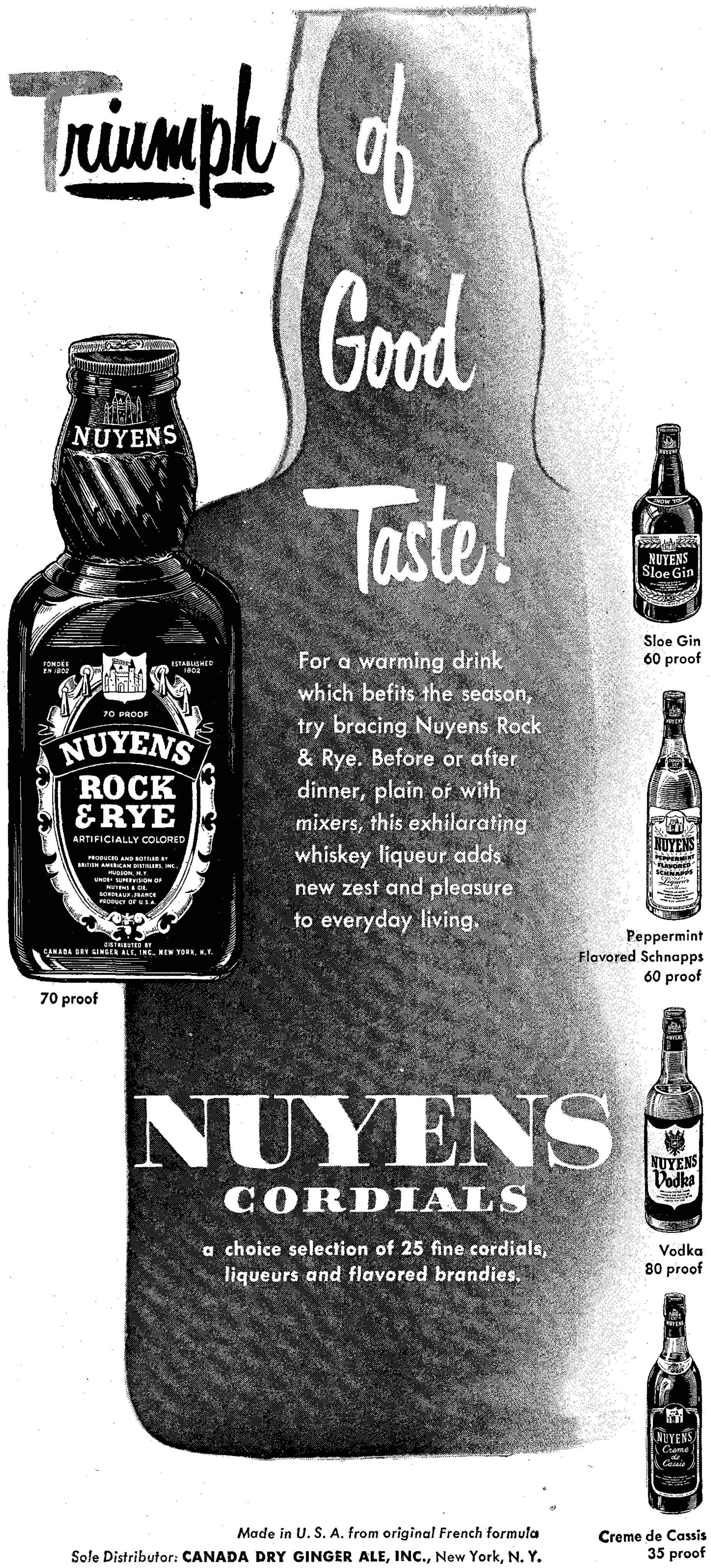

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one or two fresh comments to make on these old songs. The playing is bright and well organized. (*Capitol*)

MY GIRL BACK HOME and LONELINESS OF EVENING—Mary Martin, with orchestra. You may have thought when you laid your dough on the line for the bulky "South Pacific" set that you had the whole works, but you were wrong. A couple of numbers, just as good as some of the others, were dropped from the show—to keep the running time down—before it reached New York. Miss Martin evidently liked them, though only one, "Loneliness of Evening," was intended for her. The other, a piece of light reminiscence, was for the young lieutenant. Anyway, Miss Martin sings both, with that engagingly throbbing voice of hers. (*Columbia*)

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND and PORTRAIT OF A FLIRT—David Rose's orchestra. The first is a very pretty waltz from a French movie, "La Ronde," that up to now hasn't been permitted to endanger this city's morals. The lush Rose orchestra plays it beautifully. "Portrait of a Flirt" is jaunty, but that's about all. (*M-G-M*)

I TALK TO THE TREES and CARINO MIO—Tony Bavaar, with orchestra. Two of the songs from the new show "Paint Your Wagon," sung by one of its principals. They're wistful melodies, with literate but not very stimulating words. Bavaar sings them well. (*Victor*)

LOVE YOU MADLY and SMOOTH SAILING—Ella Fitzgerald. The stylish Duke Ellington number "Love You Madly" sends Miss Fitzgerald off on one of her vocal kicks, in which, after a straight chorus, she plays around with the notes tossed up by a chorus and orchestra under the direction of Sy Oliver. "Smooth Sailing" hasn't any lyric but Miss Fitzgerald sings it anyway, her agile voice supported by a chorus, an organ, and a rhythm group. (*Decca*)

MEANY MEANY and DID I HURTCHA, BURNYA, CUTCHA MUCH?—Carol Channing, with orchestra. In this, her début as a popular recording artist, the star of the recent Broadway musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" makes full use of her startlingly unstable vocal equipment. One song is as bad as the other, but both are meat for Miss Channing's manner, a kind of drunken archness. (*Columbia*)

—D. W.

•

Lois Larson's treasured Iowa jacket was stolen and a sweater and a pair of genes were listed among the missing . . . oh well, all for the cause!—*Nu News, Wisconsin Chapter of Chi Omega.*

What cause is that?

•

The secretary reported that Miss Emma Zink of Duluth, new owner of Elmhurst, the former Shores home on 7th Avenue West, is being cleaned and repaired throughout.—*Ashland (Wis.) Daily Press.*

Big job, but worth doing.

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Hasty Horse

A FAVORITE truism of racegoers is that a good horse always comes back to his best winning form. Of course, now and then you may have to wait a long time, but it does seem to work out. For example, I give you Oil Capitol, who won the Butler Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. He hadn't been first in a race since the fag end of the Arlington Park meeting in Chicago last July, and he certainly had done nothing memorable since his arrival in the East. Last Saturday, in the Butler, it was something else again. He was never far behind in the early running, and in the stretch he went around the leaders like a hoop around a barrel to beat Three Rings and County Delight.

A trainer I know had an interesting explanation for Oil Capitol's stunt. He said there actually were two kinds of footing at Jamaica that afternoon; near the rails it was deep and sandy, but down the middle of the course there was a sort of path that was unusually hard, the kind of going that suited Oil Capitol to a T. It's quite possible, you know; cold weather and heavy rain—and we'd had plenty of both—do the most extraordinary things to a track. Anyhow, Oil Capitol paid a $31.40 mutuel. The best reason for that, I venture to say, was that he was ridden by a lad named Lois Cook, whom nobody at Jamaica seemed to have heard of before, although he brought in more than two hundred winners this season in the Midwest. Well, as a matter of fact, Cook is a graduate of the school for jockeys that Harry Trotsek, Oil Capitol's trainer, operates in Detroit, and he doesn't ride at all badly.

Oil Capitol, a gray sprinter, was originally owned by Tom Gray, a Tulsa businessman, and did all right for him, too, winning the Pimlico Futurity and the Breeders' Futurity when he was two years old, and the Flamingo Stakes and several other little numbers when he was three. A few months ago, Gray sold the colt to Trotsek, who, in turn, sold a half interest in him to Mr. and Mrs. Allie Reuben. They race under the name of the Hasty House Farm, and Trotsek has handled their horses for years. He and the Reubens divided $42,600 in prize money last Saturday.

FOR me, the week's best performance was turned in by Bed o' Roses in the Comely Handicap at Jamaica on Election Day. She carried a hundred and twenty-seven pounds, a tidy packet for a filly her size, trailed for half of the mile and a sixteenth, picked up her field easily when she pleased, and won going away from Nothirdchance, to whom she gave fifteen pounds. In the Butler, however, she drew the rail post position, which she doesn't fancy, and was completely boxed in during the run to the first turn. Then she engaged in a mild bumping match with One Hitter, and, though she made a good try in the last quarter, tired and finished fourth. At that, she's still the best of her sex in my book.

I DOUBT that you'll hear much further from most of the runners in the Ardsley Stakes, at Jamaica last week. However, you might keep an eye on Blue Man, who was second to Master Fiddle, and on Satsuma, who finished last. Satsuma is a half sister of Hill Prince, as anyone can see with half an eye. A filly with such conformation is certain to make her way. As for Hill Prince, he galloped so unwillingly in his last workout for the Butler that his stable decided to give him a rest. Not for long, though; he's going to have another try for the high dollar in California.

I'M sure you'll be as pleased as I was to learn that Counterpoint's foot trouble isn't serious. In fact, he will soon be on his way to the Coast, and will be able to fulfill all his engagements at Santa Anita, chief of which will be the Maturity Stakes. I expect I'm saying the wrong thing, but I'm glad he was interrupted in his work. He had a busy autumn, and after his superb effort in the Empire City Handicap, which horsemen are still talking about, he deserved a rest. Now I'd like to pass along the excellent reports I've heard about his stablemate Mameluke, who went lame in one of the classics for three-year-olds last spring. This fellow will winter in Kentucky, train there in the spring, and come out for the big races here next summer. I'm told he's getting to look more like Equipoise every day. If he runs half as well, that will be all right with me.—AUDAX MINOR

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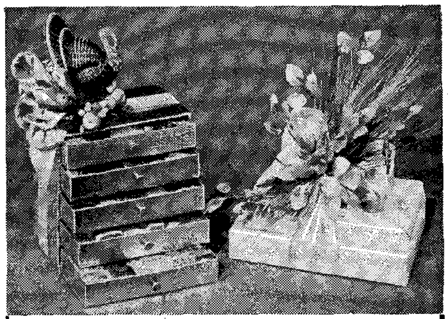

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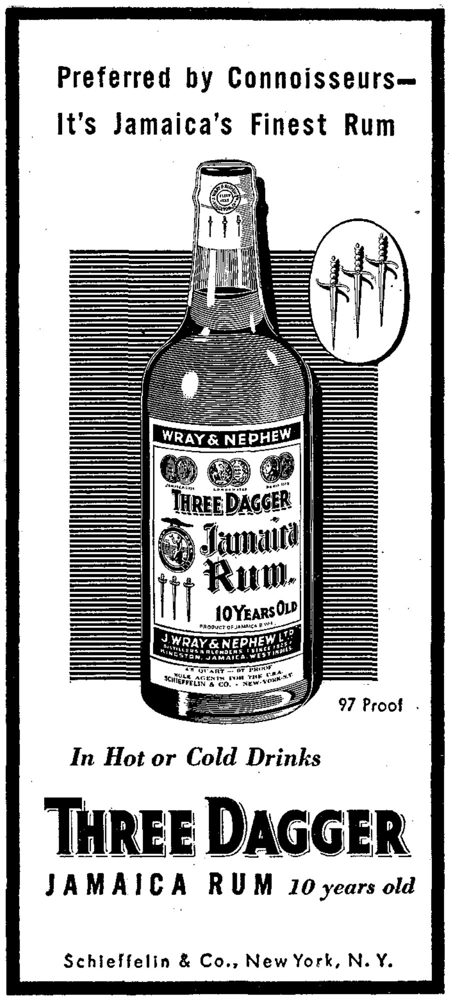
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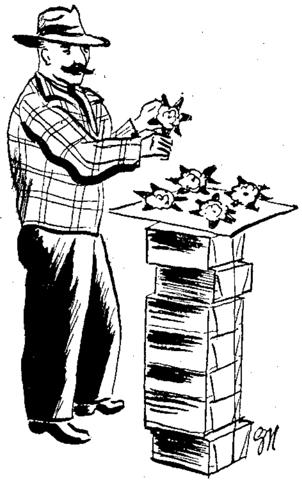
MISS EUFEMIA'S NOSE

As nearly as my wife, Consuelo, can remember, she was nine when Miss Eufemia came to Rociada, the beautiful, fertile valley in northern New Mexico where my wife grew up, on a great sheep-and-cattle ranch. If Consuelo was nine, then that would make her sister Carmen eleven and her sister Pepita seven. The three older children, well into their teens, were all away at school.

The valley of Rociada is hidden away in the rugged interior of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Life there in the mid-nineteen-twenties had a timelessness that makes it difficult for my wife and her sisters to place the events of their childhood in order or to date them. That life has so completely ended that when they talk about it now, it is as if they were recalling some far-off, legendary period. Each detail is jewel-clear, complete in itself, and part of the larger pattern that is like a bird's-eye view of time, spread out flat and unchanging. If, as children, they had been given to such reflections, they would have thought that their governess, Miss Eufemia, was to be the means by which they could continue that charmed life forever; yet, strangely, it was through her failure, which they helped to bring about, that change, inexorable and unalterable, began.

Up to the year before, the children had been taught by their parents, who had a great ranch to run, a great house to maintain. The villages of Rociada and Upper Rociada were embraced by the ranch, and supplied it with labor and servants. By ancient tradition, this committed the *patrón* and *patrona* to all kinds of services, help, direction, and hospitality. In addition, Don José Baca was active in the lively politics of New Mexico, and his activity involved his wife, Doña Marguerite. Both had more than enough to do, and their teaching was, of necessity, sporadic. As Carmen began to get leggy and approach her teens, they realized that the three wild little girls needed to be taught not only reading, writing, and arithmetic but some of the accomplishments of young ladies; also, that they needed a teacher who would bring them up speaking correct English and Spanish, and introduce them to French, their mother's native tongue. The school in Rociada village would not serve. It was a one-room affair, in which the local young squirmed on wooden benches and achieved a mild literacy. The duration of their schooling depended on their own or their parents' persistence. It was not considered a serious deficiency if the graduates of that school, reasoning from the Spanish "*esposo*" and "*esposa*," said "hosband" indiscriminately for man and wife, or used the pronoun "she" in reference to any noun that in Spanish takes "*ella*."



The year before, the Bacas had tried to solve the problem of the children's education by uprooting themselves to winter in Las Vegas, the metropolis of northwestern New Mexico. The little girls were not happy over this move. Rociada was their domain. Their parents were firm, their father rather awe-inspiring, but the little girls were allowed plenty of freedom. Discipline was warmed by love, and in both discipline and love was anchored security. The workmen and servants—all Spanish-Americans except for the Negro, Canuto, who had somehow drifted there from Alabama—indulged them. They had the riverbanks, the wide valley, the forested mountainsides to roam, the villages to visit, the barns and corrals to explore. They had the rich, long grass and countless flowers in summer, the shining, heavy snows in winter. It was not easy for them to get used to the confinement of city life and to the big classrooms full of strange children.

All three of the girls were so nearsighted that they needed glasses in order to read the blackboards clearly, and, unfortunately, it was some time before their parents were aware of this condition. Until it had been taken care of, the children were handicapped in class; afterward they resented having to wear glasses at school. Carmen and Pepita got along fairly well, although for the first time their trust in the world was weakened by little experiences—an atmosphere (more than anything specific) of hostility on the part of some of the "Anglo" children toward the Spanish-American.

Carmen was naturally confident, and

Pepita, even at six, possessed a self-contained independence. Consuelo was the one most in need of support. Strangers made her timid; away from home she faced each new situation half anticipating failure.

The three little girls were at the same stage in all their studies, and were put into the same grade in school, but in different classrooms. Consuelo's class was presided over by a Miss Coombs. She was a mean woman, who brought to Las Vegas all of a lower-middle-class Middle Westerner's resentment of and hostility toward the exotic characteristics of the Spanish Southwest. What prejudices were not native to her she was quick to acquire from the Texans who eternally infiltrate New Mexico. To her, this child with jet-black hair and unusually large brown eyes was just another little Mexican, except that, improperly, she was a well-dressed, well-fed little Mexican with an unconsciously proud carriage, who spoke correct, unlocalized English with only the faintest occasional Spanish intonations. It further offended Miss Coombs to know that Consuelo's father was a man of eminence and authority, whom people, even those she would call Americans, spoke of as a possible candidate for governor.

Outwardly proud, inwardly unsure of herself, unable to read the blackboard, Consuelo missed a simple question early in the school year. Miss Coombs pounced on her, and continued to pounce unflaggingly, week after week. Misery spread over the girl's life, taking out the light, killing the colors, changing it absolutely. Mornings were for feeling sick to one's stomach and crying quietly on the way to school; the infinite hours before school let out were for hoping desperately to be overlooked; the rest of the day was for trying not to remember that morning must come again.

The children obviously were not receiving the kind of education their parents had in mind. Moreover, of their playmates many spoke the slurred New Mexico dialect of Spanish, and others equally dialectic English. Everything being taken into consideration, the experiment was not a success. To the joy of all of them, the Bacas returned to the ranch in the spring, and Don José and Doña Marguerite set about finding a suitable governess.

This was no simple matter. Women of the kind they sought were generally appalled at the idea of going to a ranch in the wilds of New Mexico. They anticipated Indians with scalping knives,

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

IF YOU'RE IN a long line of cars traveling on a highway and the car in front of you stops suddenly, don't expect to recover damages if you are unable to stop and thus collide. But you may recover damages from the driver of the car behind you if he plows into the rear of your car. A Louisiana court has held that a prudent person traveling the highway, who becomes one link in a line of vehicles, must necessarily be on the alert, observing the car ahead and the general traffic conditions ahead. So, space your car so as to leave plenty of distance between you and the car in front . . . The metal industry has perfected a lifetime razor blade and a kitchen sink that won't chip under the battering of a meat cleaver. We may have both soon . . . The New York Journal of Commerce has just published these characteristics on firebugs: Pyromania is outstandingly the crime of the adolescent or young adult, most often age 17; 48 per cent of the pathological fire-setters are imbeciles or morons, with another 22 per cent borderline or dull normals. Fire-setting is greater among rural dwellers than city folk after the 20th year, alcoholism tends to accompany fire-setting.

★

NUMBER OF RADIOS in cars still outnumbers the total number of TV sets in the country . . . Startling Statistic: Keeping dogs flea-free is now a $6 million business in this country . . . Quick, name four state capitals that end with "city" . . . New gag: "I'd love to walk through her money in my bare feet" . . . Odds are 180,000 to 11 against finding an unused match in a discarded match book . . . Now the blanket manufacturers are going to pick a "Cover Girl." And after all, who's better qualified? . . . Latest in perfumes is an apple essence. And the product's name, of course, will be Eve . . . Research studies based on reading habits of hundreds of business men show that the average business executive reads at the level of a seventh grader . . . Let's go gooey: A smile is the light in the window of your face that tells people your heart is home.

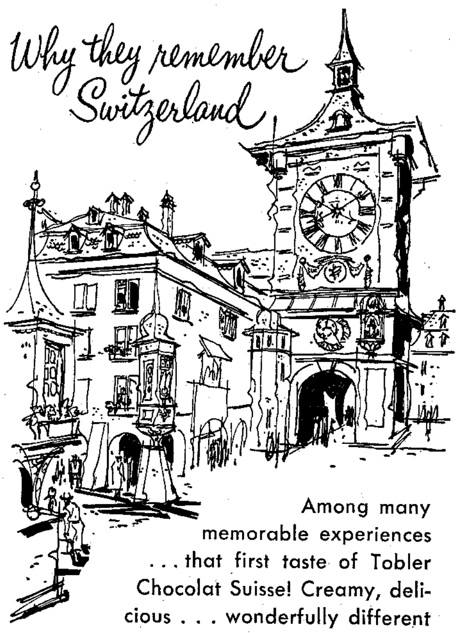
★

THE LARGEST DINNER on the North American continent is served once a year right here in Minnesota. It's the pheasant dinner for 3,500 hospitalized veterans. More than 10,000 people—members of the American Legion and VFW, game wardens and sportsmen's groups—pitch in to put over the feasts. Last week disabled veterans in four hospitals dined on nearly 3,000 golden pheasants. The man who heads the project and who has caused all this to happen is Ed Shave, outdoor editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. When it comes to leadership in such neighborly activities, the people of the Upper Midwest know they can depend on the best-read, best-liked newspapers of this great four-state region: the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation now more than 615,000).

★

JUST IN CASE you've been wondering, Beatrice Kay is 45, but still has the skin of a teenager and the gustiness of a 23-year-old. She recently made her second appearance at Hotel Nicollet's Minnesota Terrace. Between these appearances, she had done several guest shots on TV. The question was, would those "living room" appearances cut down on her draw as a supperclub performer, or would TV be an added impetus? Her box office draw jumped . . . The gentle touch is used by a diaper service out in Hollywood. At drive-in theaters it has been passing out, to the visiting cars, copies of a booklet entitled, "It's Fun To Have A Baby" . . . Loyalty, it seems, must sometimes be divided. Paul Hoffman, former president of Studebaker Corp., now doing a hitch with the Ford foundation, owns two cars—a Studebaker and a Ford . . . Revised definition: Diamond — the hardest substance known to man, especially to get back.

Why they remember Switzerland



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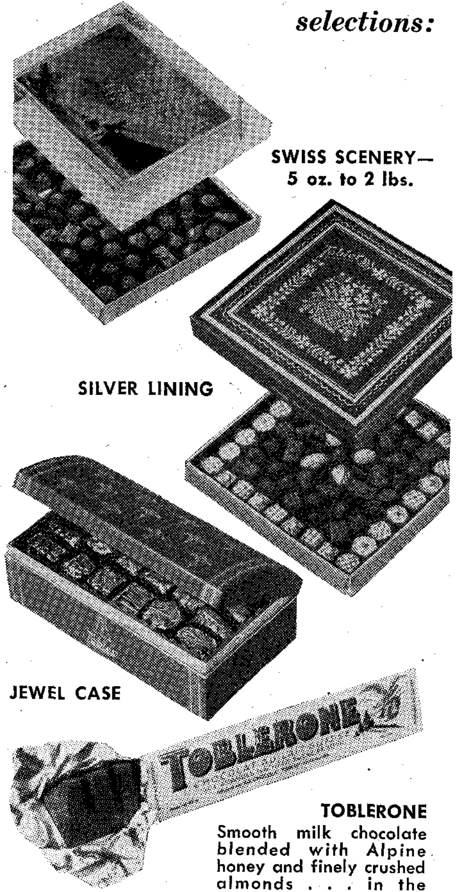

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cowboys shooting promiscuously into the air, rattlesnakes, and Gila monsters. Those who grasped that Rociada was a Spanish-American community visualized murderous Mexicans, each with a serape drawn across his mouth and chin, and beady black eyes glittering under the brim of a straw sombrero. Don José turned to Old Mexico. Through friends in the American Legation in Mexico City, he found out about Miss Eufemia Sotomayor, a decayed gentlewoman living near Guadalajara. Negotiations were carried on by mail, and she was engaged sight unseen.

From the outset, the family spoke of her as "Miss," and not as "Señorita," because Don José insisted that the children's basic language be English. She came of an excellent family that had been ruined in the series of revolutions that followed the overthrow of Porfirio Díaz. She was half French, and spoke both French and Spanish with elegance; her English, as it turned out, was strongly accented and a trifle uncertain.

The children awaited their governess's coming with mixed feelings. Their father had arranged one room as a classroom for them. There was a definite quality of school to that, something far more regular and confining than when their parents were teaching them, but at least it was their own classroom, far from Las Vegas, safe from strangers. It was a small room, so they would have to wear their glasses much less. From their older brother and sisters, and from their various cousins in and around Las Vegas, they had come to realize that there were kinds of knowledge one really had to acquire. They had even experienced moments of wanting to learn. Above all, there was the excitement of a new person coming to live with them. She might prove to be fun; certainly, under their own roof, under their parents' eyes, there would be no need to fear her.

MISS EUFEMIA arrived in the fall. The Bacas made an occasion of it, the whole family driving by car to Las Vegas to meet her at the station. The thing that impressed Consuelo and her sisters most, the thing they always remember first when they tell about this happening, was Miss Eufemia's trunk. It was huge, the biggest anyone in Rociada had ever seen. Pascual Orozco, who, as the local horse thief, enjoyed a semi-official status in the community, hauled the trunk to the ranch in his wagon. Four strong men—Juan Grande, Juan Chico, Canuto, and Señor Juan, the *mayordomo*—were

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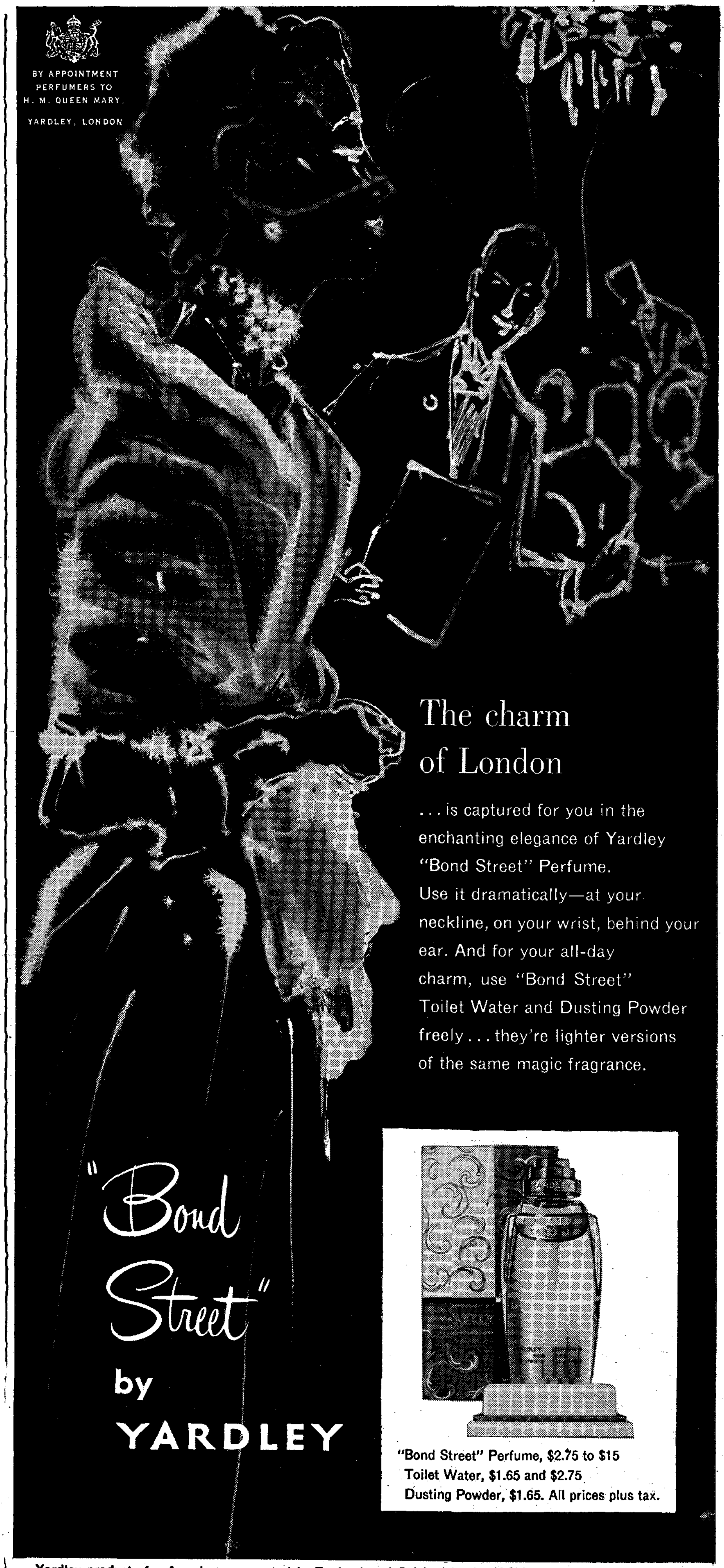
needed to wrestle the trunk upstairs to Miss Eufemia's room, where it remained, locked, enormous, mysterious. No one ever saw it open; the only clue the family ever had to its contents was the fine, costly jewelry the governess sometimes wore. Everyone speculated; everyone still does.

Miss Eufemia herself was a large, dignified woman with gray in her black hair. On the day of her arrival, she wore a plum-colored dress and an impressive, elaborate hat. She was handsome, but the regularity of her features was marred by a curious, blunt tip to her nose. It caught the children's attention instantly. By the time they had ridden the sixty-five miles back to Rociada, the tip of Miss Eufemia's nose had become as important to them as the trunk—a fascinating oddity, something that one ought to *do* something about, although they could not imagine what.

Miss Eufemia was accustomed to the empty spaces and the wide-scattered haciendas of Mexico, and therefore not surprised or dismayed by the remoteness of Rociada. The luxurious touring car in which she was driven showed her at the start that although the Bacas were North Americans, they maintained the style one expected of *hacendados* of good family. The two-story ranchhouse, with its roof pitched steeply enough to handle heavy snows, its long porches front and back, was alien, and so was the free use of logs and bark-covered slabs in the lesser structures, but the general layout—corrals, bunkhouse, outbuildings, and barns—made a familiar and adequate picture. She surmised that the adobe villages of Rociada and Upper Rociada were dependent upon the ranch, but later she was surprised to discover that the villagers owned their own homes, that some of them had their own farming land, and that they were free to come and go as they pleased. The revolutions in Mexico, especially the uprising led by Calles, were bringing about a similarly anarchic condition there,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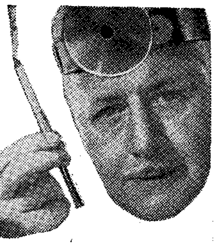

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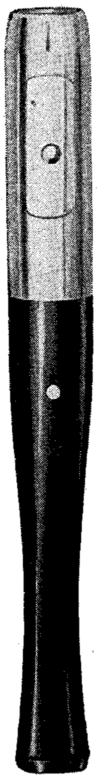

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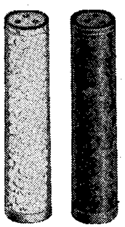

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FILTER HOLDER

but here it did not seem to lead to ruin.

What Miss Eufemia was not at all prepared for, what she had with great difficulty to learn, was that her charges, to whom she was to impart the feminine accomplishments and unexacting education of her own upbringing, were not three Spanish girls, reared according to a rigid social tradition that derives ultimately from the Moors, but three little Americans. New Mexico had in it a great deal of old Spain, but it was old Spain merged with the still lively Western frontier and conditioned accordingly. The girls were tomboys. When their energy was held in too long, the pressure became more than they could contain. Together, on their home grounds, they were an untamed little tribe.

Miss Eufemia's teaching was not too hard to absorb. She was not strong in arithmetic; their problems were prepared for them by their father and, though worked out under the governess's supervision, carried the aura of his authority. With a grammar open before her, Miss Eufemia could give adequate instruction in English. The children studied some history and read a good deal of poetry aloud from books in their parents' library. They learned French and improved their Spanish mostly in the course of extensive religious instruction, and through the children's songs Miss Eufemia taught them when they went for a walk in the afternoons and on mornings when they were too restless to sit still. Their conception of a walk was most unladylike. As soon as they were out of the house, their world spread before them, and they raced into it. There was no way Miss Eufemia could make them come back. Her only control over the extent of their wandering lay in the fact that she carried the lunch. The children never went on an expedition without a lunch. Eventually, appetite pulled them back to where Miss Eufemia awaited them, and it was then that she taught them the songs they loved, such as "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," "Il Etait une Bergère," and "El Torito."

Miss Eufemia's greatest enthusiasm was reserved for the periods of instruction in the graceful arts. The girls were musical. They took kindly to short periods at the piano, learning to play by ear entirely, as Miss Eufemia could not read notes. Much more time went into painting water colors. In the shattered society of Miss Eufemia's past, she had enjoyed some reputation as a painter. She offered one of her paintings as a prize for reciting the Lord's Prayer all the way through in French. Consuelo broke

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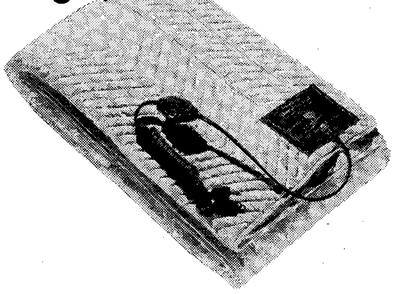
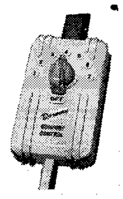
down on the first try, partly because her gaze became riveted on Miss Eufemia's nose, but she made it the second time without coaching. The prize was an oil painting of bluebirds sitting on a fence, with forget-me-nots in the foreground and a pinkish evening sky with cupids' heads floating among topaz clouds. Consuelo thought this truly wonderful. It was a proud thing to have a real picture, the kind you put in a frame and cover with glass, all your own and given to you by the artist herself.

It was in connection with the painting lessons that the first real conflict between Miss Eufemia and her pupils developed. Carmen, surprisingly, painted the way she was shown, but Consuelo, for all her admiration of her prize picture, was unable to resist her own stronger tastes when the brush was in her hand. She preferred orange bluebirds to blue ones, and, loving a good red at any time, saw no reason not to paint the sky that color. Invariably, she turned away from the soft tints her teacher considered aesthetic and suitable, and chose, instead, purer, more vigorous tones, with a definite leaning toward the primary colors. Miss Eufemia found her work disturbing, unrealistic, and harsh.

Pepita was intrigued by her sister's style. One warm day, a projection of Indian summer into the late autumn, Pepita was occupied with a composition involving a central mass of violets. She painted as she did everything else, in a self-contained way, isolated in her absorption, wanting no interference. She had made a pool of clear, rich yellow in her pan; against the white enamel it glowed like a daffodil in sunlight. The living color spoke to her. She wanted to transfer it to her picture, and since the violets were the dominant element, she set about painting them yellow. On paper, the color thinned and lost life. She dug her small brush into the pigment, getting a thicker mixture, building it on the flowers. She worked on, lost in the technical problem and the excitement of her intention. When Miss Eufemia spoke at her shoulder, asking with disapproval why she painted her violets yellow, Pepita was unpleasantly startled, and answered brashly, "Because they're lemons."

The two other girls laughed, and Miss Eufemia was upset. That evening, she asked Don José to discipline the children by making up an extra, difficult problem in arithmetic for the next day, which he did. The girls worked on the problem together and solved it correctly, but not in the way Don José had explained to the governess. She pointed





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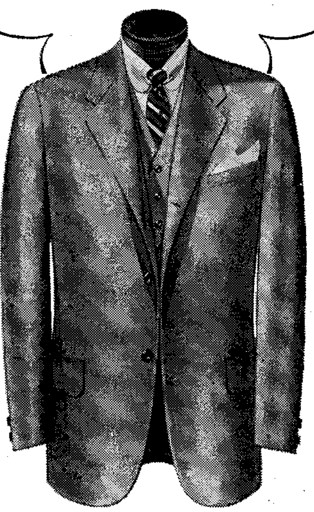

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out to them that their method was wrong, but she could not get around the fact that their answer was correct. The unorthodoxy so troubled her that she suspended the arithmetic lesson and took them for a walk.

That day, when they ate their lunches, the girls sat close to her. They sang songs as usual. By common consent, without anything being said, without anything specific being formulated in their minds, they deliberately held their sandwiches in such a way that jam dripped on her dress.

As winter kept them more indoors, the classroom hours grew more disorderly. The children twined themselves about their governess affectionately but with a total lack of respect, took liberties with her, occasionally pushed pieces of paper into her hair or ears. At times when she had her pupils all seated properly in a row, their rapt attention meant simply that they were contemplating that fascinating blunt end of her nose.

They were fond of Miss Eufemia, and that fondness, freely shown, was one of the things that baffled her attempts at discipline. She was lonely, she wanted the affection they readily gave, but they bewildered her and she had no idea where to draw a line. Often enough she held their interest, but at times she bored them, and as the memory of the school at Las Vegas faded, the very fact of their classroom irked them. They were obliged to torment her, through the law of nature that requires children to explore and develop to the full any advantage over an adult, just as a stream must explore and develop any weakness in its containing banks.

When the rumpus grew too great or the insults to her person were too obvious, Miss Eufemia would threaten to tell the little girls' father. Then there would be an instantaneous change. The girls would be on their knees, pleading, promising, angelic, with their black hair, their large eyes, their fine hands outstretched—three outrageously charming little hypocrites putting into the drama of penitence and reform all of their Latin heritage. Miss Eufemia would relent, and there would follow a satisfying drama of reconciliation.

WHEN spring came in full force and the pale-blue mountain iris began to dot the meadows, Miss Eufemia went back to Mexico and the girls were turned loose. The older children—Emilie, Pino, and Marie—came home from boarding school and college. Summer was a spacious time of complete freedom, enlivened by the visits of as-

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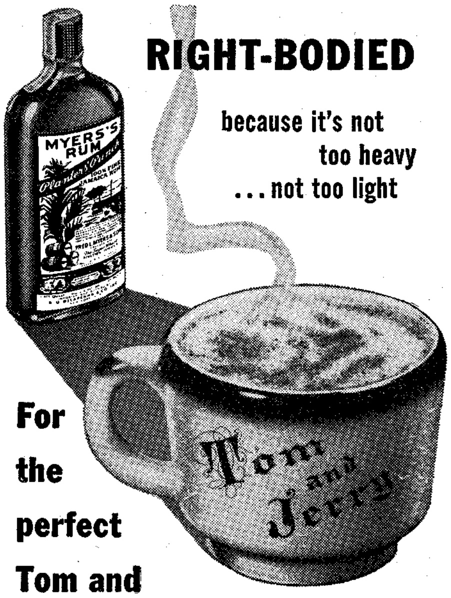

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sorted cousins and the older children's school friends—Easterners, in the main—who had strange, interesting customs and lived in a state of surprise at the most ordinary things.

The three younger children were not oppressed by the thought that in the fall Miss Eufemia would return and school would start again. They had, really, no objection to her; on the whole, they would be glad to see her. Overshadowing everything else was the fact that she was bringing her nephew with her, a boy whose parents had been killed in one of the Mexican revolutions. They talked about him all through the summer, making plans. His name was Ernesto. Miss Eufemia had told them that he was dark, and tall for his age, and that he would be thirteen, a year older than Carmen, so they imagined him to be on the order of their father and their brother Pino, who, between them, represented the acme of manhood and good looks. Ernesto, especially since he was a Mexican, would be very much a man—*muy hombre*. He would be these things scaled down to the girls' size and age, living with them at Rociada. They were impatient for his arrival.

The big car brought Miss Eufemia and her nephew to Rociada in the middle of September. Miss Eufemia had a collection of presents for the girls—little Mexican baskets, tiny glass figures, costume dolls, and other enchanting miniature objects of the kind Mexico abounds in. Introductions were made. The girls greeted the boy formally, hardly able to form an impression of him in all the business of gifts and salutations, the handling of luggage and the showing to rooms. When the fine confusion of the arrival had died down, the three girls found themselves in the yard, standing in a quarter circle, contemplating the newcomer.

He was tall and dark, and he was weedy; on his pale, thin face was the look of delicate health and of the stu-

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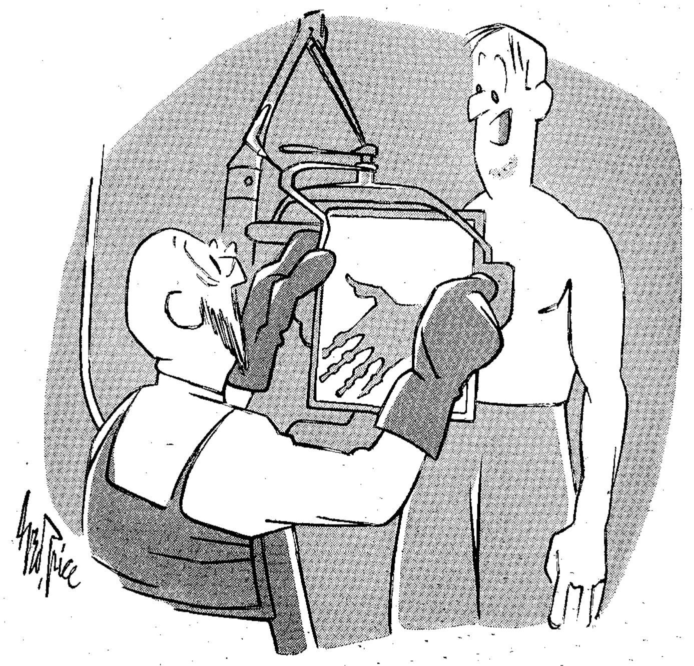

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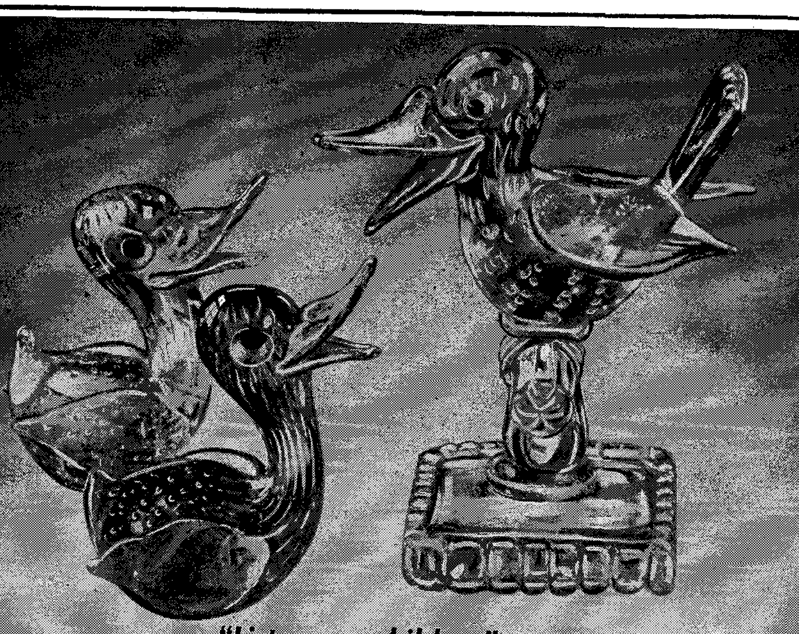

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dent. Considering him, they saw timidity. It did not occur to them to wonder whether this was innate or came from the strangeness and loneliness of this new land and the new faces. They simply felt that he met neither the Spanish nor the American conception of a man. His clothes were citified and extremely neat; he wore a dark-blue chesterfield and black silk gloves. Although he was so warmly dressed, he shivered slightly in the cool of the evening. Standing there, exchanging a few exploratory words with him, they all knew that they rejected him.

Ernesto had polished manners—the full, formal politeness that survives intact in Mexico but north of the border has become truncated and hastened. He was grave and well behaved. He conversed thoughtfully with grownups; grownups liked him. As far as the girls were concerned, he was of no use. He did not like to get mussed or dirty. When he went outdoors in the sharp October air, his aunt wrapped him up to an extent the girls thought ridiculous; when the snows came, she bundled him even more warmly in scarves, sweaters, jackets, and gloves; it was a wonder he could move at all. He showed no desire to get rid of any of these garments.

Ernesto had had regular schooling. He was training himself for a profession. His education had gone far beyond anything the girls could follow, and it must have reached, if not exceeded, the limits of Miss Eufemia's knowledge. He liked to study. He spent long hours at his books, fulfilling the assignments he and his aunt worked out between them.

Partly to bedevil him, partly because one *had* to attack so unnatural a mode of life, the girls would stand outside his window, teasing and begging him to come out. Sometimes they succeeded, but he did not understand or care for their play; he did not, for instance, like to climb about the long, dim hayloft of the big barn, trying to kill rats with a baling hook. More often, Miss Eufemia chased the little girls away from Ernesto's window, or else, after a short time, with the light brilliant on the snow and so many things to be done before the sun went behind the mountains, they gave up and left him to study in peace.

Soon after he came, Consuelo and Carmen fixed him an apple-pie bed. Ernesto made no mention of it. They tried two or three more tricks on him, with the same lack of results. Increasingly, they let him alone. The workmen took pity on him and invited him to ride with them as they went about their business on fine days; he rode easily, as a

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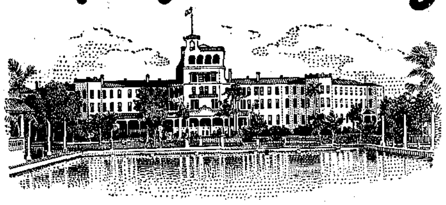

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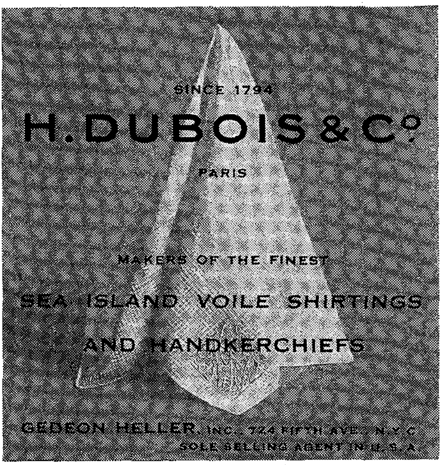

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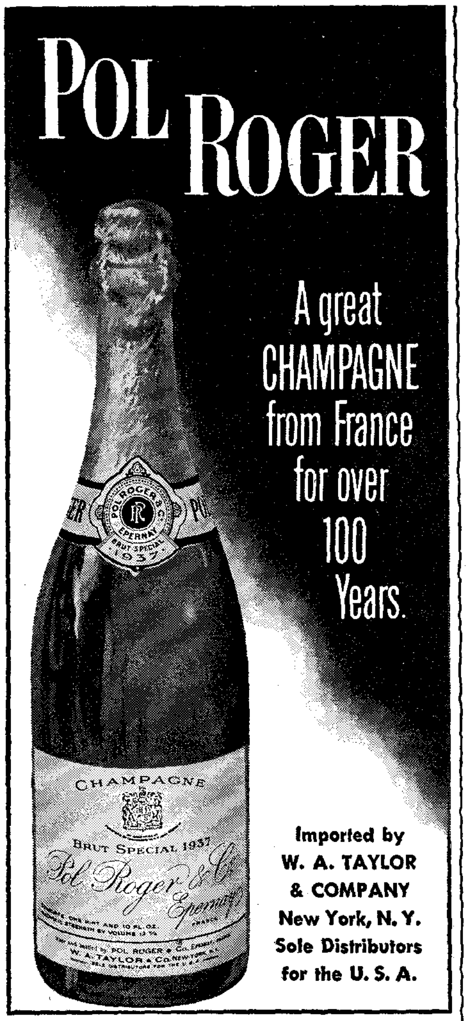
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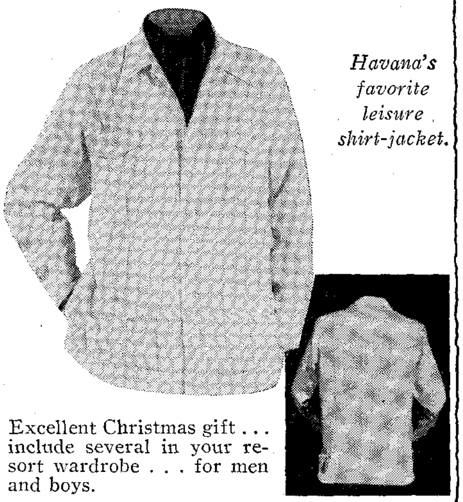
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Mexican should. They could not have been much company for him; he must have found their speech barbarous and their manners rough, and while they were undoubtedly respectful, their lack of the deference he was accustomed to expect from their kind in his own country—for example, the entire freedom with which they called him by his first name—must have troubled him.

The girls neither knew nor wondered what Ernesto thought of them, nor did they give any thought to what memories he might carry with him of tragedy and loss. He told no tales, made no overtures, kept silence. He had, in fact, a courage to which they did not have the key. He adapted himself to loneliness, in an appalling land where the first snow flies in November and the snows continue to pile up as though summer were over forever. As the cold months went by, the three girls became used to Ernesto, and he, presumably, became used to them.

EVEN in the high mountains of New Mexico, winter does end. But spring comes hesitantly there: a few warm days, a great melting of snow and rushing of streams, and then it withdraws before new snow and new freezing. By the middle of April, one knows that winter is in full retreat, even if not yet routed. It is a time when people soften, become brighter, and look about them pleased, feeling the warm sun in the afternoon and seeing the green returning.

Consuelo's birthday, in April, was made into an extra-special occasion that year, merely because Carmen was feeling creative and had worked out a pageant for it. The girls were to be princesses and Consuelo was to be crowned queen. Miss Eufemia helped to make the crown. Ernesto consented to be the prince and crown the queen. The pageant was performed with the household, including the servants, as audience. Ernesto, in a sash and cloak, played his part splendidly. He had gravity and grace; he knew how to make imaginary royalty seem important. The crown was made of gold paper, shining, and adorned with early crocuses and a few geraniums and other flowers from Doña Marguerite's array of potted plants. Ernesto's deep bow at the very end was magnificent. Consuelo loved wearing her crown afterward while they had refreshments and her birthday cake.

Because Ernesto had really shone in the pageant, the girls became warmer and more friendly toward him; most of their harrying had dropped away long

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since, from lack of interest. He still kept to his study hours, but he spent more time with them and was probably more at ease himself. He wanted to practice English as much as possible, and English was their mother tongue, but there were so many things that one could say better in Spanish than in English; there were, for that matter, so many things about the ranch for which the English word, when he and the little girls knew it, sounded clumsy and unreal. They talked together in a free mixture of the two languages, with occasionally a word or phrase of French.

Ernesto told them something about himself and about life in Mexico; his accounts, from the point of view of one the little girls' own age or near it, were richer, more vivid, than his aunt's. They learned that he had brothers and sisters, and they caught some inkling, in the tone of his voice or in his expression when he spoke of his parents, of what being an orphan meant. He mentioned his parents seldom, as a matter of fact, and although the girls would have liked to know more, they did not press him. For the first time, they felt honest sympathy for him and realized that his reticences were not mere withdrawal. They saw, and appreciated, his character, even though vaguely.

With May came the beginning of real spring. The children were restless, their boiling points lower than ever. One evening, Pepita brought a box containing three horny toads up to bed with her. She had caught them, she explained, because Señor Juan, the *mayordomo*, had told her that a horny toad, if you stuck a cigarette into its mouth, would smoke. She wanted to find out if this statement was true, but she didn't see how they could get a cigarette—not until the next day, anyway. The two older girls thought that the toads should be put to good use right away. Ernesto was one of them now; it was almost an automatic act to put the toads in his bed and surprise him, as each of them had been surprised by the two others at one time or another. They went to his room. By the time they had put two of the toads under the covers, they were in a state of high, suppressed giggles. They could not resist putting the third one in Miss Eufemia's bed.

Ernesto went to bed half an hour later. He did what any of the three girls would have done—got rid of the toads, and made no sign. Miss Eufemia's reaction was less controlled, and Don José learned of the trick.

The next morning, he spoke severely to his daughters, pointing out how dis-

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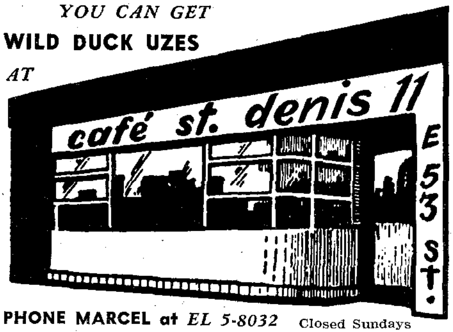

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respectful, rude, childish, and inhospitable the trick had been. To the children, this was genuine punishment. They were truly sorry, they apologized to him and to their governess, and they resolved solemnly to be good.

Spring came on full blast; the short time of studying that remained to them seemed like eternity. The sun was hot, the flowers were out, the great flocks of sheep were moving up from the low country, accompanied by little gay, frantic lambs. One morning when all outdoors was calling the children, Miss Eufemia read history to her pupils. She had let the girls gather around her; Carmen, toying uneasily with a blue crayon, sat on the arm of her chair. She could not take her eyes off Miss Eufemia's nose. The reading voice passed meaninglessly through her mind; the day teased through the open window. In a sort of compulsive madness, while the other two watched in admiration and alarm, she pressed the dull point of the crayon against that fascinating, flattened tip and turned it, making a clear blue spot.

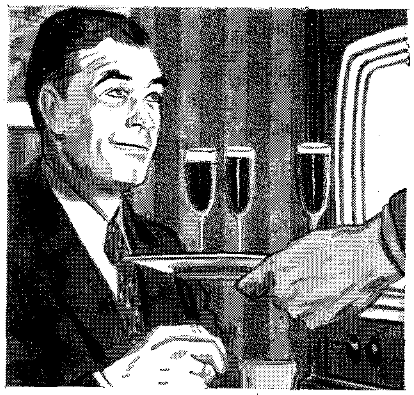
Miss Eufemia rushed from the room in tears, and once again the girls confronted their father's anger. Doña Marguerite also let them know how shocked she was. The governess was too hurt for good relations to be restored in the usual prompt way. The classroom days ended with everyone subdued. Ernesto withdrew from the girls a little, as they themselves would have done had he thus affronted a member of their family.

Don José and Doña Marguerite agreed that Miss Eufemia's usefulness had come to an end; no matter how good their daughters' intentions might be, if she returned for another season, she could not manage them. At Las Vegas was a convent boarding school run by the Sisters of Loretto, who taught the things that the Bacas wanted their children to learn. There was no danger there of a repetition of Miss Coombs, and a couple of the Sisters were French. Carmen and Consuelo would be old enough to go there in the fall; Pepita could follow in a year or two.

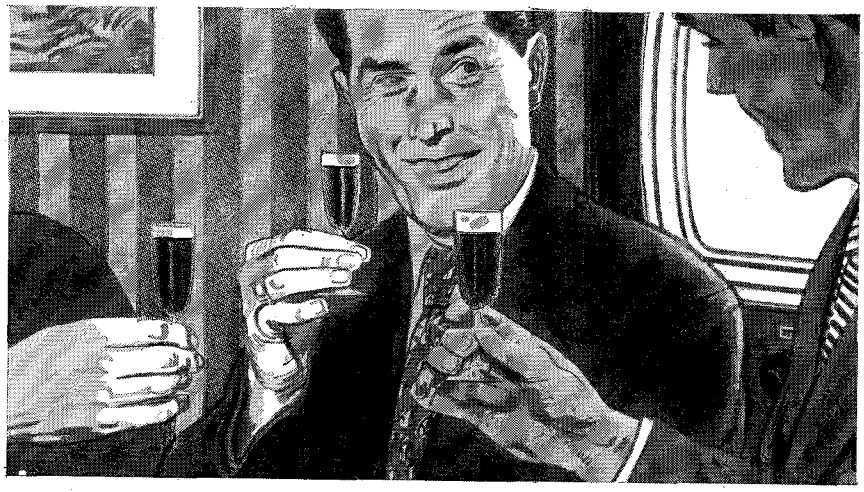
With the approach of summer, Miss Eufemia departed for good, with her nose, with the trunk that no one had ever seen unlocked, and with Ernesto. Her parting with the girls was frankly emotional on both sides. Consuelo wept. Ernesto was, as ever, restrained, and his restraint affected the girls; even so, at the last moment, in the face of the real evidences of their regret, he became friendly and warm, behind his formality. Whether he was glad, relieved, or sorry

How to win guests in one round

How glumly Jack turns off the fight.
The champ is out—just like a light!



But, soon, Jack's mood again is bright
For look—here comes a luscious sight.



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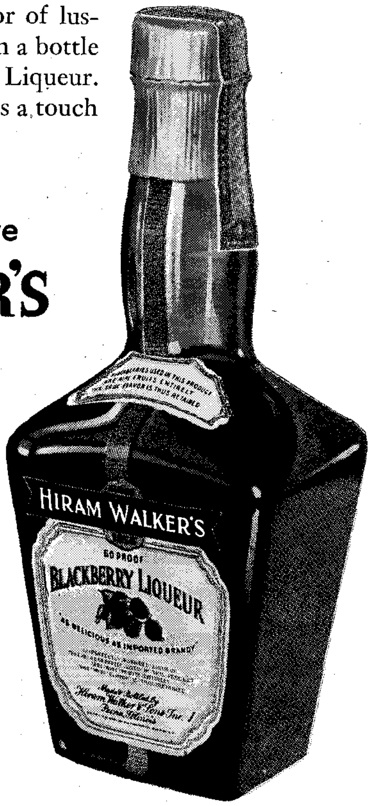

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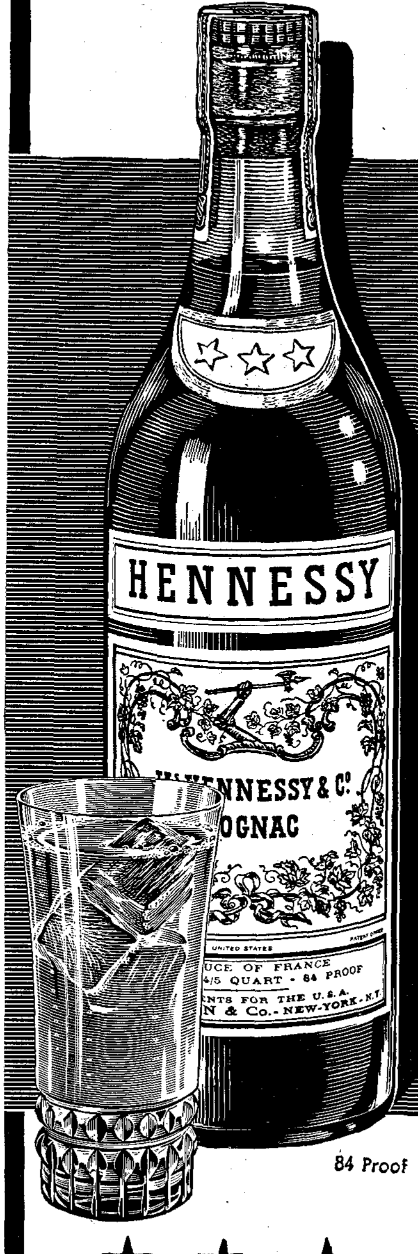

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to be shut of Rociada, no one could tell.

The car disappeared down a road newly turned dusty after the spring mud. With it went the last hope of a life indefinitely contained within the circle that surrounded Rociada like an enchantment. In September, two of the girls would be leaving home, and from then on they would be away for longer and longer periods of time, the gap in the circle becoming a little wider and then a little wider, until there was no more circle—until there was nothing at all but the memory, which made one laugh and cry, of things that seemed to have existed not in this present life but in some far distant, irretrievable time.

—Oliver La Farge

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Martha's Vineyard* (*Mass.*) *Gazette*]

Dedicated to the Telephone Co—
Trafalgar 9-2423

Editors, Vineyard Gazette:

I'd like to speak my little piece
Without complaint—without malice—
To the "Long Distance" company
Calling New York—on "night-time fee."

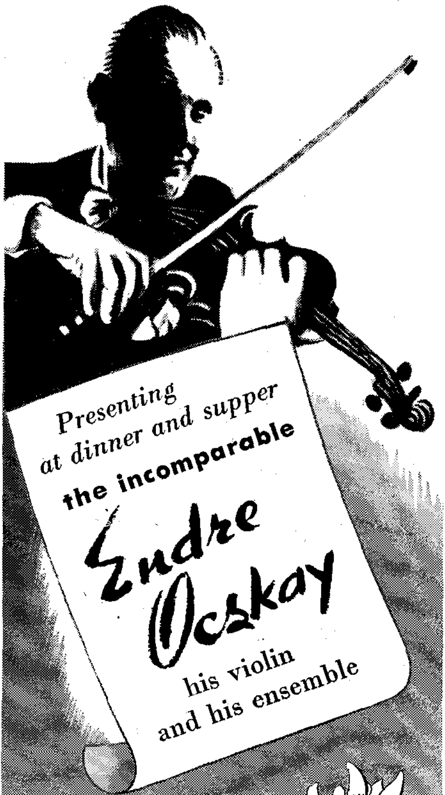
I call (a simple thing, you see)
"Trafalgar 9-2423."
"Long distance" doesn't say a word,
So I presume they haven't heard.
And to the silence I dare say:
"That's Edgartown 264-J."
I hear some clicking—chattering!
A hope! "New York" and then a ring.
Sweetly I say, "Sorry to bother,
Where you ring—isn't at my mother."
The operator tells me: "Sorry—
No answer!"—and I wait and worry.
I try again—sweating and dizzy—
"I'm sorry, m'am—the line is busy!"
I say: "My Mother knows I call—
She has one party line"—that's all.
I try six times without success—
Can't sleep at night—full of distress.
I dream of accidents—of sick—
Of ringing, buzzing and a click!

But Sunday morning, lucky me!
"Trafalgar 9-2423."
I cry: "Mother! Are you all right?
Where were you? I called up last
night!"
My Mother said she was around—
Her telephone gave sure no sound,
And nobody did use her line,
And I was happy—she was fine!

Dear Long Distance—communication,
You are the bridge to my relation!
It's up to you, to know their fate,
To keep by telephone a date.
You get them and we talk of joy,
Of Mother—Father—girl, boy!

Thank you, Edgartown operator
For helping—earlier or later,
With kindest patience! That is true.
How could we do it? Without you!
Let's try once more! Phone company,
"Trafalgar 9-2423."

Ilse Marie Crawley



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FOOTBALL

Every Underdog Has His Day

NOVEMBER 10TH was a jolly old Saturday. Heads rolled in all directions, some from side to side, some down into the dust. Michigan, the Rose Bowl champion, steamed into Ithaca all set to supervise Cornell's third defeat in a row and went back home at the bottom of a 20–7 score. Notre Dame steamed into Michigan State's home town determined to break up the local outfit's winning streak and was beaten 35–0. Southern California went back home from its easy conquest of Army at Yankee Stadium and was bowled over, 27–20, by Stanford, a team that had never entered Southern California's innocent mind. There was other merriment, too. Dartmouth turned out to be no match at all for Columbia; only a blocked Columbia kick, which was responsible for Dartmouth's one touchdown, kept the score (21–6) from being worse than it was. Only a bad pass from Penn's center and a Penn pass that bounced off Penn hands into Wisconsin hands prevented Wisconsin, which has been playing a brisk type of Big Ten football this fall, from being tied by Penn, which has been playing no more than a medium type of Ivy League football. Only a penalty against Colgate, which is no longer a terror in any league, prevented it from tying Bucknell, which has been experiencing vivid delusions of grandeur. The penalty nullified a Colgate kick after touchdown that would have produced a 21–21 score. Then, Navy's Frank Brady astounded Maryland, which eventually won, 40–21—and undoubtedly himself—by galloping a hundred yards to make the first touchdown of his particular game. And up in Boston, Princeton, racking up its twentieth straight victory, was in a 6–6 deadlock with little, bemused, but gallant Harvard until fifty seconds before the first half ended.

BOSTON is always more conscious of a football weekend than New York. There is a great deal of gaiety, public and private, and yet an awareness of the solemn nature of the occasion. Last week, aside from the gathering of two of the old families that practically invented football, back in 1877, there was a match between Boston University and Oregon, a younger rivalry, Oregon having barely been invented back in 1877. The night before there was a parade through the town, with three dozen floats, presumably to arouse interest in this rivalry. Still, only eight thousand people watched B. U. trounce the daylights out of Oregon, 35–6, and twenty-two thousand turned out to see Princeton do in Harvard, 54–13. Harvard hadn't played the week before, and Lloyd Jordan, its coach, had watched Princeton play Brown. He came home with a couple of good ideas, one of which solved, temporarily, the problem of how to get a ballcarrier past Princeton's defensive ends, McPhee and Hennon, who are known to classicists, for good reason, as Scylla and Charybdis. The solution involved a four-man squad of blockers to pilot Clasby, Harvard's swift sophomore back, and it helped Harvard hold Princeton to that 6–6 tie for twenty-nine minutes. Then came the deluge. Harvard had broken up three passes in a row by Kazmaier, Princeton's man of destiny, before, on fourth down, he flipped a short one to his teammate Pivirotto, who sprinted to Harvard's ten-yard line, and then another to Mathis, who was nailed a foot from the Harvard goal. McNeill scored on the next play, and three plays later an ill-advised Harvard pass fell into the hands of Bihl, one of Princeton's crack defense linesmen, who set off for the Harvard goal, thirty-three yards away. The half ended while he was en route, but, behind an impromptu four-man squad quite as efficient as the one that had been piloting Clasby, he kept going, doggedly and legally, for what proved to be the winning touchdown. The second half was just more of the same.

BACK in 1948, when Bob Mathias, the seventeen-year-old Olympic decathlon champion, began playing for Kiski, as the Kiskiminetas Springs School in Pennsylvania is familiarly called, this department was moved to wonder on what campus such a rich prize would show up when he reached college years. As everyone knows now, he showed up at Stanford. Saturday, he made two touchdowns during the last-minute rally against Southern California, one of them on a ninety-six-yard romp. —J. W. L.

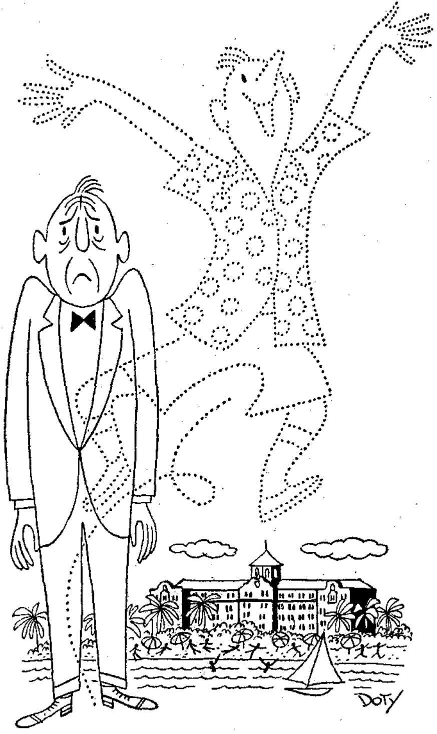
•

ACUTE SHORTAGE
OF NUDES HURTS
ART IN CARACAS

—*Headline in the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

Come, now, the nudes must be there. Just a matter of uncovering them.

You can even get away from yourself...



at the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel!

In fact, we've almost got away from *ourselves* . . . thanks to the attentions of a swarm of modern Michelangelos! They've completely redecorated and refurnished two thirds of our bedrooms (the rest satisfied their sensitive souls) . . . and added a dream bar to our supper club (where you can dine till 11 p.m., without paying extra for your lordly procrastination).

Our opening fortnight of course includes Christmas, when our whole estate is fragrant with the incense of banished inhibitions. And, even if you shudder at losing a fraction of your delightful self . . . your happy little ego will revel in its daily riches, from fun in the sun to the subtle art of snaring moonbeams!

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BOOKS

Two Self-Portraits

> You are soon in my library and soon out of it, for most of the books are contained in a single room. I keep some more of them in a bedroom and in a little sitting-room and in a bathroom cupboard, but most of them are in what we will politely term the library.... In the middle of the room stands a curious object: a bookcase which once belonged to my grandfather. It has in its front a little projecting shelf supported on two turned pillars of wood, and it has a highly polished back. Some say it is a converted bedstead.... Bedstead or not, it is agreeable and original and I have tried to fill it with volumes of gravity, appropriate to its past. Here are the theological works of Isaac Barrow, thirteen volumes, full morocco, stamped with college arms. Here are the works of John Milton, five volumes, similarly garbed.... Here are my grandfather's own works bearing titles such as "One Primeval Language," "The Apocalypse Its Own Interpreter," and "Mohammedanism Unveiled." Have you read my grandfather's works? No? Have I read them? No.

DO you recognize the voice? Yes? Then you are passed as being comfortably at home in the works of E. M. Forster, for nearly fifty years the witty bachelor uncle of English letters. But maybe the question was too simple; maybe there is no one else to name. For who else mingles so winningly the past to be cherished with the past to be spoofed? Reverence for words with irreverence for the Word? And it would be hard to think of any other writer who gives one the impression of chatting face to face with his readers, of seeming to exclaim, "Look here! It's getting dark, and the night will be ever so long—why not be friends?"

The passage on his library comes from a book that Forster has called, with some misgiving, "Two Cheers for Democracy" (Harcourt, Brace). A long collection of short pieces, it consists of essays, lectures, broadcasts, reviews, excerpts from a notebook, and tributes to dead friends. It is Forster's first full-length self-portrait since "Abinger Harvest," published fifteen years ago, and though the setting is still prevailingly domestic—the bookcase may be a bedstead, London is a dreadful muddle—the coloring is everywhere more vivid and there is more to see. The earlier miscellany gave one the likeness of a student, middle-aged, frisky, and acute, whose subject, in no matter what harlequin disguise, was the moral nature of men and nations. One also sensed, however, that the student could afford his study. In those days, in a farming village in Surrey, despite all that one heard and tried to comprehend, the inviolability of one's mind and body must have been nearly as easy to take for granted as it had been in the Victorian hothouse of Forster's childhood. One still read and napped and read, and it was remarkable how, more often than not, the air one sniffed on waking had its old morning sweetness.

In "Two Cheers for Democracy," that air has long since blown away, but Forster, rather to our surprise, has not been toppled by the succeeding storm. Like his nineteenth-century hero, Matthew Arnold, he has watched disaster accumulate about him with anguish but without fuss. Mind and body have been assaulted but remain intact, and Forster not only is as frisky and acute as ever, he has actually gained in stature—no mean feat in one's sixties and seventies. What the blunt fact of India, both as a country and as a moral issue, had meant to him in his youth, the Second World War appears to have meant to him on the threshold of old age. It drove him to appraise and defend, with an intellectual hardihood that bears no trace of archness, the value of the sort of double life to which he had been committed from the start: the life of the artist, forever out of step with the society in which he works, and the life of the citizen who, while keeping step, reserves, openly or in secret, the right to choose his own companions and responsibilities. In the essay from which he has taken the title of his book, Forster concludes that democracy is the least hateful form of contemporary government, and adds, "So Two Cheers for Democracy: one because it admits variety and two because it permits criticism. Two cheers are quite enough: there is no occasion to give three. Only Love the Beloved Republic deserves that."

Forster will live for his novels, not for his essays, literary or political. Still, since the author of the novels is an elusive fellow, or many fellows, we are all the more grateful to the author of the essays for painting himself in such detail. We see a man whose struggle has been, in large measure, to escape from the stultifying advantages of his upper-middle-class origins, and the nature and

scale of such a struggle are sketched with just the right mixture of dignity and comic ruefulness. If the field of battle was often his library, and his arsenal a bathroom cupboard, and if his rallying cry was sometimes too elfin to carry out-of-doors, the struggle was nonetheless real, and Forster's victory is real.

IN "A Walker in the City," by Alfred Kazin (Harcourt, Brace), we learn of a struggle precisely the reverse of Forster's and far more desperate, but one that ends, like his, on the high note of having come through. This singular and beautiful work, a chapter of which was published in this magazine, is a sort of perambulating memoir in lyric form. By turns mournful, violent, and tender, its theme is the immemorial one of the boy in search of the man he must become. The scene is Brownsville, the section of Brooklyn in which, in the twenties and early thirties, the author was growing up, and in guiding us through that dusty purgatory Mr. Kazin has as his purpose less to spill open a grab bag of recollection than to wrest some usable meanings from it. In passages that are sometimes almost unendurably crammed with images of color, taste, and smell, he evokes what it was to be a child and poor and a Jew in that time and place. From birth, he had had dinned into him the sense of being an outsider among outsiders, and throughout the book we are made heartbreakingly aware of his longing to claim as an inheritance—even, by some prodigious leap back in time, to play a worthy part in—that indigenous American past of which in Brownsville one could catch glimpses only in books and place names, and of which Manhattan, lighting the western sky at night, was the near but still unreachable avatar. It is a small book, and an immense achievement. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BARABBAS, by Pär Lagerkvist (Random House). Christ's crucifixion, which saved Barabbas' life, also laid it waste, and Mr. Lagerkvist describes the violent and inarticulate despair of the rest of Barabbas' days with pity, insight, and an authority that seems to come from love. Barabbas, a man who is all action, and now dislocated from everything that was familiar to him and therefore from himself, lives out his life in an agony of bewilderment, trying to exorcise his devil by exhausting his body and coming, in

The General and the President

—and the Future of American Foreign Policy

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In this brilliant collaboration you'll find an objective—but by no means neutral — report on MacArthur, his past, his second coming, and a forecast of drama to come.
Cartoons by HERBLOCK $3.75

The novel of a curious marriage and of a husband seeking to recapture the evil moments of his youth. It's a haunting story, filled with the vivid characters who give Paris charm, mystery, and not a little danger. By the author of *Meg* and *The Double Door*. $3.00

Street Music

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His greatest story, and one of the biggest novels to come out of Europe in our generation

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by ALBERTO MORAVIA

Every novel Moravia has written has been building up to this shattering book—more dramatic and earthy than *The Woman of Rome,* more poignant than *Two Adolescents,* and more personal than *Conjugal Love.* "One of the outstanding novels of 1951 . . . He brings to light the devil in the flesh and in the psyche, and he tells us, without moral indignation and without despair, that that is the way homo sapiens is . . . His work may often have a harsh flavor but it is refreshingly adult and virile."—CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic* $3.50

FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG

Winner of the Ernest Hemingway Award, this young Italian novelist has written a story of lusts and violence—of the harsh southwind that whips the Sicilian streets clean and the nerves of men raw. A novel of primitive directness, informed with wild beauty. $2.75

Scirocco

by ROMUALDO ROMANO

Where the Clocks Strike Twice

by ALEC WAUGH

A cultivated connoisseur of far places and curious people chronicles a journey of rediscovery. And he visits, among other places, the fascinating Seychelles Islands, lost in the immensity of the Indian Ocean, where the women are beautiful and the clock strikes twice. By the author of *Hot Countries* and *The Sugar Islands.* $3.50

They lived history's strangest love story as the entire 13th century world took fire with the ardor of the Third Crusade

BERENGARIA, the queen who yearned only for her husband's love...

RICHARD the Lion Hearted, whose passion for battle and the company of fighting men precluded love for his wife—or any woman . . .

BLONDEL, the minstrel whose lute was his passport to adventure but not to the heart of his adored queen.

➡ A novel for all who enjoy a magnificent story, superbly told.

The Lute Player

author of *Silver Nutmeg* and *Jassy*

by NORAH LOFTS

With colored endsheet maps, $3.50 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

Bede, Bunyan and Winnie-the-Pooh

Bede's Texts and the Aelfric's colloquy were the earliest books for children. John Newbery (1713-67) was the first publisher to issue books intended especially to amuse children. Either he or Oliver Goldsmith may have written *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes*. Illustration reached a high point after the middle of the 19th century with Kate Greenaway, Tenniel, Cruikshank, and Caldecott. The story had won out over the sermon in such classics of this golden age as *Heidi, Treasure Island*, and *Alice in Wonderland;* though Elsie Dinsmore and Alger's heroes still sneaked in a reminder of the rewards of virtue.

have all contributed to Children's Book Week

The 20th-century child still loves the 19th-century immortals: A. A. Milne, Walter de la Mare and scores of other modern writers have produced children's classics. The Horn Book, the American Library Association, the Children's Book Council and the Child Study Association are cooperating to give Superman a run for his money. Start your child's library early with the

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the end, to an involuntary but unresentful acceptance of the same fate that he was earlier spared.

The Lute Player, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). Blondel, the songbird of the Third Crusade, is the hero of this book, which tells how he was destroyed by his love for Berengaria, the wife of his master, Richard I. Berengaria, in turn, was destroyed by her love for Richard, who cared little for her, and, to make the circle complete, Blondel has his own faithful, hopeless lover, a crippled duchess named Anna. At the close, Blondel and Anna find a certain happiness, made wry and brought almost too late by the realistic Miss Lofts. The writing is expert, obvious, and rapid, and the story is told in the first person by three different people, who speak in rotation.

A Flight of Falcons, by Françoise d'Eaubonne (McGraw-Hill). A Spanish-Dutch painter named Jan van Sterteen, suffering from an especially tragic love affair, sets out with three companions to explore life by seeing the world. In his travels, he finds another love, Mirabella, the mistress of a pirate named Cigala, but this affair also has a bad ending, and the story finishes with the public hanging of Mirabella, while her lover lies at the foot of the gallows in a dead faint. This is a historical novel, laid in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century. It is related by the unlucky painter, who is charged with the bated, lugubrious tone, full of nostalgia and premonition, that some writers feel is suitable for tales of long ago. Translated from the French.

Weekend at Dunkirk, by Robert Merle (Knopf). A French soldier, Maillat, waits on the beach at Dunkirk, hoping for a chance to get away to England with the retreating British. As he wanders about, chatting with French and British soldiers and encountering an occasional civilian, Maillat begins to sound more and more like a newspaperman covering an important event in a series of daily columns, trying hard to present human-interest material in a significant manner, and making an extra, very self-conscious effort to sound impersonal and at ease in a time of stress. Translated from the French.

Wait for the Wagon, by Mary Lasswell (Houghton Mifflin). This author's perennial heroines, Mrs. Feeley, Mrs. Rasmussen, and Miss Tinkham, having spent a riotous and useful holiday visiting relatives in New York and tending bar in New Jersey, return home to San Diego in a 1926 Cadiliac driven by their friend and fellow-drinker, the Old-Timer. On the way, they pick up a seedy psychiatrist, Dr. Freemartin, and an aging night-club dancer, Uremia De Brie. They also make friends with any truck-drivers they meet, and indulge in long bouts of their own special humor, which is still loud and fast but has grown forced. Illustrated by George Price.

The Forests of the Night, by Jean-Louis Curtis (Putnam). A bitter, ironic, and loving story of France during the years from 1942 to 1945, dealing in particular with the life and death of Francis de Balansun, a seventeen-year-old schoolboy who belongs to the Resistance movement. St. Clar, de Balansun's native town, is the scene of most of the action, and it is through a few people in the town—and their cowardice, generosity, or brutality—that Mr. Curtis shows the effects on ordinary people of a state of war, as well as the effects of a victorious peace.

Once Over Lightly, by David Niven (Prentice-Hall). Mr. Niven, who is industrious and good-tempered but not a writer, has produced a novel about an Englishman in Hollywood, and has included in it an enormous number of jokes, anecdotes, and quips, as well as a great deal of light conversation.

Note: "Fancies and Goodnights," a collection of stories by John Collier, many of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Doubleday.

GENERAL

They Fought with What They Had, by Walter D. Edmonds (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An exhaustive, semi-official account of the Army Air Forces in the Philippines, Java, and Australia in the three terrible months after December 8, 1941. "Judgment is outside the province of this book," Mr. Edmonds says, and it is fortunate that he takes this attitude, for his chronicle of unpreparedness, mismanagement, armchair generalship, and Air Forces' claims of destruction that were apparently inspired by the little tailor in Grimm call for harsh judgments indeed. Mr. Edmonds writes from the viewpoint of the men in the field, and their bitterness, confusion, and unbelievably heroic record is all here, compiled

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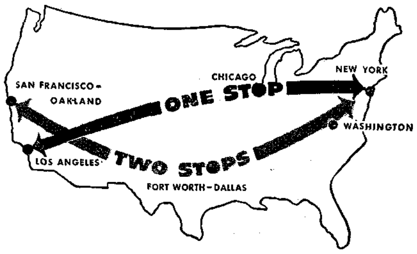
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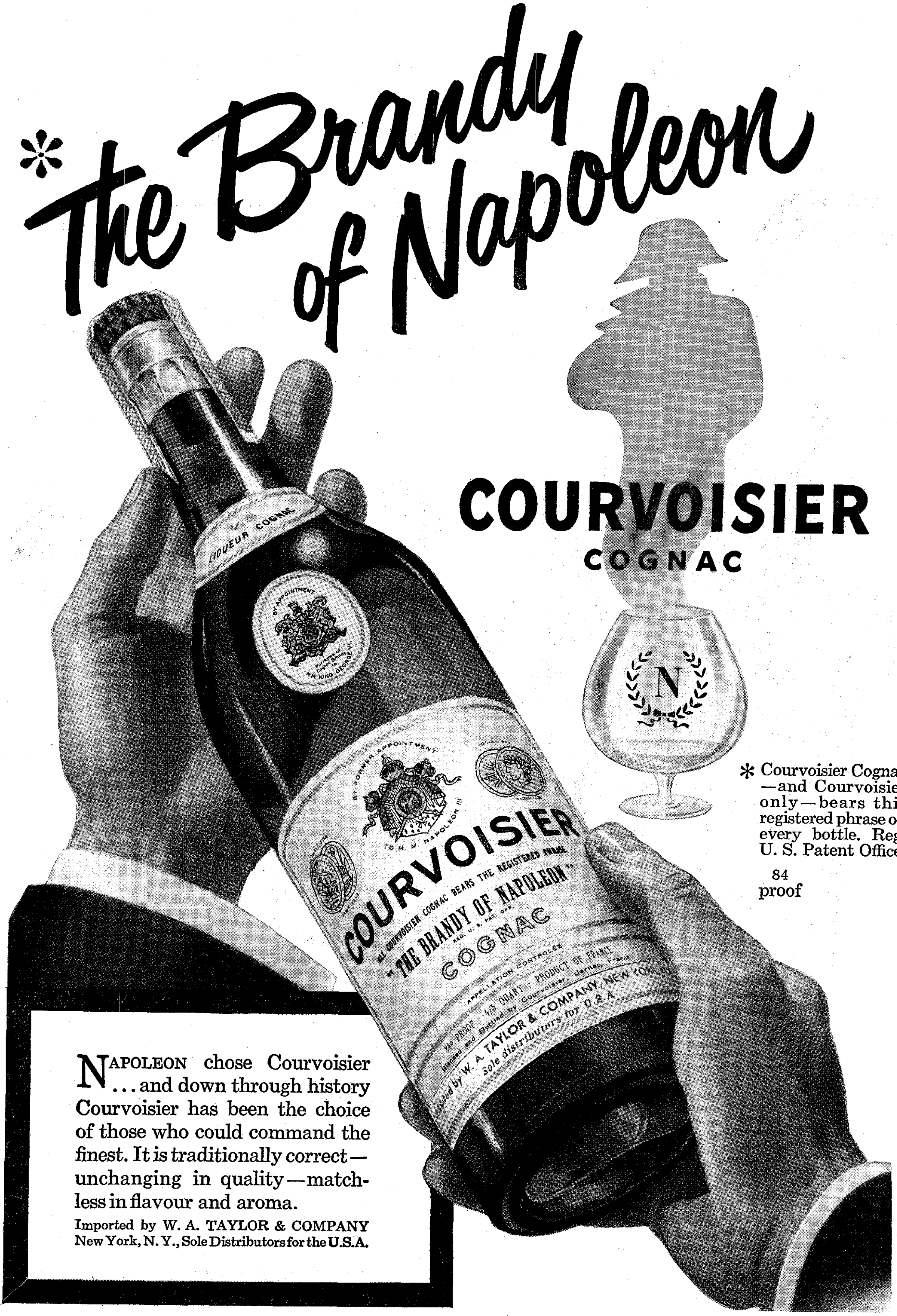
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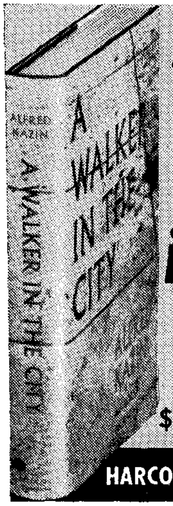
"Strong Cigars and Lovely Women" is a compilation of articles and short stories written by me for *Newsweek*. As the title suggests, it is about sports, though it seems to have boiled over a bit and gotten into such subjects as television's Mr. Kefauver and Hopalong Cassidy. But this is not my fault. The pieces were selected by a *Newsweek* editor named Malley, who apparently has nothing to do in his spare time but select pieces by me and fish for fluke off Coney Island, which comes to the same thing. Malley thinks the book should be called "Strong Women and Lovely Cigars."

Anyway, "Strong Cigars and Lovely Women" is published by Funk & Wagnalls, it is illustrated by Walt "Pogo" Kelly, costs two and one half bucks (a ridiculously low price) and you can buy it at your favorite bookstore—right now.

—*John Lardner*



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from books, articles, reports, unit histories, and a staggering number of interviews. It is a heartbreaking book. A promised second volume, to deal with Bataan, Corregidor, and Mindanao, will undoubtedly make even grimmer reading, but since we have all seen the final pages, we know that the story has a satisfactory ending.

YEARS OF MADNESS, by W. E. Woodward (Putnam). The author, who died last year, called this book a "reappraisal of the Civil War." His basic premise is that the American people went loco on a national scale in the decade preceding Fort Sumter and then fought a war for which both sides were totally unprepared and for which there was no necessity. The conflict itself, as Mr. Woodward presents it, was a dismal pageant of political blundering and military boneheadedness, during which there were any number of opportunities to put a stop to the carnage, had anyone had the will or the intelligence to seize them. Mr. Woodward was not one of those historians who hold that slavery was only an incidental cause of the Civil War (it was the top subject, he says, at every prewar discussion of differences), but he does make out a strong case for his belief that the slave question need never have brought the two sides to blows. The argument is somewhat oversimplified, however, and the book is marred by a sketchiness and an imbalance that suggest that the author, despite his publishers' claim to the contrary, had not really finished polishing it up. Still, like Mr. Woodward's other books, it isn't dull for a moment.

JOURNEY BETWEEN FREEDOMS, by Tanya Matthews (Westminster). An unflaggingly vivacious account of life in Soviet Russia between the years 1919, when the author, a child in a village near Rostov, first began to exercise her powers of observation—which turned out to be well above par—and 1944, when the rigors of the regime became so oppressive to her that she impulsively married an English newspaper correspondent for whom she had been working for only a few days. Although Mrs. Matthews' physical lot wasn't ever much harder than that of the majority of her compatriots (it was still hard enough, to be sure), she labored under the ideological handicap of having a bourgeois ancestry, with the result that her career as a teacher was generally blocked by dicta from

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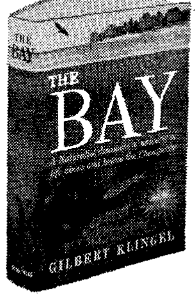

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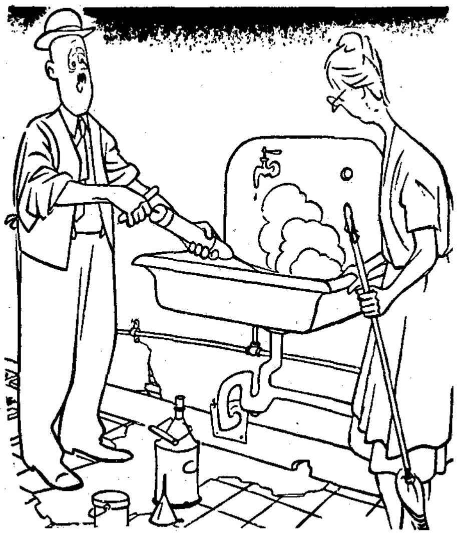

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above. Thanks to a great deal of ingenuity and natural bounce, however, she surmounted both this difficulty and that of a tumultuously unhappy first marriage, and kept her wits about her to such an extent that she has been able to set down with impressive fidelity the minutiae of her everyday life. At times, she overplays her role of an impetuous, whimsical, and emotional Russian, but she's acute enough to be able to laugh at herself almost in the next breath, which lends considerable conviction to her book.

DANCE OF DEATH, by Erich Kern (Scribner). A chronicle of four years of fighting against the Russians, written by an officer of the Waffen S.S. who is now living in what we may hope is permanent retirement in Germany. Herr Kern is still a National Socialist, if a critical one in retrospect. His book is a personal record of his war experience, but, like many of his compatriots, he has politics on the brain. He thinks Germany's major mistake was the cruelly repressive treatment of the peoples of the Ukraine and the Caucasus by the fish-eyed Gestapo men who came in the wake of the invading soldiers and alienated a willing and potentially decisive ally. Herr Kern writes extremely well when he describes places and men and moods, but in argument he is a fast man with a syllogism and a master of the nonsequitur. He liked Russia, even under the circumstances of his presence there, and he writes warmly of the people, but he can also report a reprisal shooting of four thousand Red Army men with an objective calm that beggars understanding. Recommended to those with a passion for seeing both sides of a question.

THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW, by Robert Waithman (Scribner). An appraisal of our country by an English newspaperman who is undoubtedly better qualified for the task than many of his note-taking fellows have been in the past, since he's lived here for nearly fifteen years, has covered a very adequate amount of territory in appropriately assorted conveyances, and has cornered, or been cornered by, innumerable avid conversationalists. Stylistically, all this variety seems to have gone to his head a bit, for in order to apprise us that America is a pretty satisfactory place despite its obvious shortcomings, that we're badly misrepresented abroad, and that we're a lot

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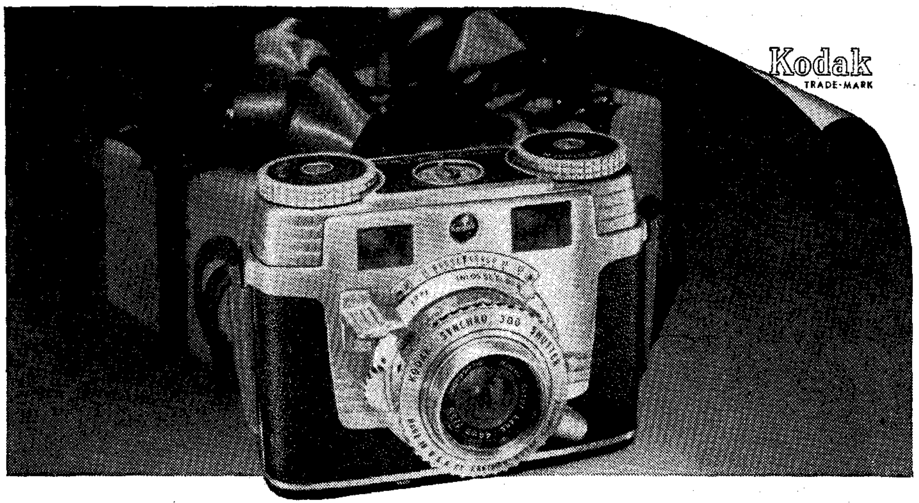
more ready than we think to assume all the responsibilities devolving upon us, Mr. Waithman has availed himself of such hackneyed devices as dialogues in bars, reports—presumably verbatim—of cocktail- and dinner-party chitchat, arch little excursions into the national stream of consciousness, and so on. Since his straightforward commentary is both shrewd and well presented, these stage effects clutter things up rather annoyingly.

NELSON'S CAPTAINS, by Ludovic Kennedy (Norton). A mass biography of Admiral Nelson's "band of brothers"—his handful of favorites among the more than a hundred fighting-ship commanders who served under him at one time or another. Although fourteen captains figure in the story, among them Hood, Troubridge, Hardy, Fremantle, and Saumarez, the reader rarely loses sight of the short one-eyed man with an empty sleeve; in a way, the book is a biography of *him*, in terms of his captains and their relationships with him. Mr. Kennedy, who has served with the Royal Navy himself, writes good, clear English and handles a difficult assignment well, the proof being that his retelling of a familiar story is fresh and stimulating. Illustrated.

CLEAR THE DECKS, by Daniel V. Gallery (Morrow). During the latter part of the war, Rear Admiral Gallery was a captain in command of the Guadalcanal, a small aircraft carrier of the class known as Henry Kaiser jeeps, and was charged with destroying Nazi submarines in the Atlantic; before that, he was stationed at Reykjavík, Iceland, with the United States Fleet Air Base, where his job was also to sink German subs. His memoir of these tours of duty is a rough, blunt-spoken, and exciting document, enlivened by a ribald, if



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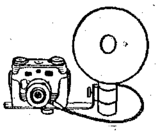

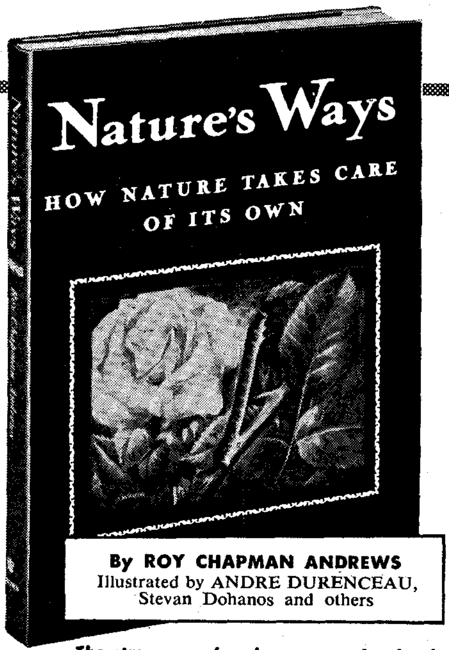

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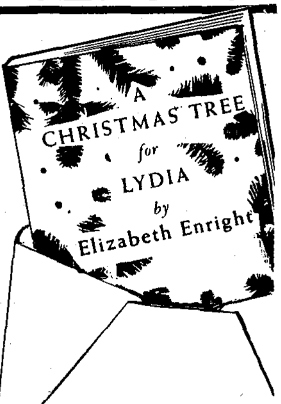

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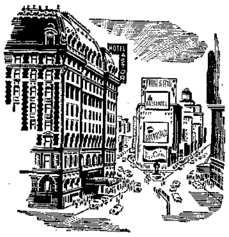
rather primitive, sense of humor. Among his more notable exploits was the capture, intact, of Unterseeboot 505, which his little flattop towed proudly to Bermuda and which, with its acoustic torpedoes, charts, and code books (including the key to the periodic changes of the German naval codes), was one of the major top-secret prizes of the war.

A Sailor's Odyssey, by Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope (Dutton). Reminiscences of a very different kind of sea dog—a full-dress autobiography of the man who was Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean in the early days of the war and naval commander of the North African landings, and who ended the war as First Sea Lord. Viscount Cunningham first saw action in the Boer War, as a seventeen-year-old midshipman, and he served throughout the First World War as a commander. Although he was a fighting seaman in the Second World War, he was also high up in strategic circles and had an important part in the conferences at Casablanca, Quebec, Teheran, and Yalta. Many maps and photographs.

Zachary Taylor: Soldier in the White House, by Holman Hamilton (Bobbs-Merrill). This book completes the two-volume biography the author started with "Zachary Taylor: Soldier of the Republic." It opens with Old Rough and Ready's return in triumph from the Mexican War, in which he had fought brilliantly, despite his private disapproval of the whole adventure, and traces the subsequent unlikely career of this unusually apolitical general officer (he had never voted in his life) who found himself in the White House. Mr. Hamilton has sought to clear up the anomalies of Taylor's political rise: Why, for example, should a Southern gentleman and absentee slave owner like Taylor have been nominated by the Whigs, who stood for Northern interests and Unionism? And why, after winning the office, was he such an inflexible upholder of the Union ideal? The narrative centers on the great slavery debate of 1850 and on the personalities embroiled in it—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Douglas, Seward, and Old Zach himself. The book closes with Taylor's death, after being President for only sixteen months. The author has done a considerable amount of research, and his new evaluation of Taylor should correct the wide-



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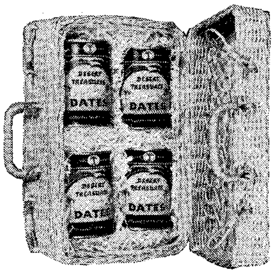

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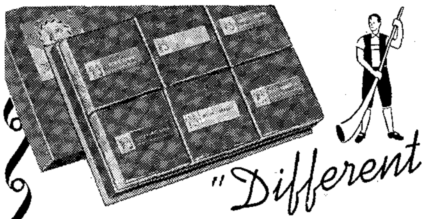

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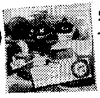

spread impression that the American people were asleep at the switch when they elected him. The writing is of a very high quality.

THE DAMMED MISSOURI VALLEY, by Richard G. Baumhoff (Knopf). A brisk and informative coverage of the Missouri basin by a member of the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Everything about the Big Muddy, which flows twenty-four hundred and sixty-five miles from its source in Montana to its confluence with the Mississippi at St. Louis, is vast; its basin takes in a sixth of the nation's area, and ten states share it. That vastness, together with the great—and neglected—potentialities of the Missouri Valley as a source both of food and of water for irrigation and electric power, is the underlying theme of the book. The author outlines the measures that are being taken to prevent drought, flood, and the erosion of topsoil, and he discusses the pros and cons of a Missouri Valley Authority that might do for that region what the T.V.A. has done for the Tennessee Valley. An able, thought-provoking work. Photographs and a map.

GUESTS, by Russell Lynes (Harper). A survey of the more common hazards of hospitality, presented in much the same nutshell form as the author's recent analysis of snobs. Mr. Lynes is amply qualified to speak on his present topic, for, as he points out, he got his social indoctrination while growing up in a New England rectory in the rigorous era when the relationship between host and guest was an intricate and serious affair. Since then, to judge by this work, he's had an equally thorough exposure to more relaxed, if equally enervating, sorts of entertaining, both urban and rural. A good many of the guest types he describes have been mulled over before, and fairly frequently at that, by other commentators, but Mr. Lynes handles them cheerfully and with so much assurance that not too many traces of his predecessors show through. Drawings by the author.

LIFE'S PICTURE HISTORY OF WESTERN MAN, by the editors of *Life* (Time, Inc.). Although the compilers of this volume describe themselves with almost monastic humility as mere "brokers between the men of learning and the ordinary citizen," they have managed to turn out one of the most elegantly knowledgeable commodities of recent years: a pictorial biography, accompanied by a

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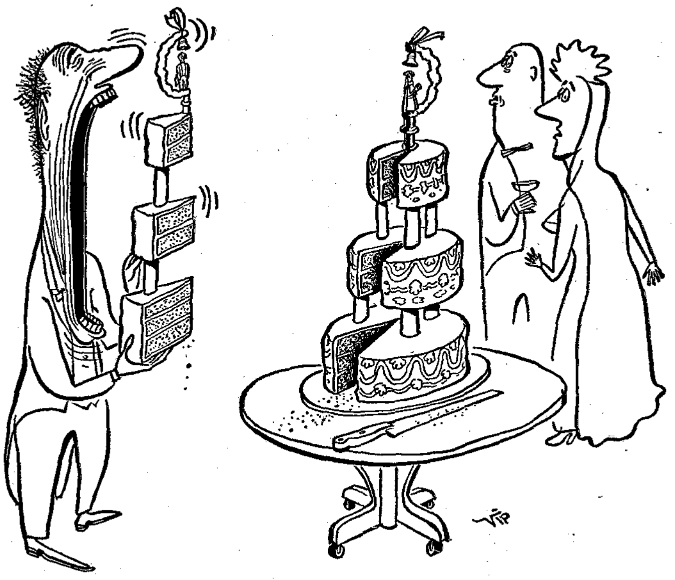

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commentary framed in plain chant, rolling hexameters, and patois, of a composite character called Western Man, "the most wonderfully dynamic creature ever to walk this earth," and clearly a more dynamic specimen, it would seem, than Eastern Man. Along about 800 A.D., *Life's* brokers report, Western Man was shaping up nicely, being "fair of skin, hardy of limb, brave of heart and [a believer in] the eternal salvation of his soul." His spiritual and worldly progress from then on out, through the Middle Ages, the Age of Exploration, the Age of Revolutions, and a lot of other tidily packaged ages, is presented with the assistance of a roster of talent that should certainly leave the ordinary, or even the extraordinary, citizen with his eyes bugging, for among those in there pitching for *Life* are Rembrandt, Vermeer, Gainsborough, and the rest of the topnotchers, as well as a number of mapmakers, etchers, photographers, lithographers, and other depicters of their several eras.

U. S. CAMERA 1952, edited by Tom Maloney (U. S. Camera-Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This annual, which for some years has played down the average photographer's obsession with bare skin, has seen the error of its ways and is now back in business at the old stand. It also contains some fine work, both clothed and unclothed, by foreign photographers; a truly arresting portfolio of cat studies by George Cserna; and a distinguished group of news pictures.

ROSS AND THE NEW YORKER, by Dale Kramer (Doubleday). A book purporting to deal with the first quarter century of this magazine's existence, although Mr. Kramer's account sags off after the first ten or twelve years of history, with the result that he has largely muffed the adolescence of the magazine, and has skipped over many of the people who brought it to maturity. It is only fair to note that this is probably because Mr. Kramer got very little coöperation from members of the staff, who had no confidence in such an undertaking by an outsider. Whatever the cause, it is a conspicuously uninformed work, though a kindly intentioned one, and it makes most of the editors and contributors around the place seem as cute as performing fox terriers.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE PAPER THUNDERBOLT, by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead). The

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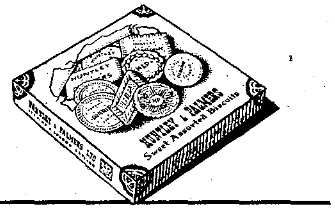

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plot here revolves around a strange, unidentified formula for making men so apathetic and peaceful that they can be conquered by anybody. Quite by accident, it falls into the possession of Albert Routh, a small-time crook, whose flight from justice somehow leads him to a fatal rendezvous in a bogus sanitarium in which unspeakable experiments are being conducted on various helpless victims, including alcoholics, refugees from behind the Iron Curtain, and even lions. A spirited young woman named Jane Appleby, whose brother happens to be a Scotland Yard Inspector, and a taxi-driver who is not at all what he seems manage to insert themselves into the plot, into the ominous asylum, and, finally, into the fabulous catacombs of the Bodleian Library. The things that happen to them would, and most probably will, delight Alfred Hitchcock, for Mr. Innes's book is remarkably profuse in character, incident, and elementary psychoanalysis.

DEAD MARCH FOR PENELOPE BLOW, by George Bellairs (Macmillan). Miss Blow was generally admired in Nesbury, an English suburb presumably something like our own Kew Gardens, so it is rather hard to persuade the authorities, including Inspector Littlejohn, of Scotland Yard, that she was pushed to her death while innocently watering the daffodils in her window box, especially in view of the fact that there is a long history of insanity in her family. However, a combination of circumstances—a mysterious barred chamber in the attic, a will that was apparently made under duress, and an odd attempt to poison a kitten and its mistress—convinces Littlejohn that dirty work was done, and, with some local assistance, he ferrets out the facts. Mr. Bellairs has a weakness for creating somewhat too picturesque characters, but his plot is sound and his book, on the whole, belongs in the upper rank.

THE CAT AND CAPRICORN, by D. B. Olsen (Doubleday). Rachel Murdoch, one of those elderly female sleuths who seem to be about as popular as tough private eyes, this time gets entangled in the murder of Priscilla Beckett, who has had four husbands, any one of whom could have been responsible for her death in a station wagon outside a California dude ranch. As usual, Miss Murdoch's operations are in conflict with those of the local authorities,

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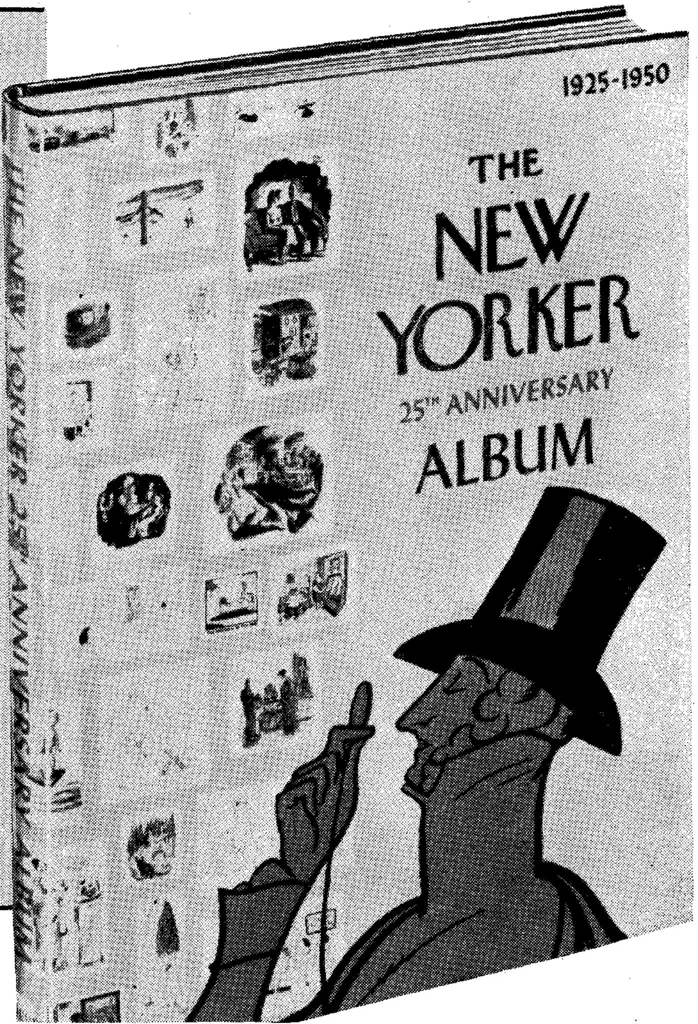

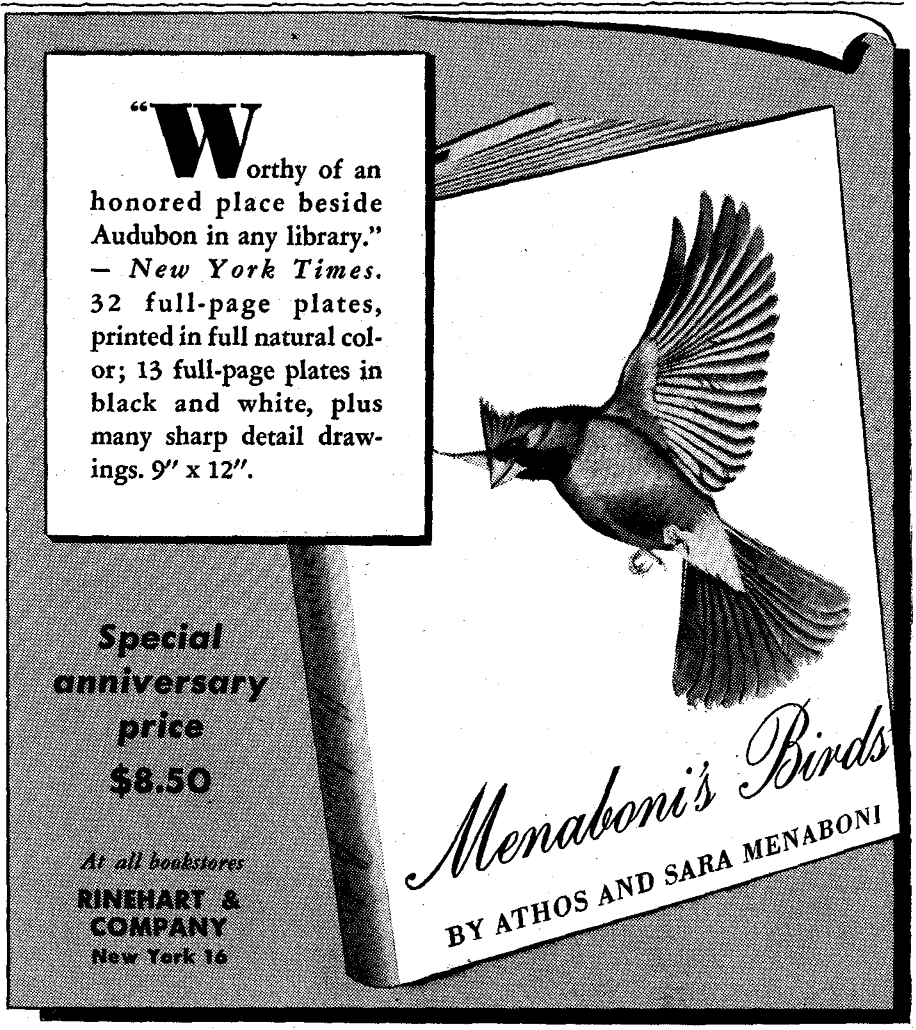
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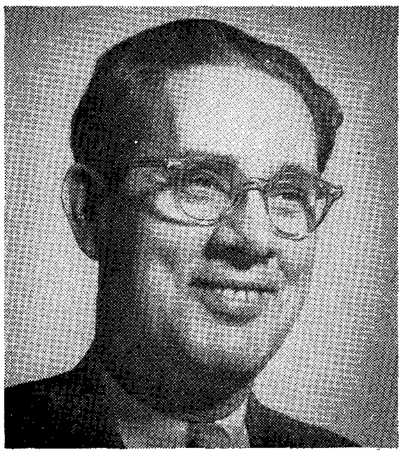

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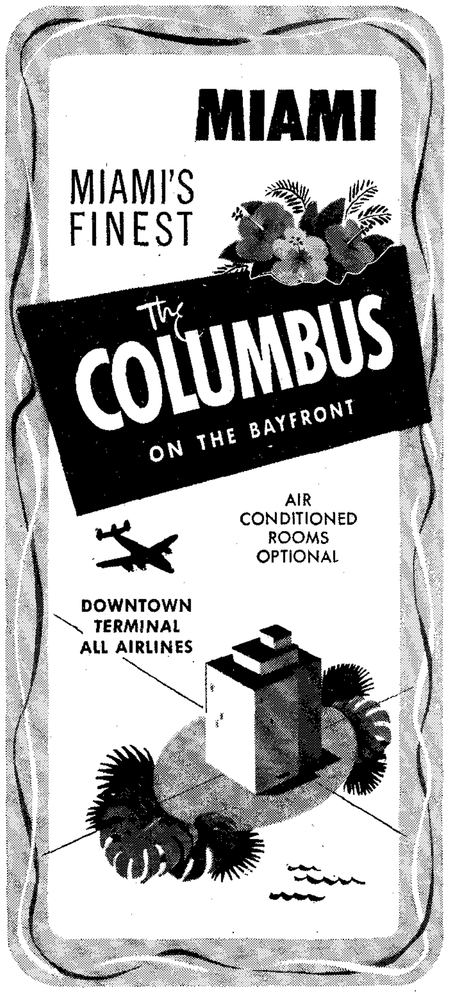

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and, again as usual, she is far ahead of them when it comes to putting a finger on the real culprit. In spite of a love interest that may depress you mildly and some humorous touches principally involving a pet cat, the author has written a neat and expert book that should serve you nicely enough on a rainy and vacant evening.

COPY FOR CRIME, by Carol Carnac (Doubleday). Having to do chiefly with a famous triptych smuggled out of Germany, a body found in the rubble of a bombed building, and a set of mistaken identities as complicated as mystery fiction has offered for a long time. At the end, a Scotland Yard man remarks that everything is really perfectly simple, but the casual reader may still find himself perplexed by the infinite ramifications of the family at the center of the story, nearly all of whom seem to have been transplanted from Dickens. Entertaining enough, if you feel up to grappling with the plot.

CURE IT WITH HONEY, by Thurston Scott (Harper). In this curious specimen, a leading candidate for Toughest Book of the Year, a psychologist from San Quentin gets mixed up with a bunch of Pachucos, who are, it appears, young Mexican-American gangsters, and the effect on his career is violent and disastrous. There is, however, always Marie, who, though a Pachuco herself, is a good girl at heart, with a conspicuously loving disposition. A glossary of underworld slang is provided, but even so the idiom gets fairly baffling from time to time.

•

First, lie flat on the floor with your knees slightly bent. Then push your whole spine down to the floor an inch at a time, until you're lying absolutely flat. Your tummy should almost cave in and your buttocks will be tucked up under you. Now, said the Piper, you are in the exact position for correct walking.—*Chicago Tribune.*

O.K., Piper, twice around the reservoir.

•

HOLLYWOOD, OCT. 8—(UP)—FRENCH MOVIE ACTOR LOUIS JOURDAN AND HIS WIFE, THE ONETIME PARISIAN ACTRESS QUIQUE, HAD A NEW ADDITION TO THEIR FAMILY TODAY—LOUIS JOURDAN, JR.

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